

The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG, FEBRUARY, 1928



IN THE YOHO VALLEY



Francis Dickie
V. W. Horwood

Mortimer Batten
Victor Rousseau

E. G. Bayne
Archibald Book



After school days—

Keep that schoolgirl complexion, by following this simple rule in skin care—night and morning

The best rule for keeping Youth, according to foremost experts, is skin cleanliness by means of the *Right Kind of Soap*—which means a *true complexion soap* and no other on the face.

Made solely for ONE purpose, to safeguard the skin, Palmolive has made "that schoolgirl complexion" virtually the International Standard of youthful charm.

IT'S not only in the thirties and the forties that Youth Preservation presents itself as a problem. It starts in the late 'teens and the early twenties, with the admonition of experts that the time to safeguard youth is *in* youth.

The rule for so doing, according to the day's most eminent specialists, is the most simple of all rules in modern beauty culture — the skin cleansed thoroughly of beauty-destroying accumulations *every* morning and *every* night.

That means soap and water; but NOT just "any" good soap. A true complexion soap is meant. Others may prove too harsh. So, largely on expert advice, thousands use gentle Palmolive in this way:

In the morning and at bedtime—this

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm

water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly every morning, and especially in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg.



Retail Price

10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

27th in 1924

18th in 1925

9th in 1926

4th in 1927

Chrysler

now

3rd

NATIONAL
Automobile
Chamber of Commerce
sales records place Chrysler
third for 1928.

In 42 months Chrysler, due to public endorsement, has come from 27th to 3rd place.

All but two makes, far longer established, have been outsold by Chrysler.

The order of precedence at the National Automobile Shows is determined by the dollar volume of sales in the year ended July 1st. In these 12 months, Chrysler sold 193,750 motor cars—a volume of \$275,000,000 paid by the public.

No other make of car has ever recorded such phenomenally rapid progress.

In three and one-half years, produc-

tion and sales have increased six-fold over the original record-breaking first year of Chrysler.

There can be no more impressive public endorsement of Chrysler performance, Chrysler long life, Chrysler quality, Chrysler value.

Your nearest Chrysler dealer is displaying the latest models of the beautiful Canadian-built Chrysler. Forty body styles priced from \$925 to \$9105, f.o.b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).

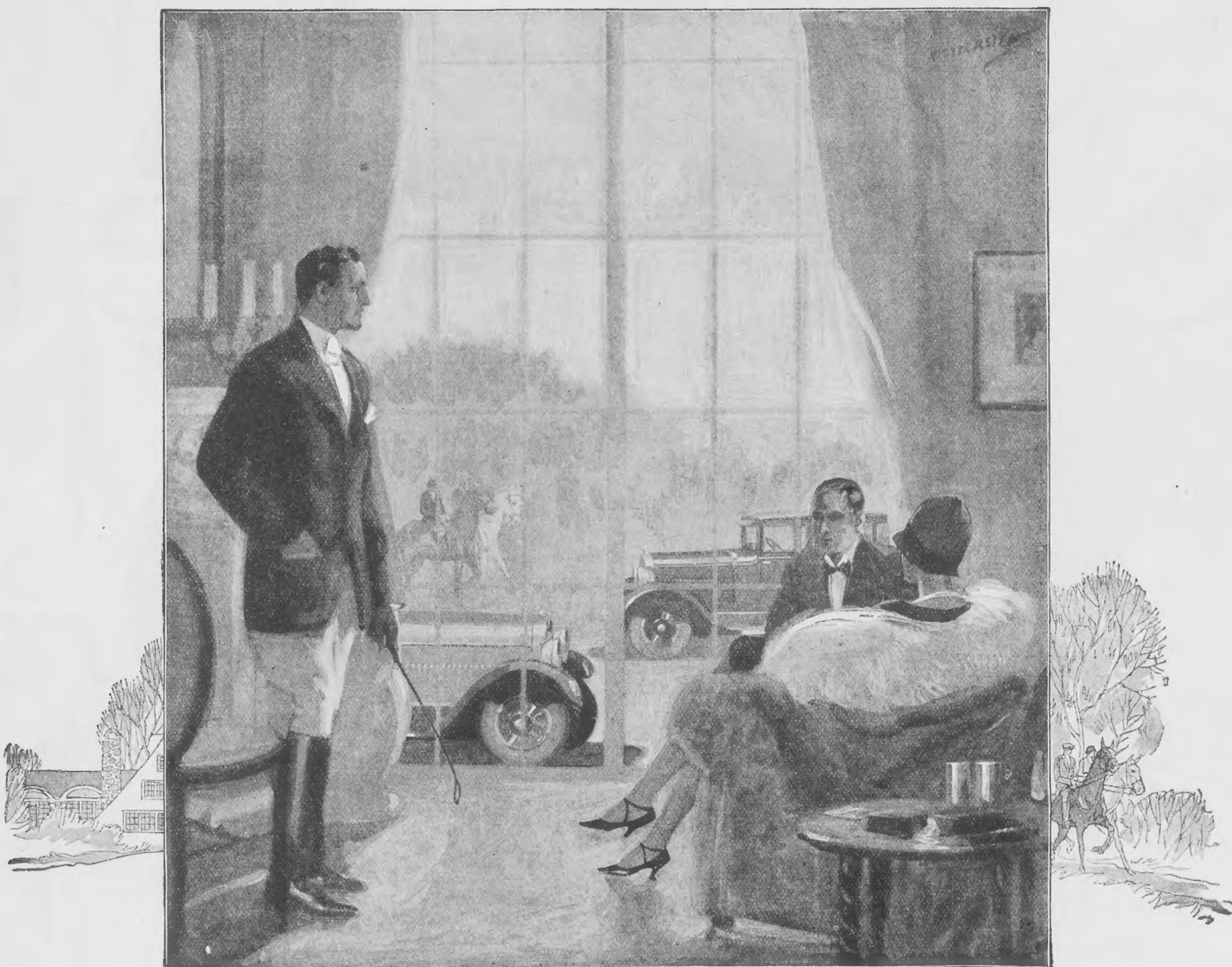
C H R Y S L E R

'52' '62' '72' — Imperial '80'

The Canadian-Built Chrysler for Canadians

HUDSON-ESSEX

SUPER-SIXES



With Beauty to Match Their Super-Six Performance

To the hundreds of thousands whose tribute has been to Super-Six performance, must now be added hundreds of thousands who prize beauty equally with performance, quality and value.

We can say these are the greatest cars ever produced under Hudson-Essex auspices, in no wise

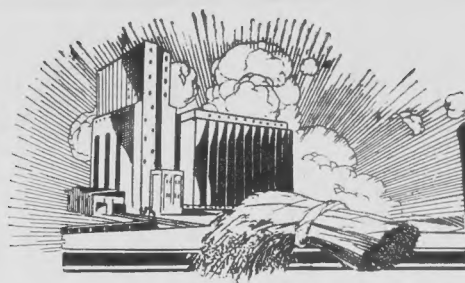
so forcefully as to say that their detail, finish and beauty match their Super-Six performance.

In the enthusiastic thousands who are buying them you will find the truly discriminating—those to whom beauty is a necessity—performance a critical demand—and value a clear understanding.

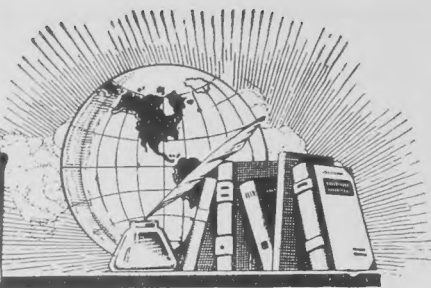
M A N Y N E W M O D E L S

All reflect Tomorrow's Vogue

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



EDITORIAL



The Revision of the Prayer Book

THE recent discussion in the British House of Commons on the Revision of the Book of Common Prayer for use in the Established Church was one of the most interesting and instructive that ever took place in the Mother of Parliaments. The debate was conducted in a manner that was creditable to all concerned. There were strong differences of opinion based on deep-rooted convictions, yet there was no bitterness in the remarks of any of the speakers. It is doubtful if any other parliament in the world could maintain a discussion on such a provocative issue as splendidly as did the Parliament of Great Britain.

The result of the debate was a triumph for the Evangelicals, who in church circles during the last few years seem to have been rather powerless in their protest against what seemed to them to be dangerous tendencies. Now they will have a new lease of life, and it is doubtful if those who urged revision will make another attempt for some time. A House which dared to take such a stand once, will be more easily persuaded to take a similar stand again.

A serious outcome of the action of Parliament may be disestablishment, and this may come about because of a feeling in the Church itself. Many are asking why the Church in its procedures should be overruled by those who do not belong to it—dissenters, non-conformists, Jews and unbelievers. The only way to freedom for the Church, say these, is complete separation from the State.

There are many outside the Church who are asking why establishment should continue. In England personal and political equality have been guaranteed. Why should there not be religious equality? We who are far away from the scene, who have no entanglement of the kind, and who have only a memory of an attempt to force a state church upon the Canadian people, are sometimes inclined to laugh at establishment as an anachronism, but we should remember that Canada is not England, and that the glory of the British Constitution is that it changes slowly, not because of persuasion from without, but because of growth from within. When the time is ripe for it, if that time ever comes, disestablishment will take place quietly and without bitterness.

The debate said nothing about disestablishment, though that may or may not be a by-product. The point at issue was the attitude and behavior in matters pertaining to the Holy Communion. On the surface it was a matter of reservation of the elements for use with sick people; in reality it was far deeper than this. The Commons felt that the new clauses favored transubstantiation and they would not move an inch in that direction. More than this, many of them felt that the whole movement was a step towards sacerdotalism—that is, the dictation of all beliefs and practices by an organized priesthood. This was the crux of the matter. Protestant England would not agree to such a policy. It will not subscribe readily to such ideas as the adoration of the elements, and the semi-worship of the celebrants. It will recognize leaders and methods no matter what the origin. It recognized Wesley, Booth, Spurgeon, Caird, because they had a message, and in the New World a man sometimes rather gains by being unstamped officially. The Founder of Christendom was outside the system of His time but greater than the system. Protestantism, no matter what special brand it bears, wishes to recognize spiritual worth. It fears sacerdotalism. This at least seems to have been in the minds of some of the members of Parliament.

Yet though some of the speakers felt in this way, there was not a hard word uttered with regard to the Roman Catholic Church. It was recognized that those of the faith have a perfect right to follow whatever opinions and practices they wish. They believe that their regularly-trained leaders are of necessity the best, because they are specially prepared for their work.

So the differences of opinion were expressed and a vote taken. There were heart-breaks but no ill-feeling. It is the wish of all friends of the Church that it may be strengthened and more deeply spiritualized because of this experience. May it be permitted to continue the good work it has done during the centuries—a work expressed in the two words: Sweetness and Light.

Waiting Mothers

By Anne Zuker

*All over the world
Mothers wait for their children
To come home—
Their children who have gone away
Into the world.
If those children walk in sorrow,
Or if they walk in sin,
Even though they walk in forgetfulness
Of the loving heart,
They are to their mothers
Only as little children
Wandering in the dark.*

*Some mothers sit with folded hands
And wait . . . and wait . . .
Others knit with skilful fingers
Or work with busy preoccupation—
But in the evening,
When lamps are lighted,
Mothers all over the world
Go to their doors
And peer anxiously
Into the darkness.*

*All over the world
There are mothers waiting,
Waiting for their children
To come home.*

St. Valentine's Day

YEARS ago this day was duly honored by young people. There was a wonderful exchange of courtesies. The frilled Valentine with its doves, its cupids, and its highly sentimental couplets was sought by young men who were too bashful to declare their devotion personally, and even the hardened old bachelors occasionally plucked up enough courage to send missives to growing lasses quite young enough to be their daughters. Then came the dreadful penny caricature, and this killed the custom almost completely. Recently there has been a revival of the old Valentines. Naturally the appearance is better and the words more carefully chosen, for the world has learned much in fifty years. Everything favors the proposal to give the day a new meaning, by extending the custom of sending loving messages until everybody is included. For young ladies do not need to be told that they are pretty and that the hearts of the young swains are languishing on their account. They know it without being told. But there are many mothers who would be glad to get a note from their husbands or their children, and many children who would take a new grip on life were they to receive a word of appreciation from their fathers.

It is the hope of this journal that the Fourteenth of February may become a real good-will day. The children in schools know what it means. Why not let it creep into our homes and our national life? The world grows better not as the result of bitter speeches and cruel rebukes. The wheels turn more noiselessly when oiled by love. The custom of saying a loving word might well go beyond the home, to trade and commerce. Even international notes of appreciation might have a mighty value. There is nothing that helps a man or a cause so much as a little appreciation. The best motto in the world is: "Say a kind word when you can."

Old and Young

ONE of the chief delights of an older person is to recall the experiences of his early years. Around these he places a halo, so that the past is transfigured. Compared with it the present is dull and insipid. In the good old days men worked longer and received less pay; they endured countless hardships and yet never complained; they had few enjoyments but were abundantly happy; their food was coarse, their dress scanty and their shelter often insufficient, yet their achievements were remarkable. To the old-timer the youth of today often wastes his time; he does not know the joy that comes from work; he has wonderful opportunities for advancement but does not seize them; he busies himself with trifles, his conduct is open to question and his irreverence unbearable. Altogether the world has gone to the dogs.

The strangest part about it is that old people a thousand years ago had exactly the same thing to say to their children. "Ever delightful are the experiences of childhood—when they are recalled or seen through the halo of memory."

Now, as a matter of fact, the young people of today are not worse than the young people of last generation. They are different, because the world is different. One's behavior cannot be measured by standards of a past generation. Each age fixes its own standards. A man would cease to be a man were he to allow his ancestors to dictate to him in all matters personal, social, political, æsthetic and religious. The parents of today cannot legislate for the children of tomorrow. They will have their own struggles to meet and they must meet them in their own way and in their own strength. The best thing a man can do for his children is to develop in them the strength and wisdom necessary to meet the inescapable life struggle ahead. The only way to prepare a child to meet the struggles of manhood is to see to it that he faces the struggles of childhood fearlessly, honestly, independently and with good cheer.

There are many things in modern life that the old-timer does not like. He doesn't care for flapper dress, but in every way it is better than the old. He doesn't care for modern speech, but it has at least the merit of frankness, and nobody will say that it is stilted. No doubt the young have strange ideas regarding marriage but it is the old people who are to blame for it. If home relations between husbands and wives were perfect, there would be no difficulty with the children.

On the whole there are many things in the youth of today to commend. They are joyous, care-free, abounding in life, and though they are often uncontrollable it is because they are so powerfully impelled by the inner urge that they give scant attention to the demands of their elders. Sometimes parents are not wise enough to stand to one side and let Nature direct the activities of youth. Tennyson uttered a great truth when in Oenone he gave us from the mouth of the goddess these words:

*"Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control.
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."*

The highest function of parenthood is not to impose its views and wishes on childhood, but to develop such power in childhood that it may successfully meet the challenge of life independently and successfully.

This is the greatest problem of today and on the manner in which it is based will depend the character of the men and women who in a short time to come will be guiding the destinies of Canada. Family life must remain pure and must not be endangered by any desires for personal happiness for that is not the issue. It is our children: that matter, and to remove the pitfalls into which youthful feet so easily slip is the duty of everyone with any pretense to good citizenship.

One day we were talking about the effect of health on beauty

.. then I learned this
"Thrice-a-day" Secret.



TWO of my girl friends were a constant source of wonder to me. They went everywhere, did everything, yet never seemed tired or dull. Their boundless energy amazed me so that one day I spoke of it.

Joan told me that it was no secret—just good health preserved by eating the right corrective food—Fleischmann's Yeast.

The beauty of clear healthiness

The clearing of the digestive system is greatly stimulated by the millions upon millions of tiny living plants that are in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast. Your tired feeling vanishes. Your appetite improves. Your skin clears and your complexion acquires fresh beauty.

Thousands of healthy Canadians are eating Fleischmann's Yeast as a corrective health food. It will aid you, too. Start eating it today. You can get it, always fresh, at your grocer's.



FOR TWENTY YEARS I had been a martyr to sick headaches and constipation. I tried different doctors and all kinds of medicines but got very little relief. One day a friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast cakes, I readily accepted it as a possible means of escape. The effect seems miraculous at the end of three months, taking two yeast cakes a day, I have had only one bad headache and the constipation is a thing of the past. I am still taking one cake a day and shall continue to do so. All my friends are remarking how well I am looking. My complexion is clearer and I feel and look ten years younger. I give all credit to the little yeast cake, which in my estimation cannot be praised too highly.

MRS. F. W. TAPPEN, Halifax, N. S.

A daily health habit

You would admit at once that keeping clean is an essential health habit. It is just as essential to keep clean internally, through the purifying of the intestinal tract. Regularly eating Fleischmann's Yeast helps you to achieve this healthy condition.

A new easy way to keep well

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain or



I GREATLY ENJOY SOCIAL activities, go out a great deal, especially in the winter months, and the result was a year ago this spring I found myself quite run-down due to continuous wear on my strength. I became nervous and lacking in pep and even lost interest in going out. When I found myself even getting impatient with the children, I thought it was high time to turn my attention to my physical welfare. I had heard a number of people recommend Fleischmann's Yeast and was told it was very good as a tonic and health-builder. I started taking one cake in the morning and one in the evening. After taking it a short while and not noticing any great improvement I discontinued it. Later I became convinced I had not given yeast a fair trial and started again taking it this time with great regularity. At the end of three months I felt so much better and looked so much better that everyone commented on my improvement. I find Fleischmann's Yeast is certainly wonderful as a health-builder.

MRS. W. CLARK, Hamilton, Ont.

salted in small pieces or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation, physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health—Health Research Department, 2-C. The Fleischmann Company, 208 Simcoe Street, Toronto, Canada.

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada.

THRICE-A-DAY BRINGS HEALTH TO STAY



I AM A PHOTOGRAPHER and Fleischmann's Yeast has been a wonderful thing for me during the past year. I was suffering from a very bad case of boils and general run-down condition. A friend of mine recommended Fleischmann's Yeast and I have taken it three times a day for the past five months and as a result my complexion has cleared up and I have not been troubled with boils since. I send you this letter because I want to pass on the good suggestion to all who may be afflicted with boils.

H. C. IRVINE, Montreal, P. Q.



The Market Place at Laghouat

North African Glimpses

By Francis Dickie

NEVER in the history of the world has there been so many people possessed of money and the leisure and desire to travel as at present—a post-war phenomenon. In the breasts of many seasoned travellers, tired of ordinary routes, was aroused a longing for something new.

"Where can we go that's different?" was the cry.

A few intrepid souls thought of North Africa. And the tourist stream, begun by a few people just after the war, has now broadened to number many thousands yearly, particularly between the months of October and May. By camel and motor car and train the vast region of Northern Africa is now being conquered by seekers after the new in travel. Even the lonely and once dangerous desert is yielding to the tourist, which has been made possible largely through the pioneer crossing of the Sahara by Citroen's caterpillar motor cars, and the new Renault automobile with their three axles.

Between El-Golea and Timbuctoo (the latter place for centuries synonymous of inaccessibility) a line of rest houses is now almost completed, all of which is to be reached by comfortable touring cars. I met an Englishman recently at the oasis of Laghouat who, without being able to speak a word of any language but his own, travelled all over Algeria and Morocco in a nine horsepower (French rating of power) automobile. This alone gives some idea of the marvellous system of roadways which the French have created; the French who, as a nation, have been reckoned very poorly as a race of colonizers. In the South Seas and South America this is indeed true. Their success in Northern Africa is an amazing contrast.

Twelve centuries previously the marvellous Roman colonizers left their enduring mark upon the North American continent. Then the wide region slipped back into the inertia of the wilderness. Eighty years ago came the French to rebuild in the same systematic and sameful way. They

have built roads solid, inevitable, as lasting as time. When the French arrived there was not a single road worthy the name in the interior of Algeria. There are now some 15,000 miles of splendid highways, 2,500 miles of which consist of state trunk lines, which link up Morocco, Algeria and Tunisie. It is because of these roads that North Africa, and Algeria in particular, is a paradise for the motorist. And to those people possessed of the time, the journeying by motor is unquestionably the most interesting way. Both by train and motor I journeyed, with a jaunt or two by camel, touching the most interesting places, the most outstanding of which I will attempt to tell about as fully as the limited space of a magazine permits; and to do so in no guide-book manner. So you will here find no time wasted dealing with train connections, customs regulations and the like which so many travel writers dwell lengthily and unnecessarily upon. Instead, I ask my readers to jump with me from place to place, learning of an odd custom here, there a legend new to the outside world, or a tale of Arab sport or cruelty, or of some anomaly of trade.

From Algeria to Cherchel, the site of the ancient famous Roman city of Julia Cæsarea, is seventy-five miles of magnificent country, a well cultivated district of great plain between the coast hills and the Lesser Atlas Mountains which you see by travelling the inland road. Amid great fields of grape-vine substantial square houses of the new farmers stand out amid groves of eucalyptus. Now and then the vine fields give place to broad acres devoted to corn, the crop second in importance. Looking upon this fertile region, dotted over with ruins continually reminding one of the might and grandeur of ancient Rome, it is doubly difficult to

realize that this country is still a *new* one, a land but recently colonized, and, from an agricultural standpoint, actually as young, as much a land of pioneers as many parts of Western Canada. But such it is in all truth.

I took dinner at a house upon one of the most up-to-date places in the region. And here I saw something which shows how very similar are the methods of men though thousands of miles divide them. The farmer had a large tract nearly comparable in size to a section of land, all devoted to grapes for wine. And, just as many Western farmers in the past built huge barns in order to hold at least a part of their grain against a bad market, this man had erected a long building lined with huge vats. Thus, if necessary when the market prices fell too low, he could store the vintages of two years. Today most farmers in North America own motor cars. This pioneer in Algeria not only had two of the latest type, but also a small aeroplane for making speedy trips to the city to get the latest news.

That wine-making has become the principal industry in a land chiefly populated by Mohammedans is the queerest anomaly in Algeria, for the Koran forbids its followers wine. A greater anomaly still, or rather a trick of the trade, is that today thousands of Algerian wine are shipped to France, to Bordeaux and Macon. From the cellars at these places they later come out bottled as the best French Burgundy or claret. Of course this is a trade secret; but a proud Algerian wine grower revealed it to me in order to demonstrate how excellent was the vintage of the country. And the culture of the wine has become the most important Algerian industry because a crop failure is impossible (listen to this you farmers of the Western plains whose worries over rain and sun and early and late frost are never ended). This is due to a certainty of winter rain and summer sun in just the right proportions. That is why the wine industry has increased from 370,000 gallons in 1878 to over 220,000,000 gallons in 1926.



Date gathering in August in Algiers

As the motor speeds along amid the recently pioneered land there also continually greets the eye the ruins of the Romans reared once in finished splendor of villa, temple and town. No matter where you travel in Southern France and Northern Africa, always the past confronts you in towering stone or marble. Going from Algeria to Cherchel by the inland route via the town of Blidah one glimpses a vast circular tower of stone, oddly suggestive of a silo. It is the tomb of Juba II and his wife, the founders of Cæsarea, that once splendid city by the sea of which only a few stones remain where the modern seaside resort of Cherchel now stands, a place of about 6,000 people. But miles before Cherchel is reached you view here and there high-rearing fragments of the aqueduct, in places two hundred feet high, that carried water for a score of miles to Cæsarea. The vastness of this construction, its following a straight line in face of overwhelming topographical difficulties, fills one with such an admiration that one understands more fully than ever before how Gibbon was moved to devote a lifetime to writing of the Roman Empire.

Of Cæsarea so little remains; and because I have other even more interesting well preserved Roman places to tell about, it need only be said of it that it was built largely through the initiative of Selene, child of Antony and Cleopatra. On the site of the ancient Phœnician city of Lol, Selene and her Numidian husband, Juba, created a place of 100,000 people. It was a centre of learning, noted for its libraries and Greek scholars. But plundering Arab, destroying Vandal and modern Frenchmen have made it now only a name.

Running the Roman ruins a close second for numerousness are the more modern "Koubba" of the Arabs. These are square white buildings surmounted by a cupola. On the outskirts of towns, amid smiling farm lands, in the desert wastes, always and forever do these little buildings bob up, gleaming whitely like cubes if ice-cream topped with a bell-tower. Sometimes I have seen three within half a mile of each other on a level black plain, reminding me in their lonely perspective of the shacks of homesteaders on the rolling prairies of Alberta, except that these Koubbas gleam so whitely. They are tombs erected to holy men and prophets both ancient and recent.

Gazing upon Roman ruins, upon these Koubbas, upon little towns almost exactly alike, upon mosques and Arabs and date-palm trees, impresses one strongly by the very sameness the unchanging aspect of things, just as the monotonous repetition of a *leitmotif* in music often moves one profoundly.

I think the date-palm is the loneliest looking tree in all the world, like giant feather-dusters

black against the sky. Its cultivation is now next in importance to the grapevine; once it was supreme. The date palm, according to the Arabs, God sent to man in a peculiar manner as a partial recompense for loss of the Garden of Eden. The legend is an interesting one, and as it is probably not known outside the country, it seems well worth recording as nearly as possible in the same words as it was told to me by an old Arab and translated to me by a young Frenchman familiar with Arabic with whom it was my good fortune to meet and travel with for a couple of weeks.

When God had driven Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden, He sent the Angel Gabriel with a message bidding Adam bury his hair and nails in a mold of earth. When Adam had done so, Gabriel spoke as follows: "Put your trust in God. He alone will provide for you." Hardly had he uttered these words when a slender tree arose instantly from the mound of earth marked by Adam's hair and nails.

Thus grew "Kounta," the first date-palm. The sheaths of the palm are the nails of the first man, and the woody fibre which covers the trunk represents his hair. Adam prostrated himself before the tree and offered thanks to God. Here Satan found him; and Satan, realizing that by the palm tree man was once more bound to God in spite of the lost Paradise, shed bitter tears of chagrin that man had escaped his clutches. These tears, falling on the date palm, caused the thorns which are so plentiful upon the tree.

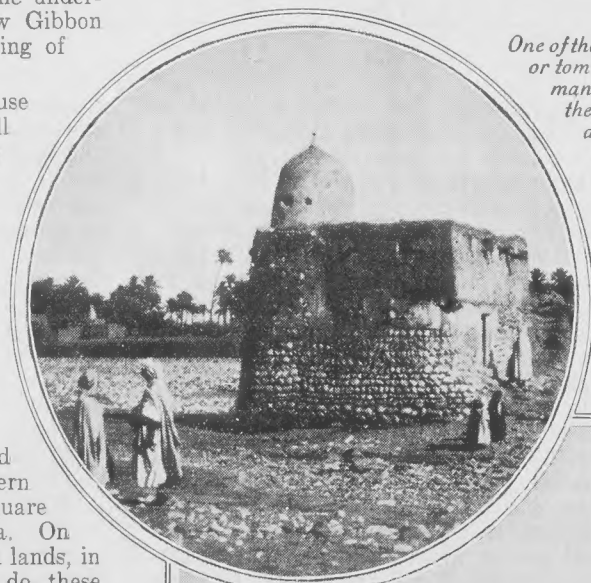
Some time later another Arab told me that when the inhabitants of an oasis eat dates they carefully save the stones which they place in holes in the walls until a sufficient amount is gathered. The stones are then crushed in a pestle into flour. This flour is fed to the ewes and nanny goats, as it greatly improves the milk. To a visitor from Canada the sight of sheep being milked is an odd one. But nothing in the way of a food supply is overlooked in this land.

NIGHT falls on the desert. A full moon shines down on the oasis of Laghouat, a moon whose brightness is uncanny. This almost glaring silvery light is heightened by the white houses of the place, and the circling banks of palms so dark and still. On the terraces on the roofs of the houses, almost hidden by the rising parapets, the inhabitants are gathered now that the heat of the day has subsided. From a house-top a holy man sounds the call of Islam: "Aaallaah . . . aallaah . . . Ak-bar"! His voice, thin and wailing, and full of the magic and mystery of the moonlit desert and the hushing miles of endless listening distances, goes drifting over the housetops and across the sand dunes. From another housetop a second voice pitched in a similar key answers and repeats the chant of the Mussulman, a keening eldritch and thrilling in this desert setting, so passionately fervent is the utterance of the long, shrilling wording. Far out on the desert the words are caught up and repeated; and again, in the following moment, fainter with distance, out there in a camp upon the lonely sands, one of the "faithful" takes up the words that move more millions than are in Christendom. As from a silvery bell of finest timbre the remote voice comes murmuring to the ears, haunting as the echoed trilling of a fairy in this unreal world of moon-drenched wonder where everything seems fantastic.

Only those of foreign blood who have heard such a calling of the fanatic East, can really feel its heart-gripping spell. And under its magic is a menace, a something appalling and ferocious in the very intensity of the religious feeling expressed. Though France rules in Northern Africa, one feels always that the Arab but awaits that final call to Holy War when the last Christian shall perish before the onrush of the triumphant hordes of Islam.

THE oasis of Laghouat is one of the most famous in the Algerian portion of the Sahara, though only in recent years has it been visited by tourists, and never in such numbers as go yearly to Biskra, that other oasis which Robert Hichens made famous in his book, "The Garden of Allah."

Laghouat lies 226 miles from Algeria. Your journey by a very modern train two-thirds of the way to Djelfa, a little place on a high plateau, a village half French, half Algerian. For a short portion of the journey to this jumping-off spot, you



One of the "Koubba" or tombs of a holy man, which dot the plains and desert of Northern Africa



Resting in the desert after a hard day's journey

gaze upon a region of considerable diversity: corn fields, orange groves, and then the wild gorges of the Chiffa, with far visions of the Atlas mountains. But for the greater part of the journey monotonous plains of alfalfa greet the eye. After an all-night rest at Djelfa, a most up-to-date motor bus hurries you across vast steppes, and the real desert, undulating and barren, with the exception of patches of aromatic grass called chich. Three miles out from Laghouat you cross the bed of the stream Oued M'zi, which is as temperamental as a moving picture star. Sometimes it will be quite dry. And on several occasions inexperienced motorists have camped overnight in the bed of the stream, only to be awakened by a rush of water from which they barely escaped with their lives. Yet no rain had fallen for weeks in the vicinity. This apparent miracle was due to storms in distant mountains several days previously.

From the dreariness of the steppes the road passes through a long defile and the oasis bursts upon the view: three high rocky yellow elevations surrounded by palm trees, and topped by the walls of long lines of buildings which gives it a fortified appearance. The town is divided into half a dozen sections, clinging to the sides of the rocks, lying in the depressions, and at the foot of the heights. It is a town of stairway streets, of crazy-quilt arrangement, for the cube-like houses of the Arabs are never built in an orderly manner. The oasis circles the town, which divides it in half, and the date trees, which the census states number 30,000, the gardens of vegetables and vine, are watered by three canals which tap the nearby river Oued M'zi.

Here, as at every oasis, water is life. In the past so much blood was shed because of fights over water rights at this and other oases, that a famous chieftain said the oasis was like a dog which killed its own young. Men gamble on the varying value of water. Its measuring is surrounded by much ceremony and the most rigid rules. While the practices and customs are the same throughout the most of the desert, the water conditions vary. For this reason a description is here given of another oasis, that of Figuig. At this place the conditions are different and peculiar. The water comes up from very deep springs under the ground, and reaches the surface at a point some 18 feet lower than the level of the villages dotted among the palms. A system of wells, galleries and basins, which are built one on top of the other, bring the water about half way to the proper level. The inhabitants have lowered the levels of their gar-

Dancing girls of the Ouled Nail tribe, to be seen in every oasis.



dens to split the difference, as it were. Every garden, no matter how small, is surrounded by high adobe walls, giving the appearance of a series of towers. Above the tops of the walls the palm trees show like enormous feather dusters.

For the measuring of the water due to each landowner the natives have invented a water-clock called "Kharrouba." This consists of a vase about

a foot high. It is pierced in the centre of the bottom with a small hole of exact proportion. This vase, which is made very wide at the base, is placed on the surface of a pail of water. It floats and gradually fills and sinks. The time which it requires to do this is carefully taken, and this time marks the unit of measure. The water to each landowner is turned on to his holdings for the portion of time determined by the vase. Two men selected by the Djemaa, or local assembly, have control of the operation of regulating the flow of the spring. They are chosen because of their age, their high standing in the community, and their knowledge of customs and traditions. They have the title of "Dividers"! The precious measuring vase is in their possession and when not in use kept carefully locked up so that no one may tamper with the size of the hole in the vase.

The duration of the time taken for the vase, or "Kharrouba" to fill is 45 minutes. And men buy and sell their rights to the water, which is subject to ups and downs of the market, and the laws of supply and demand. At certain times of the year, if the rain has been abundant, the spring water becomes less valuable. Out of this strange state of affairs has arisen a stock market, or "Water Bourse"! All those men who have the means, instead of selling their water when it is at a low price, run it into covered basins they have built at those times when the law permits them to draw their quota as measured by the vase. These basins are built of a peculiar kind of cement invented by a native, which are absolutely proof against leakage. In them the water rises at the same time the price rises in the Bourse, and when the value reaches the figure the owner desires he sells out very much as the lucky holder of a good stock does in other countries. This organization, which is at once primitive and complicated, one in force throughout all the Saharian oases, demonstrates again how very much alike are men whether they dwell in the great cities of the most civilized portions of the world or the desert.

The chief growing thing dependent upon the water supply is, of course, the date palm. For countless centuries the palm was left to its own devices to insure fruitfulness. But in recent times a higher and more certain state of cultivation has been achieved by an exceedingly interesting process and, as far as I know, one utterly unknown to the outside world. The relating of this unusual botanical operation in all its technical details would require a complete article, and is deserving of such. The accompanying brief outline, however, will suffice the non-scientific reader.

The carrying of the fertilizing pollen of the male date-palm to the female was once left to the caprice of the winds. Today, in the month of April, branches of the male trees are carefully



An Arab family on the march. The women of the party are hidden beneath the tent-like covering.



A fete day among the Arabs.

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Mr. Pennington Becomes Assimilated

By

Archibald B. Book

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen



IT HAS been said by someone: "That no one has fully tasted life until he has known poverty, love and war"; but who shall confine even within these wide limits, all the pangs and emotions suffered by one born in an Old Land and undergoing the ordeal of becoming assimilated into a New.

Certainly he is, during this process of assimilation, to have his fill of the first and last of these prescribed experiences, and lucky he is if he encounters the middle one, for the change is scarcely one that is conducive to the softer sentiments nor the gentler emotions.

Of all those who have come to our shores, perhaps Mr. Percy Lionel Fitzjohn Pennington suffered most during this period for he loathed change of any description, but above all those kinds over which he had little or no control, and the record of his re-making is one of a game but losing struggle to adjust conditions which surrounded and held him, rather than himself to the condition.

When he first came over he had it in his mind to go "rawnchin," or maybe join the Mounted Police, but fate wafted him to us in the R.M.S. and he landed amongst us perhaps a trifle bewildered with all, but still enwrapped in a thick husk of English dignity which proclaimed to us that he was quite newly arrived. His clothes were, to say the least, striking, especially as to cut, and I think for general effect they could only have been equalled by the fourteen-dollar type of suit so patriotically selected and worn by H.M. the King during the cloth shortage in the World War.

He was very reticent as to his past and seemed equally dubious of his present, and us; so we did not take him to our hearts or buy him many drinks and it was more through bellicose than convivial comminglings that we eventually became acquainted. It was rumored at that time, I recall, that when he first landed he was armed with a bowie knife (for warfare with the Indians) and papers of introduction and recommendation which contained, among other things, a letter from a peer of the realm, not to mention others from sundry lesser gentlemen, and an almost complete history of himself and family dating back almost to Waterloo.

In his search for an occupation he must have found each of these instruments about equally useful, for his remarks about "Canadian" ways in general and business methods in particular were very pointed and not without rancor, and so we find him as he first appeared to us at the opening of this tale.

Mr. Pennington's first trip in the Railway Mail Service took him to Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, and return. He was assigned duty as assistant to a certain Mr. Sands. Now Mr. Sands was what might have been termed a "Native Son" and somewhat hard-boiled, for he was born in the country and knew no other place of abode, nor indeed did he have any desire to widen his range. He took pride in just two things: that he knew his job and that he could drink more Scotch whisky than any

other man in the division and still do his work. This latter accomplishment, it may be remarked, was no mean feat for he had some lusty contestants for the honor, it being in the "good old days" before the drinking of liquor was frowned upon so severely by the Department and society in general.

When Mr. Sands came down to the car with the city mail, he found Mr. Pennington struggling with the last of what looked like a veritable mountain of mail and seeking vainly for some place to put the last few bags as they were pushed in at him through the open door. Mail was literally everywhere, on the tables and under them, in the aisle and even in the clothes closet where it had tumbled from the great uneven pile outside the closet doorway. Mr. Sands struggled over the piles of mail to the clothes closet, hung up his coat, collar and vest and made his way as best he could to the letter-case.

"How many d'you take in, Bud"? he asked Mr. Pennington in reference to the lock-sacks which he had just brought down.

"Pahrdon me," said Mr. Pennington, "but were you addressing me"?

"Who do you think I was talkin' to"? snapped Mr. Sands. "Do I look like I talked to myself much? How many did you get in"?

"In the first place my name is Pennington," replied poor Mr. Pennington with as much dignity as he could muster, situated as he was half buried with mail-bags and men at the door clamoring for him to take yet more; "and in the second place," he continued, "I don't know exactly what I have taken in but I've got in here, somewhere, everything they've given to me."

"Bright boy," jeered Mr. Sands. "Name's Pennington. Doesn't know what he's got, nor where, but he knows he's got it. Well, that's something, anyway."

"That's what I get for knowing my business," continued Mr. Sands wrathfully as he went back



When at length the game broke up Mr. Pennington

to check up his locks and register. "Every greenhorn an' dub in the division wished onto me just 'cause I get through someway or 'nother."

When Mr. Sands had satisfied himself as to the count of his locks he turned to Mr. Pennington and queried: "Where you been runnin' "?

"This is my first time out," admitted Mr. Pennington, "I only reported for duty yesterday and I was sent out heah with you this mornin'."

"I thought so," said Mr. Sands; "'Just ovah.' Now look-a here, Bo," he continued; "don't you get any flossy ideas into your head about your being Mr. Pennington on *this* car. You ain't at no tea-party, d'you get me; you have to work, w-o-r-k, and believe me that's what you're goin' to do an' your name's just Bud or Jack or Pete or whatever it happens to be."

"It's Percy," said Mr. Pennington, very stiffly.

"Oh, Lord"! groaned Mr. Sands. "How'll I ever get through this time? I'm beat sure, even before I start."

Mr. Sands flew at his task of getting out his No. 1 registered and letter mail. He worked like a demon and cursed like an artillery driver as he directed the groping and futile Mr. Pennington in his search for the dailies and straights going to the

The Story of An Englishman Who Became a Canadian



was, as he expressed it, "Picked clean as a hound's tooth"

first towns out. When he had managed to straighten out his own end of the work, he went back to the table with Mr. Pennington and then commenced the struggle to overcome their big handicap and avoid the overcarriage of important paper and parcel mail. On they worked at high pressure until late afternoon, not stopping even to prepare a meal or scarcely look up from their task except to put off mail at the towns as they came to them.

When at length they had finished sortation, Mr. Sands set his assistant to cooking their belated dinner while he finished up the remainder of his work at the case. Now Mr. Pennington had partaken of a very light and also a very early breakfast. In fact, he had eaten much earlier than was his wont, having been told to be at the car at 8.30 in the morning, while Mr. Sands had eaten at his usual hour, not having to check out until 8.45. Moreover, Mr. Pennington had made no provision for dinner or supper thinking that both the time and the food as well as the place in which to eat would be provided for him en route. Consequently he had climbed into the postal car that morning without supplies and totally unaware of what was in store for him, and as the hours slipped by, along with the mile-boards, he had become at first hungry, then famished, and then faint and sick.

He was soaked with sweat and plastered with

dust, for it was June, and, unused as he was to standing on the swaying plunging floor of the mail car, the work of handling and piling the heavy bags of mail, hard even to a seasoned man, came doubly hard to him. And so by the time he was finished and cleaned up he was so unutterably sore and weary as to be near the point of collapse. His hands were scratched and bleeding from contact with the rough bags, his finger nails were broken and he ached from head to foot, but he kept on, determined to stick to it as long as his obnoxious clerk-in-charge, if it was the last thing he ever did. So now, as he stood frying Mr. Sands' nice juicy steak on the hot plate, his hunger returned to him and seemed to overwhelm him like a tide. Never before had he realized what an ordeal it was to be so desperately hungry and called upon to fry a beefsteak in which he had no share other than the smell of it frying, and he cursed himself for not finding out about meals before leaving. "Odds are, the boulder bolts it down without offering me even a bite," thought he. "Damned if I ask him for any, though."

Mr. Sands had been sizing up Pennington throughout and now he noted his

haggard face and limp carriage as he prepared the steak. "He's game," thought he, "but I'll bet he's devilish tired and hungry." Aloud he said: "Got any grub with you?" "No," said Mr. Pennington rather defensively, "I haven't." "We'll split on what I have, then, and get more at Dauphin. You'll have to have something under your belt before we tackle them branch lines."

Mr. Sands spread out a newspaper on the sortington-table, and dug up the plates, cups and cutlery out of the grub-box and they sat down to their repast. Never before had food tasted so appetizing to the famished Mr. Pennington, and when they were finished eating there was scarcely a crumb of anything edible left on the board. Hardly had they swallowed their last mouthful of tea when Mr. Sands started washing up the dishes, at the same time telling Mr. Pennington to dry them with newspaper and put them back in the grub-box. When everything was cleared away and he had lit a cigar, he seemed more inclined toward conversation.

"Feel any better?" he asked. "Yes, said Mr. Pennington, "I never enjoyed anything more than that meal, though it was rather roughly served."

"Rough, shucks!" said Mr. Sands. "We've washed up the dishes ain't we? You wait till you've made a trip with old Monty Arbuckle. He carries a dog with him just to clean up the plates and fryin'-pan." "I shouldn't put up with it," said Mr. Pennington.

"Well, don't you say nothin' to Old Monty unless you want a scrap on your hands," advised Mr. Sands. "He beat up a brakeman not three weeks back, over the carryin' of that dog."

"Why isn't he reported?" asked Mr. Pennington. "Well, between you and me," said Mr. Sands, "a man who does much reporting out this way isn't thought very much of. This is a free-and-easy country and each one does his own work in his own way and minds his own business, and that's how we get along. You just wash your plates before you eat off 'em when you're running with Monty and you'll be all right."

Soon they were rolling through the Dauphin yards, for it was a divisional point, and when they had taken on the transfer from No. 1 and purchased some supplies for the grub-box they were nearly due to leave and soon they started on their run north to Prince Albert.

After everything was worked up and piled neatly away and they had partaken of supper, it was time for Mr. Sands to retire. "There's nothing to do now," said he, "but the local mailing. I'll hit the bunk now and you mail to Hudson Bay Junction, then call me and I'll take over from there to Prince Albert. Here is a list of your points in station order on the charge sheet, fifteen of 'em; here's your registers in this line of pigeonholes, here's your letters next, and over there's your papers piled in station order. Now, listen. Don't put anything off unless you're sure you're there because there's sidings in between and if you get balled up, call me."

"But I say, when do we arrive at

Prince Albert, anyway," asked the somewhat perplexed Mr. Pennington. "Ten-thirty tomorrow," said Mr. Sands. "And how far from Winnipeg is it?" he inquired again. "556 miles" said Mr. Sands. "My word! You talk of a trip to Prince Albert but I should call it a bloomin' journey." "You'll get used to it," said Mr. Sands as he let down the bunk. He then rolled out his blankets on it and was soon snoring lustily.

As they rolled northward Mr. Sands



Almost at the same instant his right drove into the yegg's face with terrific force and sent him crashing into his companion guarding the door

Barbara the Untamed

By E. G. Bayne

Illustrated by G. H. Ray



With ear-splitting yelps the old man took after the dazed Oswald leaping into the air at every third step and aiming fruitless swipes.

WE BELIEVE it was Mark Twain who declared that there were only eight original jokes in the world, and that all others are but variations of these. Then Uncle Henry Ford came along and put the Leaping Lena on the market, which made not only nine, but ninety-nine hundred times nine. For Lena consists of some umpty-thousand parts and there's a disease for every one of them. Punch, the great British humorous magazine, tells us solemnly that a car is at first a luxury, then a necessity, and finally a nuisance, and we believe it, for nothing can shake the world's faith in this oracle. Wisdom and humor go hand-in-hand.

All of which leads us to the story of Barbara, which means "untamed."

The first owner had christened her thus because he hadn't been able to do a thing with her. She was wilder than an unspanked flapper and he gave up the unequal struggle while he still had a little life in him. The second owner had referred to her bitterly as a "four-lunger she-jinx," and when he had deposited her at the used-car sale he crossed himself devoutly and was heard to mutter "Never again." What her third owner called her wouldn't look well in print. He was a mild-mannered, perfectly normal individual when he came into possession of Barbara but when he said good-bye to her nobody would have taken him for the same man. He had become a nervous wreck with apopleptic tendencies and a homicidal disposition. His name was Bibbs, but you'd never in the world have guessed it.

Barbara was what he too called her, on the start, for give a dog (or a car) a name and it will stick. It was her proper name. We won't mention her improper ones.

When he first saw her she was just like all her sex, on her best behavior before visitors, nice and shiny too, in all the glory of her reconditioned paint and varnish. She was standing with such a pretty, dejected air as who should say: "I want somebody to love me, someone to call me their own." Mr. Bibbs looked at the price chalked on her windshield and he cautiously walked all around her, kicking her tires and peeking under her hood. He had had no experience with cars, so how should he have known that she was a 1904 model with constitutional weakness in the engine-bed and a tendency to creeping paralysis? Mr. Bibbs was so greatly taken with her he forgot to look any further or he might have instituted odious comparisons and have seen that she looked like an old maid at a deb dance, and acted like a lowbrow at a college lecture. The demonstrator took him out in her for a spin and she gave no hint of her true nature, so the deal was closed.

If only somebody could have warned him! A large sign should have been

hung on Barbara saying: "Danger, 20,000 Jolts"! But we understand that they don't do such things at used-car sales. These affairs are not conducted by humanitarians, but by opportunists. So Mr. Bibbs drove gaily home with his new prize, all unaware of what lay in store for him. The neighbors came over to see Barbara and after each of them had tried her out, up and down the road, they gave it as their several opinions that he had got a danged good cyar but that she needed proper handling. The second week they changed their minds. One maintained that she should have been called "Molasses in January"—because she wouldn't

run, and a second claimed that she ran too derned well and the trouble was in getting her stopped before she did damage to the fences and surrounding scenery, not to mention the humans who might get in her riotous way. A third neighbor said he wouldn't-a believed it was a car at all except for the tires and the smell. Otherwise he might have taken it for a concrete mixer. In the middle of the third week the two rear tires on Barbara blew up with a \$95 bang, and she developed asthma in her differential. Mr. Bibbs began to be worried.

From this point on he experienced a succession of painful disillusionments, like a fond lover whose sweetheart has revealed herself faithless and who continues to hope against hope that he has been mistaken somehow. When he had had Barbara less than eighteen days, however, the last straw broke the camel's back, the worm turned, and the iron entered into his soul.

It was then apparent—all too apparent—that he had been "had," as our English friends say. One playful neighbor hung a card on Barbara one night which read: "Pray As You Enter," and Mr. Bibbs drove about eight miles before he discovered it.

Mr. Bibbs was a small farmer, that is to say, his holdings were small, and he began to be afraid that Barbara would eat up his meagre profits if he didn't soon get rid of her. She used to go into trances on the slightest provocation, like a soothsayer telling somebody's fortune. It was suggested that her name be changed to "Safety," because she was always last. But someone more sympathetic said perhaps if they waited Barbara could yet be christened "Verdun," meaning "they shall not pass." However, this fellow was an optimist.

Barbara was as temperamental as a grand opera prima donna. One day she would sulk and refuse to budge out of the garage, and the next she'd give a preliminary cough and, spluttering and clanking, would shoot out and down the lane with a suddenness that left the occupants gasping. Her starts were calculated to break anybody's neck, and her stops were as sudden as a drop out of a hammock.

Her water-jacket leaked, her fan-belt had a pernicious habit of slipping off, her magneto was a wreck and her gear-box sounded like bumble-bees caught in a corn-sheller; her frame sagged disconsolately, her carburetors were dirt-collectors, she had sick cylinders and her lubricators oiled the highway in a thin trickle that would have made Mr. Bibbs a marked man had the Mounted Police been after him. She spat oil. She backfired viciously. She choked and spluttered and rumbled

and groaned in her feed-pipe. Her circulation was poor and it was more than suspected that she suffered from auto-intoxication. She was just as likely to explode in the muffler as in the engine and if the former had been attached to her crankshaft the driver would have got better results all round. If Mr. Bibbs could have been fortunate enough to discover all these woes at once his problem would have simplified itself, but they came to him with fiendish untimeliness, one by one, until at last his spirit was broken.

He towed her into town one day and unloaded her on another second-hand dealer, giving as his reason for selling that he was about to marry a widow with a Rolls-Easy. To this dealer he said nothing about the four lawsuits she had got him involved in, the livestock she had slaughtered, the wire fences she had wrecked, the life-long friendships she had sundered, but as he walked off he



Her starts were calculated to break anybody's neck

might have been heard muttering to himself that the dinged critter had left him a poor man and that all was fair in love, war, and flivver transactions! Deep in his heart he cherished the hope that she'd run off the foot of Main Street and drown herself in the river.

And now the plot thickens!

About a week after this, to the vacant lot where Barbara and several score of her kindred huddled, awaiting the unwary buyer, came an optimistic young man and his girl on purchase bent. The young fellow wore shell-rimmed glasses and an air of complete innocence and he admitted to never having driven a car in his life. (You might as well admit it as get found out.) He played a pipe-organ in a movie theatre and his hands were white and soft. It's surprising how these car dealers can pry information out of a prospective customer. The girl was clinging to his arm in such a way that the diamond ring in the white gold setting which she wore blazed against his tweed sleeve like a miniature bonfire. It was quite evident that the engagement was hardly a week old.

Fate and the dealer led them straight to Barbara, who had again been reconditioned, and it was love at first sight. The young woman squealed her rapture and said: "Oh, Oswald, that's our car! I feel it in my bones." Wherein she spoke more truly than she knew.

After a trial trip around town, on the less frequented streets, during which Oswald sat beside the driver earnestly studying the fine points of flivver manipulation, the notes, sharps and flats, the pedals and stops, the young man announced that he guessed he now knew all there was to know. Cash changed hands and Barbara loped away with a series of happy snorts en route to fresh adventures, her new owner at the wheel and Grayce snuggled up against him. There was a cloudless sky above and the open road before them, as the poets would say.

Now in most well regulated families even yet there still obtains an old-fashioned notion that a prospective son-in-law should formally request of the parents of the girl their daughter's hand in marriage, should make if necessary and if convenient, a special call for this purpose. Once to every man comes the moment to decide—to ask Pa and get it over with. Possibly some people do dispense with the little courtesy, but this young couple were evidently "well brought up," for they

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Came an optimistic young man and his girl on purchase bent



What he did next he did instinctively. He lay on his face, arms outstretched, and shammed death.

Alex's Purp

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrated by J. Clymer

ALEX HORWOOD sat back and regarded his dog with an expression of rapt wonder. Conversation was apt to flag after supper, but Alex knew

how to enliven it.

"You wonderful dog!" he mused dreamily. "When I look into those eyes of yours, I wonder whether I shall ever grow so good and wise as you!"

A snort from Alex's partner brought up the rear of this expression of sentiment. Steth Conway lay back on his soap-box, his head in the frying-pan hanging on the wall, and roared with assumed mirth. He kicked his legs into the air and roared, and one of his disreputable slippers smote the roof and ricocheted back to the floor with a flop. Alex's bull terrier removed its worshipping gaze from its master's face, seized the slipper, and proceeded to sever its last remaining threads of life.

"Take it from him!" shouted Steth. Hi! That's my slipper, and a good slipper too!"

But now it was Alex's turn to roar with mirth, between intervals of encouraging the terrier to "give the slipper socks"—no pun intended.

"Blow that dog!" growled Steth at length. "Now he's gone and torn the sole off. He's the bane of my life—that dog!"

"There weren't no sole on," replied Alex. "At least nothing to speak of. Besides, what's the matter with the dog?"

Steth did not answer immediately. He was sadly fingering his slipper, and wondering whether, if he restored it to his foot, the terrier would grip hold of it again.

"I don't know what you want to bring a dog of that kind into the bush," grumbled Steth. "I told you he wasn't the right dog for the job, and no man in his senses would ever think of bringing a semi-bull terrier out here. I'm sick of the dog."

"And he's sick of your slipper—or if he isn't he ought to be," retorted Alex. "Fancy a man bringing slippers like that into a bush camp!"

Steth grunted. "The slippers are all right if the purp would leave them alone!" he growled.

"And so is the purp all right if you'd leave him

alone," said Alex. "Man, he's got a mind, has that dog! He's a fighting dog! Don't you remember how he got hold of your leg when first you met? Don't you remember how he hung on and chewed? Law, man, but he showed his spirit!"

Steth rubbed his calf in recollection, and growled deepest thunder.

"That's why you're sore," Alex pursued. "You haven't forgiven him for chewing you."

"What did he want to chew me for?" Steth demanded. "I never done anything to him."

Alex thought. "How did he know you weren't some ordinary hobo out to steal something?" he queried. "A dog can only judge by looks."

"Hur!" growled Steth. "Which shows how much you know about dogs. Don't you know that they recognize one man from another by his smell?"

Again Alex roared with laughter. "Then that's why he bit you, old son!" he bellowed mirthfully.

Steth got up, and began vigorously to scrub a pan. "All the same," he said presently, "you're wrong bringing a dog like that into the bush. You wait till winter comes. He won't stand the cold. His paws are too small, and he'll sink in the snow. If you have a dog at all, you might as well have the right dog—one with a bit of the wolf in it."

There was a long pause. Alex had had his bit of fun and was prepared to let the old subject drop. As a rule they went over the same ground each evening. But Steth went on chewing the rag. "A right dog, possessing proper northern instincts, such as a malamute," he grunted. "When a malamute hears wolves he's got sense enough to keep out of the way, but if that little rattlesnake of yours hears the wolves, I'll bet he'll charge out to fight the whole lot of 'em. That's when you'll lose him!"

Alex rose. "I'm going down to the creek to haul

up the fish trap," he said, and away he went, taking Chick with him.

Steth and Alex Horwood lived in a wooden cabin high up on the breeze-swept margin of Mulberry River, and here, by dint of dynamiting the boulders, then picking up the bits, they were clearing the ground for an apple ranch. As a matter of fact they were the best of friends, as was indicated by their cheerful quarrelling, which invariably ended in smoke. Chick was the chief bone of contention, as unfortunately Chick had introduced himself to Steth by the impolite method of nipping his calf, but since then, though Steth would not have owned it for a full blown apple ranch, he had become quite fond of the dog.

So now Alex sauntered down to the river, wending his way along the narrow pathway through the pines and balsams, and half way down Chick suddenly charged off into the bush yapping loudly in pursuit of some animal. Alex judged that he had scented a deer or a wood-hare; in a few minutes Chick would return, limping painfully after collision with numerous trees.

So, forgetting all about the dog, Alex, whistling gaily, hauled up the fish-trap, extracted several gaping perch, and wended his way back to the cabin. Darkness was near at hand, and Steth was seated on the step. For a while they sat together, discussing their plans as concerned the annihilation of the next boulder, till the chilly air, sweet with the scent of pine trees, intimated that it was time to turn in.

"Where's the purp?" queried Steth, as he rose.

"Dunno," replied Alex. "He went shooting off after a wood-hare or something."

Steth strode to the edge of the bluff overlooking the creek, and stood with his hands on his hips, listening to the sleepy rush of the river. It was now vaguely starlight, and presently Steth turned and motioned Alex to join him.

"I fancy I heard something down there," he stated, pointing to the gloom of the forest. "Listen!"

They listened. There was a long silence, then a hideous caterwauling shriek came up, as much like the voice of Satan as anyone could imagine. It caused the blood to run cold in their veins, and almost instantly it was followed by the sound of yapping and snarling.

"The little fool's found a panther or something!" exclaimed Steth in a hushed voice. "It will tear him to ribbons if we don't go along. Come on, man!"

Steth picked up a club and barged off into the dense bush in the direction of the sound, while Alex ran back for the rifle. Bringing up the rear Alex could hear his companion crashing through the undergrowth ahead, and again he heard the thunderous growl of some immense wildcat.

Alex, guided by his ears, fought his way towards the tree in which Chick, presumably, had forced the cat to take refuge. There was no time to be lost, for these big cats, though they will flee into the timber when pursued by a dog, will not stay there very long. If the dog sets siege to the tree they very soon tire of it, and climb down to kill the dog.

Steth judged that the terrier was only a few yards from him, when there was a terrible crash in the darkness ahead, accompanied by yaps and more thunderous growls, and Steth knew that the wildcat, on hearing him, had descended and made off, the terrier in hot pursuit. He called Chick by name, but one might as well have called to the far-off stars.

Steth plunged on, and Alex, hugging the rifle, tried to follow by sound, and ere long he realized the hopelessness of finding them. The forest was full of echoes, and one could not tell which was the echo and which was not. Alex plunged out into the trail, running this way and that as he tried to locate them, till after twenty minutes of it he found himself breathless.

There was silence now, and after a while Steth came along the trail from the creek end. He, too, was breathless. "I reckon you've lost your dog," he said. "I told you it would be so. That panther's got him, and it's no use trying to follow till daybreak."

Steth's voice was strangely depressed considering how he had disliked the dog, and realizing their helplessness the two strode back to the cabin. They lit their lamp, and Alex saw that Steth's hands and face were covered with scratches. "If I'd been a minute earlier I reckon I'd have been in time," Steth muttered. "Dang them wildcats," he added savagely.

"I reckon it's lucky you weren't in time, Steth," replied Alex. "You ought to have waited for the rifle. I never dream't you'd go bull-headed at it!"

They undressed in silence, and got into their bunks, but not to sleep, for again and again that horrible shriek, ringing through the gloomy woods, seemed to echo in their ears. So it was near upon midnight when both were roused from a semi-stupor by a familiar sound of sniffing and snorting outside the door. They jumped up simultaneously, and simultaneously they exclaimed: "That's Chick!"

The door was thrown open, and through the gloom they saw a brown and white bundle stumbling uncertainly towards them. They switched on an electric torch—it was Chick, all right, Chick—carrying a huge dead lynx in his jaws!

But what a Chick! He was covered with blood from nose to tail, and though he wagged the latter most stupendously, he was hardly able to stand. "There's pluck for you!" exclaimed Alex, looking proudly at his partner.

Steth stooped down and patted Chick's head. "You plame little idiot!" he said. "Oh, you pig-headed chunk of stupidity!"

They took Chick in, still dragging his prize. "That's the old lynx that killed our last bunch of chickens," stated Alex. "Now she's gone, we can start in with a fresh poultry farm. I say, Steth—some dog!"

But Chick was in a sad state. His ears were in ribbons, and it was clear from the outset that he was going to lose one

eye. He never left his bed for three days, but Steth knew something about dogs, and nursed him unceasingly.

So, in due course, the new chickens were installed, and having killed one of them and been thrashed for it, Chick settled down to defend the survivors with his life. He would not even allow the squirrels to look at them, but in spite of all this he and old Steth remained at loggerheads. Chick seemed to regard Steth's slippers as his natural prey, which annoyed Steth unspeakably, but the truth of the situation was just this: Steth had come to love Chick, and he was irritated by the fact that Chick did not return his affections. If Alex was about, the dog would not look at Steth, and at any time, if in Steth's company, Chick would tear off, deaf to Steth's shout, on hearing his master. "The blame swipe won't take no notice of me," growled Steth. "He'd as leave bite me as look at me. I wish you'd get rid of him, and buy a proper dog."

Then it was that Steth received the surprise of his life. "All right, Steth," replied Alex, "since you can't get on with the dog, I'll get rid of him. Old Berry Newman down at Nelson wants him badly, and that will be a good home for him. I'll take him down on the packet tomorrow."

Steth stared. For a time he was silent, then he said, half apologetically: "Of course I ain't that kind of a swipe, Alex, as stands between a man and his dog. I don't want to influence you. Chick's all right, ain't you, Chick?"

"I know," replied Alex, "but I've been thinking over all you've said, and perhaps Chick isn't the right kind of a dog for a bush camp. It don't seem quite fair to keep him with winter coming on. As you say, he'll probably get frostbite in his paws and suffer no end. It isn't fair to him. He'd be better down in the Kootenays. I'll take him tomorrow."

No more could be said—for what could Steth say without acknowledging weakness?—and on the morrow Alex took Chick to Nelson, and left him in the kindly charge of old Berry Newman. "He's sure to fret a bit," said Alex, "but he can't get back to us because of the water. He'll settle down in a bit."

Chick *did* fret. He got free once, and climbed aboard the steamer that had brought him to his new home with the idea of going back on it. But the steamer was going the wrong way, and Chick travelled to Kootenay Landing and back to Nelson without a ticket, where hunger compelled him to go back to Berry.

"He'll soon forget and settle down," said Berry, yet at the back of his mind old Berry Newman knew that Chick was not the kind of dog to forget.

THE freeze-up came, and the little ranch in the pine bluff was buried under the snows of winter. Little work could now be done till the spring thawed it out, so Steth and Alex sold the chickens, cleaned up their traps, repaired their packs, and set off one bright morning towards the heart of the woods.

There is plenty of fur towards the headwaters of the Mulberry River—mink, marten, wolf, fox and fisher, and arriving at their trapping ground a few days later, Steth and Alex were not long in knocking a central cabin together. From this they ran out their various lines of traps, building rough shelter cabins every few miles in case they were overtaken by storm. It was a manly life, full of hardship and adventure, but appallingly lonely out there with the silence. At night-time they would sit together by their tamarac fire, pegging out the furs they had taken and discussing what they would have for supper and which show they would go to see if they were in Vancouver City. Often they heard the wolves ranging for game, their fierce cries seeming to be the very voice of this unending desolation, and at times they heard the evil caterwauling of lynx echoing like ghost voices through the vaults of the silence. They came to know many things out there with God, and greatest of all they came to know their own littleness. Man may build his cities and fill the world with his wonders, but after all, they pondered, he is merely an ant crawling on the face of immeasurable space. "I think," said Steth one night, "that if some conceited blighters I know were out here, it would do them good. It would show them that they ain't so much after all."

Only once did they touch upon the subject of the dog they had owned.

"I reckon you were right, Steth," said Alex, as the scream of a lynx died away into the stillness. "We could never have kept him out here. He couldn't have stood the cold, and anyway the wolves or the lynx would have got him."

Steth nodded. "Yes," he agreed. "I reckon we was right." And that was all that was said.

A few days later Steth came back to camp with the news that he had seen a huge grizzly away up his end of the range. He had found its tracks and followed them, till he caught sight of the brute, "the size of a street car," crossing a frozen lake. Darkness was coming on, spoiling all chances of a shot, so Steth had hastily returned for a bear trap.

"He's a big Silvertip," he explained, "and should be worth something. I reckon he must be a morose old male, otherwise he'd have denned up like the rest of his tribe."

Next morning Steth set out with the only bear trap they had, and reaching the range of the big grizzly he was not long in locating one of its most regular runways, where it had trodden the snow hard under its huge paws. Boulders of rock strewed the ground, and hiding the trap under the snow together with its chain and three-pronged anchor, Steth left everything as he had found it, carefully brushing out all signs with a branch.

Steth went next day to see if he had experienced any luck, looking at the set through his telescope from a neighboring ridge, for no experienced trapper walks up to his sets; but there was nothing doing.

In the meantime the small fur-sets were yielding a regular harvest, for marten were unusually plentiful in the valley that year owing to a plague of rabbits. Steth and Alex were able to shoot more rabbits than they needed, though they used them for bait as well as food, and game birds also were abundant. These creatures did not require much shooting, as unacquainted with

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It was Chick, all right—Chick carrying a huge dead lynx in his jaws!

Scribble Visits Bee Ville

By William Thompson

Illustrated by Carle Michel Boog

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"DO YOU not think that my subjects are very content?" the Princess asked Scribble one day.

"Very, your Highness."

"What was the Bee population by the last census?"

"It has never been possible to get a correct report, your Highness. They are seldom still, therefore, we cannot count them. I regret to say it is very small."

"What would you advise? Honey is such an important item of commerce in our country—really the most important article of food."

"You are of course aware, your Highness, that there is a great deal of land that has not been cultivated. In the vicinity of Heart's Delight and Fairy Bower, there is land suitable for the cultivation of the primrose, jasmine, honeysuckle and geranium, all honey-bearing, and giving exquisite perfume. With your consent, I will put a few dozen hectares under cultivation. Then, near Silver Wing Falls and the Giants' Jewel Casket, if your Highness so wishes, orchards of the almond, orange, and lemon tree could be planted. Invite the Bees who are working so diligently near the frontier to settle in Fairyland, and I am sure they will be so pleased they will never want to leave."

"A fine idea, Scribble!"

The next morning he started for the frontier to interview the Queen Bee in behalf of his Princess, hoping that he would be able to interest her in his plan, and to find out what variety of flowers and flowering trees would best serve the needs of the honey-makers. His effort was rewarded, for the Queen confessed she had for a long time desired to become Honey-maker to her Royal Highness, TeeNee WeeNee, Sovereign Princess of Fairyland, whose lovely face she had often glimpsed.

On his return Scribble told the Princess of the good news, and of the delight expressed by the Queen of the Honey-makers at the prospect of becoming a subject of Her Highness.

"What a pity we must wait until the new gardens are in bloom before we invite the Queen and her busy little Bees," lamented the Fairy Princess.

"Let me consider the matter," replied Scribble. "It may be possible to offer them a location where they might establish a colony at once."

This remark brought to the Princess an expression of hopefulness.

"Why not set apart the 'Valley of the Sneezing Lizard,' and invite them tomorrow?"

"Good!" replied Scribble, with an enthusiasm he did not often display. "I will arrange a pageant of all the most beautiful creatures in Fairyland."

Walking toward Scribble Sprite Her Royal Highness looked up into his face as he was much taller than she, and commanded him to lie down on the grass—a request he considered very unusual. When he had obeyed, she reached out and touched him on the head with the leaf of a lily-of-the-valley, as she had no sword with her, at the same time saying, "Arise, Sir Scribble Sprite."

"I am a Knight!" shouted Scribble at the top of his voice.

"Yes," replied the Princess, "a real Knight of Fairyland."

"You have made me as happy as a kitten in a

warm blanket," said Sir Scribble, rising and standing very straight.

He then sent word to all the people that at noon the following day they must be ready to take part in a grand pageant.

Many looked at their calendars inscribed on violet leaves, but they found no festival set down for that date, and surmised it must be in honor of the new knight.

Promptly at noon, the people of Fairyland met at the place from which they were directed to march to the frontier. The procession formed, headed by Sir Scribble. All were very much excited when starting for their destination. Arriving 'midst great enthusiasm, orders were given to break ranks, cross the border and mingle in friendly intercourse with the bees, who, overcome by the splendor of the procession and the many colors and shapes of the people of Fairyland, stopped work and joined the merry gathering. No one seemed to be shy, and everybody seemed glad to see everybody else.

The Knight, under pretense that he wanted to fix the buckle on the shoe of his left foot, retired to a clump of bushes and waited until all were acquainted; then, he announced that the Queen Bee would give a short talk on honey and its value as a food, after which he would make a few remarks.

The Queen had never addressed an audience of Fairies before, but made a good impression. In

closing she said she held the Fairy Princess in great esteem and considered her as "sweet as the honey in the honey-comb and altogether lovely."

Everything was working toward the end that Sir Scribble had desired, and he felt

that a few words from him would cause a stampede of all the honey-makers for naturalization papers in Fairyland.

Rising quickly and without any formal introduction he began:

"My dear comrades of labor, animals, birds and insects, I am sure we all regret that our Princess is not here to view this scene of splendor and beauty, a pageant, perhaps, never before equalled."

"Hear, hear!" called the crowd, fairly burning with loyalty.

"It is far from my wish to influence citizens of an alien country to leave the place of their birth, and go to a land unknown to them, but I feel it my duty to say a few words regarding the charms of our Fairyland, and the many advantages it has over others for permanent settlers, particularly for those who are skilled in the arts and crafts. I especially refer to those skilled artisans who have so kindly extended the hand of welcome today."

"Hear, hear!" burst on the soft silences of the woodland, echoing far out in the spaces of the valley and hills.

"As I was about to remark," continued the Knight, "take, for instance, our gardens, the lily standing for simple, trusting faith." Then breaking out in poetic rhapsody:

*"I looked upon the flowers
When the morning sun
was low;
And the sun smiled at the
lily
With a softened purple
glow."*

*A spot was in the lily,
It moved incessantly;
And when I looked into the cup,
I saw a honey-bee."*

The Bees clapped their wings so fast they buzzed.

"Ours is a land of peace, and a joy to those who love beauty in all its forms," continued the Knight.

"I was a Fairy once," a little voice interrupted. The Knight asked him for particulars.

He had been a naughty little Fairy and had run away, but he had never been really happy since the time he swung in the boughs of the silver oak, and the harebells rang to the words he spoke, and his wings were fashioned out of silver gauze, and he knew no grief or human laws; when he lived where the laces of green leaves sway; when his life was one long holiday, with no tasks to learn and no bothering rules, scolding teachers or private schools; when he danced at eve by the pale moonlight, and he sat up as late as he liked at night.

The crowd of alien Honey Bees did not give him time to finish. Leaving the ground, they rose in the air; there were millions and millions—the country was fairly black from the great clouds of Bees who were starting for Fairyland. It was so dark that many thought the night had come, but as the bees passed, day returned, and the pageant started for the land of the Princess, to welcome the Bees who were to live there ever afterwards.



The next morning Scribble Sprite started for the frontier to interview the Queen Bee

A Stranger Deals a Hand

A Story of the Earlier Days in British Columbia

By Hopkins Moorehouse

Drawings by Geo. Ray

IN THE little mountain town general excitement broke loose and ran down the Cairo-like street to meet Sheriff Bob Wallace and his posse of miners and mule-skinners. It was plain to be seen that they had had a hard ride of it. They were covered with dust; their horses were fagged out and the men themselves were saddle-weary. But they had made a capture. The prisoner was riding in the centre, hands bound behind, his bare curly head drooped forward in utter dejection and fatigue.

The worthy citizens of Sanderson whooped their welcome. The fact that the prisoner was a mere boy, probably the novice of the gang, in no way affected them. That one member of Dutch McGee's crowd had been caught, even the most harmless of the road-agents, was a good start towards running the whole gang out of the country. Sanderson was too jealous of its reputation to risk any further depredations. Boom mining camp it might be, flushed with money and liquor, littered with playing-cards, its nights noisy with incessant pianos and loud songs; but robbery at the point of a gun was a breach of etiquette that must not be permitted. It was not conducive to general prosperity.

Hence the excitement at the prospect of proving to the world that Sanderson was one camp where a man could part with his "poke" in a perfectly genteel manner, surrounded by his friends, with plenty of rye to drink, cigars to smoke, music and dancing to make the occasion altogether enjoyable. Assuredly this Kid Carter was going to furnish a convincing example of the folly of robbery on dark and lonesome trails before a man had a chance to reach camp!

Jim Ross sat in front of the "Blue Light" saloon, quietly smoking, his chair tilted back comfortably on two legs. With languid interest he watched the little cavalcade climbing the street. The thing was no concern of his, of course. Anyway, before the night was very old he would be quite tired listening to repetition of the details. He was a gambler, a wanderer, not a permanent citizen of Sanderson. He dealt faro in the Blue Light by night and when he wasn't sleeping he smoked quietly by day; whenever the splits came and the boom burst, as he had seen all other booms burst, he would drift off with the tide and somewhere else by day smoke quietly and by night deal faro.

For Jim Ross had been a gambler for twenty-five years or more; Montana, the Mississippi, New Orleans—he had worked them all. One by one the years had climbed slowly up on his straight back to a seat on the breadth of his shoulders—more



Geo. Ray

"You young fool!" the man cried angrily

than fifty of them; somewhere in the pack was the Joker that had whitened his hair, that had sifted the melancholy into the depths of his dark, inscrutable eyes and mingled reserve with the courtesy that gave him manner. But he was still in the game and always he had managed to rise above the yellow of his environment; so that with Ross behind the case the camp knew it would get a straight run for its money.

Above all else he was a quiet man. He waved languid acknowledgment of the Sheriff's friendly greeting as the posse rode by. Then his gaze returned to the distant peaks, behind which the sun was already dipping, and for a long time he sat where he was, smoking thoughtfully, while the shadows in the gulch deepened rapidly and one by one the lights of the rough little mining camp glowed out upon the gathering darkness.

ON THE evening preceding the day set for young Carter's trial, the prisoner sat despondently in the little stone jail, watching the last ray of sunlight disappear from the heavy iron bars of the cell window. The mountain shadows crowded in and the hours of gloomier foreboding were upon him with their heavy blanket of useless regrets. The Kid knew that he was in a bad fix; his chances for leniency were too slight for consideration at all. He was lucky that this was Canada where Judge Lynch was frowned upon or by now he might be swaying in the wind from the limb of some tree.

Or, was it lucky after all? Better, perhaps, short shrift than a living death in the penitentiary. What an unalloyed young fool he had been to start out on a trail which could end in no other way! Why had he tried to ape the toughs of his home town? Why had he fooled himself into the belief that therein lay fame?

After that drunken brawl at Pap's place, why had he run away and left 'Lissa—? The Kid choked and buried his head in his arms. He dare not think of Melissa now if he hoped to bear up for what was coming.

He ought to have known that fellows of Dutch McGee's calibre were concerned only about saving their own skin. They were over the border by this

time probably and damning him for a young fool who deserved all he was going to get. His wild idea that perhaps they would ride in and shoot up the town and rescue him was born of Jesse James' stories, he realized now. Jesse would have done that and thought nothing of it. Or Buchanan—that notorious outlaw would have shot down a hundred men to release a pal. As for Dutch—

The Kid was startled to see something white come skimming in between the bars of the tiny window and drop at his feet. He picked it up and saw that it was a piece of paper, folded into a dart such as he had been wont to send sailing across the schoolroom when the teacher was not looking.

Feverishly he spread it out on his knee and peered close at the clumsy scrawl in the failing light. The note stated briefly certain directions he was to follow along about midnight. He would find his cell door unlocked. If he travelled a certain course up the gulch he would find a cayuse tethered in a cedar grove back amongst the rocks. He was to speak to no man, but make all haste to the old shack at Jackass Mine. The note was signed with three peculiar marks.

At sight of those three little marks Kid Carter stood up and sucked in a great breath, his eyes alight, his jaw set. He had wronged "the boys," after all; they were going to stand by him, although it might mean death or capture if a hitch occurred. They were going to stand by him just as the notorious Bernie Buchanan would have done. He should have remembered that Dutch was the sole survivor of the old Buchanan gang. He should have shown a little more faith in good old Dutch who was Buchanan-trained. Dutch was standing by him—would get him away without a shot being fired if everything went as they planned. It was great!

THE night was hot. The air seemed pocketed in the gulch and the heat reflected from the rocks which had baked in the sun all day offset the shortness of the twilight and the early in-closing of the mountain shadows. The bit of moon that had hung above the towering western peaks dropped over on the other side and left the valley to the dim light of the stars.

About two hours' ride back into the hills and well away from all accustomed trails was Jackass

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Melissa

Oriental in Canada

By

Walter W. Baer



WHEN one writes of Orientals in Canada it might be more pertinent to describe them as Orientals in British Columbia, since it is only in that province that economic life is affected seriously because so preponderating a number of its industrial and merchant citizenship is Oriental, when compared with other Canadian provinces. Also, the designation should be limited to Chinese and Japanese, since the number of and consequent industrial disturbance by Hindus or East Indians is negligible.

The last Dominion Census (1921) made out the population of Canada to be 8,788,483. The number and disposition of Orientals is stated as follows:

Canada		British Columbia	
Chinese	39,587	Chinese	23,533
Japanese	15,868	Japanese	15,005
Total	55,455	Total	38,539

A more recent (Chinese) computation of the distribution of Chinese among the provinces places that of Ontario at 8,000, the three Prairie Provinces 7,000, with some 600 in the Maritimes. All the rest are in British Columbia. The Japanese, as will be seen from the Dominion Census, are confined practically to British Columbia.

Were the Oriental population distributed evenly over the entire Canadian area, with each province sharing its quota, the proportion as related to the whole would be less than .75 of one per cent. and the presence of Asiatics scarcely noticeable. But if we take 38,539 of the whole number in Canada and crowd them into the meagre population of British Columbia (approximately 550,000) it will be seen that one person in every fifteen in the Pacific Province is an Oriental. As the female Oriental population is not large, deducting the white female population (250,000) from the whole it will be found that one male person in nine is an Asiatic. Reducing the active, wage-earning, male population of the province still further by the subtraction of juveniles in attendance at schools, colleges and universities a further deduction of 150,000 will be necessary. Thus it will be found that at least one out of every six of the entire

wage-earning, industrial and commercial classes is an alien from either China or Japan.

One-sixth, therefore, of all the life-sustaining and profit-making activities of the whole Western area is in the hands of foreign peoples unassimilable, racially antagonistic, competitive and self-concerned to the last degree. The economic pressure incidental to these Oriental characteristics is what initiated and has sustained the opposition to Oriental immigration which has resulted in Federal legislation virtually excluding further admittance of Chinese and otherwise limiting the number of Japanese who may be admitted to the country.

It is an established fact that the first Chinaman to enter Canada landed in Victoria in July, 1859. The "British Columbia Gazette" of that month contains a reference to the fact and in an editorial note says: "This is the first Chinese to enter Canada." As early as 1866 they began to be more numerous and old-timers have a vivid recollection of their employment in menial capacities, performing coolie labor where their plodding energy and faithful service provoked a measure of appreciation in the absence of White labor. No rapid influx occurred, however, until construction of the British Columbia section of the Canadian Pacific Railway was undertaken in the early eighties. Under pressure of necessity the Onderdonk contractors brought

in thousands of Chinese to hasten completion of this end of the transcontinental road. How many thousands were introduced into the country is not known exactly, as there were no restrictions as to immigration and the records are not discoverable now. These laborers were brought in under contract and were really indentured labor. When construction work was completed contracts expired and the Chinese were left stranded without work. Less than half of those who had not died returned to China. The remainder scattered throughout the province accepting employment in any capacity for which they were qualified. Adapting themselves without equivocation to the new conditions they soon became a factor in the labor market, competing with White immigrants who began to move toward British Columbia with the initiation of transcontinental travel facilities.

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Upper Left—Chinese pedlar of market garden produce, Vancouver, B.C.

Centre—Children of Japanese Fisherman, Steveston, B.C.

Upper Right—Christianised Chinese holding open-air service at Victoria, B.C.



One of the fashionable "Chop Suey" Restaurants, located in the heart of Vancouver Chinatown



Illustrations
by
N. Grandmaison

They turned to find a man, armed with a rifle, staring at them from the open door of the hut

Inherited Wings

By Claude Peters

AS BARBARA emerged in leather coat and helmet from the car that had brought her to the aviation field, she drew a deep breath of happy excitement. The magic of early morning lay over the hushed countryside. Lake des Chenes, blue and sparkling, its wooded shoreline touched here and there with the crimson and gold of late August, lapped almost at her feet. She stood unaware of it all, athrill with the intoxicating anticipation of her first aeroplane flight.

Seeing her father and the General standing by the edge of the lake she started across the dew-drenched grass toward them but paused uncertainly as a man in an ungainly flying suit of the Royal Canadian Flying Corps joined them.

Barbara knew this trip had been offered as a compliment to her father—a grateful government was always on the lookout for opportunities of tendering him flattering little services. A casual remark of his at the Country Golf Club that his daughter Barbara intended joining her mother and sister at Cadoushac, had brought an immediate suggestion from the General that the Flying Corps be allowed to take her there. Barbara, wild with delight, had overruled her more cautious father. Now that the actual moment of departure had arrived she was experiencing a queer gone feeling, her heart and lungs, always so dependable, seemed suddenly about to fail her. The realization that this was fear filled her with shame and determined that no one else should notice her cowardice, she moved slowly across the grass to join the men.

"Senator Canes," she heard the General say as she drew near, "this is Captain Davis who will pilot your daughter. He's one of our best men. I feel sure Miss Barbara will be safe with him," and he laid an affectionate hand on the shoulder of his junior officer.

Young Barry Davis, blushing a little at such open praise, grasped the Senator's hand.

"I think she will be all right, sir," he said.

There was a slight pause before the older man spoke again and Barbara knew her father was studying the face before him as was his habit.

Searching for those qualities that would set his mind at rest—the qualities that can be relied upon in an emergency. Barbara also studied the face; but she was looking for far other things than her father and of the two her search was the more disappointing—Barry Davis was not of the Greek god type—though the firm chin and steady brown eyes did not appeal to her, they seemed to satisfy her father, for he warmly shook the hand he was holding.

"I am confident she will," he said heartily, "but I shall not feel at ease until I hear from Cadoushac."

"You will have a wire in four or five hours I hope, sir."

Barbara now joined the group by the water and was introduced in her turn. Soon she and Captain Davis entered a boat and were rowed to the plane, anchored not far from shore, resting lightly on its stubby pontoons like some great bird of prey. She was assisted to her seat directly behind the pilot and strapped in. Then with her helmet securely fastened beneath her chin and her goggles adjusted to her satisfaction, they were ready to start. As Barry Davis settled into his place carefully testing and adjusting mysterious unseen things, Barbara's first disappointment in his lack of good looks gave place to admiration for the easy dexterity he now displayed. Suddenly the engine started with a deafening roar, drowning the last good-byes. The plane set off across the lake, gathering speed as it rushed over the water; almost at once, it seemed to Barbara, it rose smoothly into the air. As the water fell rapidly away beneath them, she clutched the sides of her seat in terror. They circled over the lake two or three times, climbing always a little higher. Barbara did not see the earth receding after that first disquieting glimpse, nor did she see the phenomenon of the lake contracting beneath them to fairylike proportions. She even missed Barry's smile as he turned once to reassure

her. With her eyes tightly shut she was fighting with all her strength against the sickening fear of her first flight.

Gradually her courage returned as the moments passed and the expected crash did not materialize. In half an hour she had become accustomed to the roar of the engine and a feeling of comfortable security began to creep over her. By the end of the first hour she found flying an exhilarating delight and would have liked to prolong her present journey indefinitely.

They flew steadily for three or four hours. Sometimes high above the clouds which billowed far below them like a sea of cotton wool. Sometimes they travelled low enough for Barbara to see the land beneath them laid out like a child's checkboard in tiny farms with here and there a cluster of miniature buildings. Finally they swept out over the broad St. Lawrence, heading for the mouth of the Sennica river and the summer colony of Cadoushac nestling in the curve of its first deep bay. Here a storm struck them with terrific force. As the plane climbed, trying to mount above the peril, the rain and wind beat in their faces. All at once something went wrong. Barbara, who by now had perfect confidence in her pilot, did not realize they were in any danger until the roar of the engine suddenly ceased and they began to plane down with terrifying rapidity. She caught one horrifying glimpse of dark trees, tossing in the wind, of heaving black water, rocks and foam; then cowering with closed eyes she waited for the end. Barry, calling loudly, roused her.

"Unbuckle your strap!" he yelled without turning his head.

Barbara had only just time to free herself when they struck the water. Of what happened next she was never very sure. She was conscious of the rush and roar of water breaking against some rocky barrier close at hand, and of herself struggling half strangled in the foam and spray; then someone dragged her clear and she had a confused picture of the plane, crippled and partly submerged, sweeping by on the storm-tossed water.

Finally, half carried, half hauled up a shelving beach, she lay at last, crumpled and sobbing, on the sand.

"MISS CANES, sit up a minute. You're not hurt, are you?"

Barbara stirred, and opening heavy eyes, discovered Barry Davis bending anxiously over her.

"No bones broken anywhere are there?" he asked again.

"No, I don't think so," Barbara answered, struggling to a sitting position. "How about you?" she added, as she fumbled with pitifully trembling fingers at the chin-strap of her helmet; her goggles had long since disappeared.

"That's fine when we're both whole, but the poor old plane's gone." Barry stared regretfully at the black, angry water.

"Where are we?" asked Barbara, her normal curiosity asserting itself once more.

"I'm not dead sure. In the middle of the St. Lawrence, in about the widest part, I should say. We're certainly ten or twelve miles from either shore. At least that's the way it looked to me as we came along. We'll have to cross the island as soon as this storm clears and see for ourselves."

"Do you think this could be Wanderer Island? It's out in the middle somewhere off the mouth of the Sennica. We had friends who camped on it once. It's forbidden now. Some farmer has leased it and won't allow anyone to land."

"It might easily be; but Miss Canes, what would anyone lease a small island like this for?"

"The seagulls' eggs. American companies buy them all up once a year; I forget what for?"

"Oh, look!" cried Barry, pointing to a strip of blue sky which widened as they gazed hopefully at it. "The storm is clearing and the sun coming out again. That's lucky; now we'll be able to dry our clothes."

"If this is an island," began Barbara, a little anxiously, "what are we going to live on?"

"Oh, we'll find something; don't worry about

that now. Let's get these wet coats off first and hang them somewhere to dry." and the practical Barry jumped to his feet, all energy and good cheer now the sun was shining again. "No, don't move yet," he added, leaning with instant solicitude over Barbara, as he noticed her trembling efforts to rise and saw the large tears of weakness welling again in her blue eyes.

"I'm ashamed of being such a baby," she apologized; "I don't know what's the matter; I'm all shaky."

"It's the shock," he explained. "It will pass off directly. Just sit quiet while I peel off my flying-suit." Barry now removed his soaking fur-lined suit and ruefully examined his dripping navy blue coat and trousers.

"That was my best suit," he told her naively; "I wore it hoping there'd be dancing at the Cadoushac Hotel tonight."

"Oh! do you know people at the hotel?"

"I don't think so, but I rather counted on your taking pity on me and perhaps your sister."

"Oh, poor Sally and Mother, at Cadoushac! And Daddy at Ottawa! They'll be terrified!" Barbara was aghast as this new aspect of the situation dawned upon her.

"Yes, I'm afraid they will. But it will be only for a short time," Barry assured her soothingly. "They will be out searching for us tomorrow; they'll start the government yacht down the river from Quebec, and Johnny'll be out in his bus—that is if he turns up in time." A worried little crease appeared for a moment in his forehead only to disappear again as a more cheerful thought occurred to him. "We'll be celebrities by the time we're rescued, you know. How will you like seeing yourself in the movies? 'Miss Barbara Canes, youngest daughter of Canada's well known Senator, who with her companion, was wrecked on a small island in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence (her companion is seen on the left). For three days and nights this plucky girl lived on nothing but nuts and . . . honey.'"

"No, no," laughed Barbara, a shade of natural color showing for the first time in her pale little face. It will read this way: 'Captain Barry Davis, the well known Canadian flyer, who at great personal risk saved his passenger when their plane was wrecked on an island and kept her alive for three days on nuts and honey (the shadow on his right is the passenger after three days of nuts and honey).' I wish we had some now, don't you?"

"Well," suggested Barry, "let's explore a bit and see what we can find. First give me your coat to dry."

On being assisted to her feet, Barbara was relieved to find that the trembling had entirely disappeared. She allowed Barry to help her out of her leather coat and helmet, and after shaking out the wet folds of her little green sport dress, she ran accustomed fingers through the short fair curls clinging damply to her low forehead.

Barry carried her coat and his flying-suit up the beach and after carefully anchoring them with stones where the sun could have the most effect, he returned to Barbara. Together they wandered up the beach and entered a wood of small trees, stunted maples and hickory bushes with here and there a young fir. It was very wet underfoot in the long grass but as they penetrated farther inland they came across faint indications of a path leading apparently to the other side of the island; here the undergrowth was shorter, and not so damp.

"Look! Here are our nuts!" exclaimed Barry, pointing to a cluster of hickory-nuts in their prickly coats.

"But here is something better!" cried Barbara, stooping to examine a tiny shrub laden with dark blue fruit.

"Blueberries! By jove, they look good!" Barry was so enthusiastic that further explorations had to be postponed while he celebrated Barbara's discovery.

When they started on again they had gone only a short distance before they found their path

Continued on page 45

"No, I don't think there are any bones broken," answered Barbara as she struggled to a sitting position. "How about you?" she added





As Lancaster gripped him and tried to rise he flung him down again, his head striking the iron bedstead



The Truant Soul

By Victor Rousseau

Author of "The Big Muskeg," Etc.

Illustrated by J. Clymer

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

Joan hardly noticed the man; she was bracing herself to bear what was to come.

Lancaster got out, and Jenkins, contrary to his custom, lashed the horse violently and drove rapidly away. Myers and Lancaster came up the steps of the porch together. Now Lancaster was raising his hat in turn, and under it was the face of the smirking bully of the operating theatre at the Avonmouth Hospital.

"Well, I had a fine trip to Avonmouth, my dear, and I hurried back as fast as I could, to see you. I couldn't stay away from you very long, Joan, after you saved my life. And I persuaded Mr. Myers to return with me. We're all going to be good friends. Mrs. Fraser! Mrs. Fraser! Where the devil are you?" he bawled.

Mrs. Fraser's frightened face appeared at the door. "Here sir!" she stammered.

"Is supper ready? If so, we'll all eat together."

"It's waiting, sir. I'll lay another place," said the matron.

"Good! Then we'll go in. What do you say, Joan, darling? Aren't you glad to see me?" he asked, linking his arm in the girl's and advancing his face within a few inches of hers.

With a sob Joan tore herself away from him and ran upstairs at the top of her speed. She was choking with grief and shame. Hard as she ran, she knew her flight was an incentive to Lancaster to follow her. He went after her as fast as he could, and, as she slammed the door of her room, his hand

was on the knob outside. She was just too late to turn the key.

"Joan! Joan! Open the door and don't act like a little fool!" he shouted. "What's the matter with you? Ain't you glad I've come back? Say, I've got half a dozen bottles of the fizzy stuff in my bag, and we three will make a night of it."

"Oh, won't you please leave me?" pleaded Joan. Try to remember how—how different you were yesterday."

"That's true!" he swore. "I'm different now. I was a sanctimonious mug yesterday. I'm in my right mind today. It gave me the blue creeps, being cooped up here in this God-forsaken place. I tell you, Joan, now that I've had enough good liquor to soak that morphine out of my system I'm feeling like a king. Say, now, come down to supper, like a good little girl, and we'll have a great time together. Myers doesn't bear any ill-feeling. And we'll have him put out after a while and finish the bottles ourselves. And say——"



He was advancing toward her with his arms outstretched. Joan sprang back to the washstand and snatched up the half filled pitcher, with such evident determination to defend herself that the man fell back scowling. "Joan, don't be a little Jackass!" he shouted angrily. "I know what you mean when you look at me like that. You think you're above being jolly and sociable, just because I don't choose to stand on my dignity tonight. Did you expect me to go about always looking like a sanctified mummy, as I did when I was ill?"

JOAN hurried out upon the verandah and stood peering under her raised hand across the rain-swamped fields to where the carriage road wound in and out among the hills. The sun had set, and it was beginning to grow dusk; a bat was flitting under the eaves, and the steady downpour never ceased. Mrs. Fraser, who had moved to follow the girl, went back into her room. There was a queer, troubled pucker about her lips, and once she went to the door and looked intently at Joan, who had not stirred from her position of expectancy.

Presently, looking out through the dripping trees, Joan could see the buggy crawling up the hill through the mud. Slowly it moved along the road. Jenkins was driving, and there were two men with him, not one. Joan recognized Lancaster, then she perceived, first the hard hat, next Myers' face under it.

She shuddered. The worst had come about, then. But the last battle was joined, and under her fears she felt a hardening of her spiritual resources. She would not falter. She went slowly toward the top of the three low wooden steps, and stood there like a statue, watching the buggy pass up the weed-grown drive until it came to a standstill.

Lancaster and Myers were laughing together, and, as Myers saw the girl he said something, and the other threw back his head in merriment.

Myers was the first to descend. He raised his hat to Joan and grinned. "The doctor's come back quite safe, you see," he said, "and feeling fine again."



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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



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"Listen, Doctor Lancaster," panted the girl. "I am not going to judge you by what you are saying now. Leave me, and tomorrow, if you are yourself, I shall be willing to hear your explanation, because I know it is not your better self that is speaking. Leave my room now, please, immediately!"

The man glared at her; but he was dominated, in spite of himself, by her courage and apparent calmness.

"Well, I'm not going to fight with you before I've had my supper," he answered. "You think things over, and in a little while I guess you'll see them in a different light. You can't fool me with those mock airs and graces, dearie. I've seen them in women before. Used to believe in them once, too, till I found it meant that it was going to cost me more in the end. You come down and act straight, Joan—see?"

He slammed the door viciously behind him. Joan fell upon her knees beside her bed. There, tearless, but shaken with grief, she poured out a wild prayer for the lost soul of the man. This was worse than anything she could have divined. Better by far that he had returned as on that earlier day, drugged and possessed by the morphine spirit than in the chains of this devil. Better that he had died. For Lancaster, even when the shifty, false, lying drug fiend was in control of him, had never been vicious and vile like this before.

And yet this was the John Lancaster of the Southern Hospital. It was the traditional Lancaster in his hour of relaxation. He treated women shamefully, as a gossiping nurse had said. Joan had never been in fear of physical harm as she was now. She rose from her knees, looking wildly about her. Then she heard footsteps outside, and she sprang back across the room.

But it was only the matron. Mrs. Fraser cast a scared look at her and ran forward. "What did he say to you?" she cried.

"I am afraid of him. I dare not stay here. Where shall I go?" cried Joan, losing all self-control.

In the midst of her terror Joan suddenly realized that the look upon the matron's face was the same as on her first night, when they had held a brief conversation in the same room.

For a moment Mrs. Fraser did not answer her. The women drew together, listening. They were having supper below, conversing in boisterous tones and laughing loudly. Joan heard her own name spoken, and a renewed outburst of mirth followed.

"Mrs. Fraser," said Joan, "the Doctor Lancaster whom I respect and honor is not in that man's body. I am going away. I am going at once. I shall ask Doctor Jenkins to protect me until tomorrow. He is a gentleman; he will do so."

"You can't go through this storm," exclaimed the other, and, as she spoke, Joan realized that the wind had risen to a hurricane, and the boughs creaked and snapped like pistol shots. "You must stay here tonight. Stay with me, and I'll swear he shall not hurt you. Look at this!"

She pulled a revolver from beneath her apron and handed it to Joan.

"I've kept that ever since the last time he came back like this, when he went raving among the patients, mad with liquor. That was the end of the institution. He frightened a sick girl almost to death. Use it on him if you must—use it, because it won't be him you'll kill, but the devil that's got him."

She was almost incoherent with fear and excitement. Joan took the revolver and slipped it into the pocket of her uniform. Oddly enough, she felt that the Lancaster of that evening had so grossly wronged the Lancaster of earlier days that to kill him would be to avenge an intolerable outrage. She hated him with all the intensity of which her heart

was capable, hated him for the wrong he had done himself, the outrage on their love; and under the hate the flame of the love she had borne burned pure and clear.

It was long since dark, but the maid had not lit the lamp outside Mrs. Dana's door, near the head of the stairs. The moon had not yet risen. The women crept cautiously along the hall.

Lancaster and the secretary were in Myers' room. The door was open. Joan heard a cork fly with a bang, and the gurgle of champagne in glasses. Their voices were raised high, and there came the sound of a scuffle.

"Sit down!" the secretary was crying. "Do you want to be a fool and spoil everything? Leave her alone until tomorrow."

"I'm d—d if I do!" cried Lancaster.

"Wait a minute! Listen to me! You agreed to come back here and put her out. Why don't you do it now?"

Lancaster laughed coarsely. "Because she's too d—n pretty, Myers," he answered.

"It's the drink in you. She isn't better looking than any average woman in Avonmouth. See here,



"Mrs. Fraser," said Joan, "the Doctor Lancaster whom I respect and honor is not in that man's body. I am going away at once."

are you going to bust up the game or are you not?"

"I'll show you!" shouted Lancaster, breaking from Myers' grasp and rushing from the room.

He met the women at the foot of the stairs. His face was flushed, his hair disordered, his manner maniacal.

"You sneak, what are you butting into this show for?" he demanded of Mrs. Fraser.

The matron, cowed by his violence, trembled. She tried to pull Joan toward her room, then caught her eye and made the slightest gesture indicative of shooting. Lancaster raised his fist threateningly.

The matron did not lift a finger to defend herself. She stood quite calmly, awaiting the expected blow; perhaps it was some atavistic trait inherited through generations of poor ancestors; and yet, servile although it might have been, the look on the woman's face was almost heroic.

The man let his fist fall; he seized the matron by the shoulders and pushed her back into her room. He turned the key in the lock and put it in his pocket.

"That's settled, I reckon," he said with satisfaction.

Joan's hand went into her pocket. Her fingers closed about the revolver handle. But at that moment the secretary, who had come out of his room, went up to Lancaster.

"See here, now," he began to remonstrate, "have a little sense, Doctor. If you're bent on busting everything up, you and I part company."

The other turned on him with so menacing a gesture that Myers flung his hands up in despair and went back into his room. Joan stood facing the doctor alone. At that moment her decision was nearly ripened, and she felt conscious of no fear of him at all.

If he attempted violence she knew what she would do. But he did not lay hands on her. He stood leaning against the newel post at the foot of the stairs, watching her face.

Joan was searching his eyes for the least sign of the man she had known, and he broke off, scowling and wincing under her stare. Above his words was the sound of beating rain, the lashing wind; and from within the matron's room Joan heard Mrs. Fraser crying in prayer:

"O Lord, save her!" she wailed. "Save that girl this night! O Lord, from the devil! Save her! Save her, O Lord!"

"Maybe I got you wrong," continued the doctor. "But if I did, I ask you, who's to blame? Didn't you come to me at my house in Avonmouth and ask for your job back? Weren't you as sweet as sugar when you wanted something out of me? Well, what's the inference, then? You can have your job back if you want it. But I can do better by you than that. You're too pretty for a nurse's job, and I told you so the day you turned on me in the theatre like a wildcat. Now, then! It's up to you! Your move, partner!"

"Let me pass, please!" she cried. "I'm going to leave the Institute at once."

"Without your hat?" he sneered.

"Let me pass at once!"

"Well, I reckon I can't stop you," he rejoined. "Just one word more, though. Do you realize your situation? Do you know what people will say when you go to them with crazy stories about me? Nobody will think you came down here to the notorious John Lancaster after he'd fired you just because you were such a wonderful nurse that he couldn't do without you. What sort of reputation do you expect to have in Avonmouth? You can go, but you won't go there. Not back to Avonmouth, understand that well. I'll hound you out of the town, you little double-crosser!"

For the first time Joan felt her spirit begin to shrink from the ordeal. She was cowed, she was almost as helpless as if he

had used physical violence toward her; and through the baneful dream she was aware that Myers had come out of his room and was watching the scene from the end of the hall, wearing a smug, complacent smile. Myers was getting his way and having his revenge in one.

And because the situation was too horrible for belief, Joan could remember only the Lancaster of yesterday. She ran to the man and caught him by the arms, and looked into his face with pathetic earnestness.

"I'm going to stay, John!" she cried. "My faith is stronger than that. I remember what you have said to me, and I remember my promise to you. Some day you will come to yourself and everything will be clear. I shall call to the John Lancaster I know against the man who claims to be he and is not."

"What do you mean?" shouted the other. "Whom do you take me for?"

"You are not the John Lancaster who won my love," cried Joan, with an impassioned gesture. "Let your better self hear and understand me. You asked me to stay and fight your battle with you,

Continued on page 37

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FREE MENU SUGGESTIONS

We would like to send you a copy of our new recipe book, "Peaches—11 Food Experts Tell Us How To Serve Them," also an assortment of folders containing special recipes on the service of DEL MONTE Fruits and Vegetables; and "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book." All are free. Address Department 37-H California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

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The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Sir Isaac Newton

BRIEF Biography No. 7.—Sir Isaac Newton, English mathematician and scientist, was born at Woolsthorpe, near Grantham, Lincolnshire, England, December 25, 1642. He obtained his early education at Grantham Grammar School, where he already showed a keen interest in mechanical contrivances. In his fifteenth year he was recalled from school to assist in the management of his family's farm. Having demonstrated his unfitness for the business of a farmer, he was sent back to school at Grantham. In 1661, he was admitted to Trinity College, Cambridge, at which he was graduated with the degree of Master of Arts in 1668. While at Cambridge, he formulated the binomial theorem.

In May, 1665, Newton committed to writing his first ideas on fluxions, or the calculus, a subject which afterwards gave rise to an unfortunate controversy with Leibnitz. In 1665, he discovered the unequal refrangibility of light and the true doctrine of colors. Driven from Cambridge by the plague of this year, he went to Woolsthorpe. It is said that at Woolsthorpe, in 1666, the fall of an apple, as Newton sat in his garden, suggested to him the most magnificent of his later discoveries, the law of gravitation. He was president of the Royal Society from 1703 until his death, a period of twenty-five years. In this office he did much toward the advancement of science. Newton died at Kensington on March 20, 1727, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

Current Opinions

HEADED as "Current Opinions," Pitman's Journal of Commercial Education, 70 Bond St., Toronto, reproduces from week to week interesting statements from articles and speeches by some of the public men of England. Many of these opinions have an application to Canadian conditions, as will be seen from the following limited selection:

To demand too many speeches turns a statesman into an expert in thinking what can be said, rather than what should be thought.—Lord Grey.

The literary life of most readers would be enlarged if they read less of more books.—Arnold Bennett.

There seems to be something wrong with almost everything.—Rev. G. O. Griffith.

Ninety-nine people out of every one hundred are in blind alley occupations.—Sir Joseph Nall, M.P.

The faster we travel the less leisure we have.—Dean Inge.

The function of a university is to diffuse not useful but "useless" knowledge—knowledge sought for its own sake whether it has any practical bearing or not.—Sir William Beveridge.

The rattle of reapers, the buzz of the saw, the clang of the anvil, and the roar of traffic, are all part of a mighty symphony, not only of material, but of spiritual progress.—Calvin Coolidge.

Topics for Debaters

FROM time to time, inquiries come to this department concerning suitable topics for debating groups. The list that follows may prove of some use to local groups interested in listing new material for discussion:

The second or third generation is slated by fate to dissipate the accumulations of the first.

The chief end of education is the making of a man. Make a man and he will find his work.

Student life is not real life.

A man's mind should contain a library and a living-room as well as a workshop.

Voting should be regarded as an opportunity instead of as a duty.

There is a close connection between unemployment and crime.

Science is worth studying for its own sake, apart from any practical applications.

A man may become wise without ever reading a single book.

There should be a public library in every town.

The most theoretical researches often prove to be the most practical ones.

From Clerk to President

CANADIAN FINANCE carried in a recent issue the announcement of the death of George S. Campbell, president of the Bank of Nova Scotia. The short biographical sketch accompanying the announcement is interesting evidence of the rewards that await faithful attention to duties on the part of those who share in the everyday tasks of nation-building in Canada.

"George S. Campbell, of Halifax, president of the Bank of Nova Scotia, prominent in church, business and shipping affairs in the Maritimes, died suddenly at Montreal on November 21, 1927; Mr. Campbell was seventy-six years old.

"George S. Campbell rose from the obscurity of a small clerkship in a Halifax shipping office to the head of a big steamship agency of his own and the presidency of one of Canada's foremost banking institutions and to a leading place in the social, business and public life of the city of his adoption.

"He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, July 8, 1851. His family came to Halifax when George was scarcely through with his school-books, and here he plunged at once into the business world. His first employment was with the firm of James Scott & Company, after which he became a clerk in the office of F. D. Corbett & Company, and eventually head of the firm, which was reorganized under the name of G. S. Campbell & Company.

"Mr. Campbell's capacity for business and his good judgment brought him into demand in other businesses than his own and he became a director of the Bank of Nova Scotia, and later its president. He was also a director of the Eastern Trust Company, director of the Nova Scotia Building Society and president of the Halifax and Canso Steamship Company. He was chairman of the Board of Governors of Dalhousie University."

The Problem Department

SERIES Seven—Art.

1. How may the fine arts serve in furthering the development of democracy?

2. Indicate the esteem with which the Greeks regarded music.

3. Define the art of painting.

4. In what respect does the origin of architecture differ from the other fine arts?

5. Discuss the relation of the Olympic games to the genesis of Greek sculpture.

Answers to Literature Questions, Series Six:

1. What are the two essential characteristics of great literature?

Answer: In order to be properly designated as literature, the subject matter must be so arranged and ordered that it will appeal to the heart and mind of man. A work of literature will be entitled to a higher ranking in proportion as the truths with which it deals are of greater significance to humanity.

2. State three types of literary excellence.

Answer: A work may stand in its formal perfection as a representative of one of the art forms—the epic, the elegy, or the short story, for instance. A work not so perfect in form may, nevertheless, give us a profound insight into the lives of men at certain periods of history. In rare cases, both of these elements, the artistic form and the historic or spiritual significance, will be present in the highest degree.

3. From what ancient peoples did the principal literary inheritances of the modern world come?

Answer: From the Hebrews, Greeks, Latin and Eastern authors.

4. In what year was the first book printed in England? Who was the printer?

Answer: In 1477, Caxton established his printing press and issued the first printed book in England. This was the Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers.

5. Who is the present poet laureate?

Answer: Robert Bridges.

Oriental Studies

ONE of the needs arising out of the direction of Britain's far-flung empire is that great numbers of English students of foreign languages shall be available for the diplomatic and commercial posts that exist in British interests in many parts of the world. In this connection, an interesting paragraph occurs in a recent issue of Pitman's Journal of Commercial Education:

"The familiar criticism of Englishmen as mainly unwilling to take the trouble to learn a foreign language is apparently becoming rapidly out of date. If statistics could be collected and published giving the numbers of students taking instruction in foreign languages at all the schools and institutions throughout the country, the figures would astonish us all by their magnitude.

"The last report of the Governing Body of the School of Oriental Studies is an enlightening document in this respect. From it we learn that on the tenth anniversary of the opening of the school, there were in attendance at its headquarters in Finsbury Circus, London, England, more than three thousand students. It is stated that the past session witnessed the large entry of 528 new students.

"Instruction is given this year in forty-six subjects as compared with thirty-five in 1926. Chinese, Hindustani, and Persian appear to be the Oriental tongues for which instruction is chiefly in demand. The others, however, are numerous; and the school has opened an African department in which as many as nine Bantu languages have been taught. Most of the students contemplate filling posts in which the languages they are studying will be needed for actual use."

A. A. R.

RECENTLY, in a document relating to marine insurance, I noted the mysterious letters A. A. R., and upon further examination discovered that they stood for the expression "against all risks." In this particular policy, however, there were some risks accepted by the insurance company, which appear strange reading at this time. The actual clause concerning these risks carries one's thoughts back to the days when the ships of England roamed the seas under conditions vastly different from those of today, although during the Great War many of the scenes casually suggested in the policy may have been reproduced:

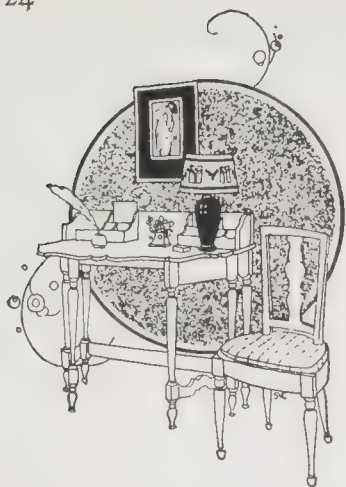
"Touching the Adventures and Perils which we the Assurers are contented to bear and do take upon us in this Voyage, they are, of the seas, Men-of-War, Fire, Enemies, Pirates, Rovers, Thieves, Jettisons, Letters of Mart and Countermart, Surprisals, Takings at Sea, Arrests, Restraints and Detainments of all Kings, Princes and People, of what Nation, Condition or Quality soever, Barratry of the Master and Mariners, and of all other Perils, Losses and Misfortunes that have or shall come to the Hurt, Detriment, or Damage of the said Goods and Merchandises and Ship, &c., or any part thereof."

Occupations in Canada

ARTICLE No. 8.—Translator for the Editorial Branch of the Federal Department of Mines:

Duties: Under supervision, to make literal or free translation, accurate as to idiom, text and substance, of the technical and scientific publications of the Department of Mines, requiring a wide knowledge of scientific and technical terminology, experience and fluency in the use of the two official languages; and to perform other related work as assigned.

Qualifications: Education equivalent to high school graduation and preferably university training; at least one year of experience in translating; thorough familiarity with the scientific and technical terminology and phraseology employed in the publications of the Department of Mines; ability to read, write and speak the two official languages fluently; considerable aptitude for translation and ability to express ideas clearly both in French and English.



When a Room is Small

Clever Furnishing Will Cause Its Size to Be Forgotten

By Katherine M. Caldwell

"GOOD things come in small packages." We were accustomed to remark glibly in our childhood—in defense of our own stature or a new puppy or any diminutive possession that might give rise to the slighting comment of companions.

Sometimes, as home owners, we need to make the same comforting reflection about a room that is small in area—and then see to it that by our own efforts, we make it truly one of those "good things."

The smaller the room, the more careful one has to be in furnishing it. This is true for several reasons. When there is not much space, what there is must be used to the greatest advantage; every square foot must be made to count. There is no getting away from a mistake—an unfortunate choice in furniture cannot be overlooked by thrusting the piece into a distant or shadowy corner; it will be right in evidence, and if it can't be banished, will have to be endured. Moral—avoid errors.

The thing that is true in buying new furnishings for any room, is particularly true for the *small* room; it is better to wait indefinitely and then get something that you really like, something that will give you satisfaction, than to put up with a substitute—either from lack of patience to seek the right thing further or from lack of funds to buy the thing you prefer. Unless you can put in a temporary substitute for which you will have later definite use when you can replace it with your hearts' desire, leave a blank; it will annoy you less than the unsatisfying makeshift.

Starting with the truth before us, that the small room can be made quite as perfect, in its own way, as the larger and perhaps more easily handled apartment, let us look at the way of achieving that perfection.

There are, as usual, two viewpoints to be considered. If you are planning the furnishing of a small room from the outset, you have a great advantage over the person who is trying to improve an already furnished room which is obviously not successful. In the latter case, there are certain expedients which will possibly go far towards solving the difficulty; when it comes right down to a matter of furniture which is frankly overlarge, if there is no way of modifying its effect, it will sooner or later have to be eliminated. It is better to recognize the need for such a move, and be on the lookout for ways of effecting it. Perhaps you can exchange the big chesterfield which looked so well in your former home, for one of more modest proportions, or for one of the delightful sofas or davenport which will go far in equalling it in comfort without requiring so much floor space. You may not even have to go to a dealer—one of your friends may be only too glad to do some trading with you.

FOR the old room or the new, the place to begin is with the background. If you have a room which you would like to have appear larger, look first to your walls. Are they patterned? Colorful? Is the woodwork finished in contrast to the wall? If so, you will have to start your reform right there.

Plain walls of neutral tint, with woodwork and trim matching it exactly, will do more than perhaps any other single thing to give the room a

der carefully to your carpet or make it just a tone deeper. If the carpet is patterned, keep the design very small, a close all-over effect will be much better than anything of distinct patterning.

Perhaps you will find that just changing the walls and possibly the floor treatment in what has seemed an overcrowded room, will work a seeming miracle. It is much easier to proceed with the good work of putting things right, once the essential backgrounds are as they should be.

NOW of course we don't want to banish design from the room altogether—that would make

it most dull and uninteresting. The happy place for it to make its appearance is in the fabrics. But strict censorship must be exercised; the chintz with the gorgeous bouquet of big flowers, in just the right colors, or the one with the big bold design that is so stunningly modern, must be set sternly aside. The small room is no place for them. All designs must be kept small, proportionate. Proportion in all things, in short, holds the key to the successful room.

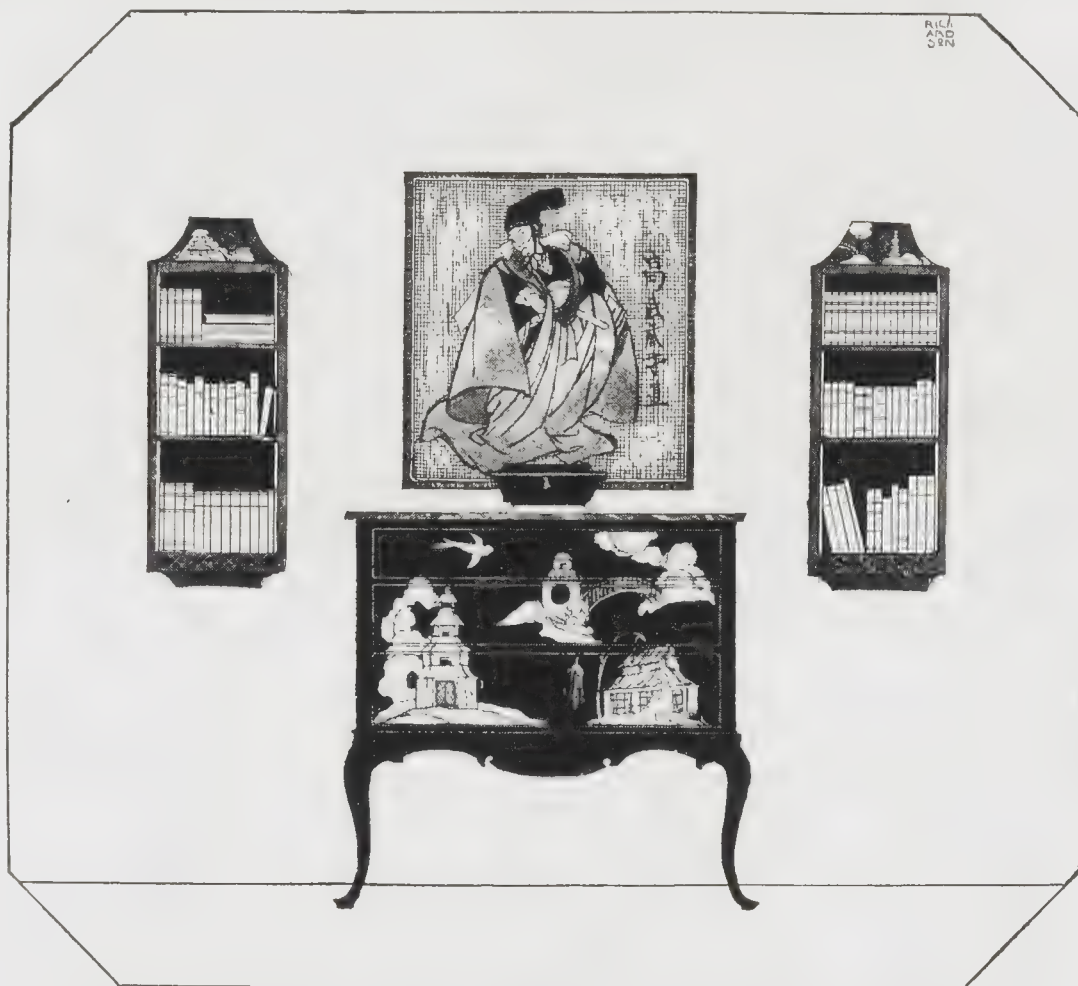
So we introduce a certain amount of small-patterned chintz or other fabric—perhaps in the window curtains and one or two pieces of furniture, with other plain coverings to companion them. If stripes are introduced, they should not be too broad; stripes of suitable width will often prove quite helpful and can always be used in hangings, to give an effect of greater height.

The furniture itself is, of course, immensely important. As hinted already, the small room is not the place for large overstuffed pieces. If it is a living-room, either a small Chesterfield or one of the delightful modern sofas that have taken lessons in real comfort from the big Chesterfield but which do not take up an inch of unnecessary space

in overhanging arms and spreading propensities of one kind or another. Then there are delightfully comfortable upholstered chairs, with back and arms just thick enough to permit them to be adequately cushioned. There is also a great return to fashion of the chair with wooden frame of nice line, plain or with a little carving, and cushioned back and seat—perhaps also a little cushioning on the arms. If the *lines* of such a chair are right, it can be exceedingly comfortable, and it is a type which may be had in two or three sizes—the Father Bear, Mother Bear and even Little Bear scale is observed.

Nothing in the room should be allowed to overpower it, or the whole effect will be spoiled, and the room made to look smaller, perhaps, than it really is. There is no place, in the small living-room, for a big table, so the long "Chesterfield-table" or the old-time "centre table" has to be passed by. Let there be, instead, several small tables—two or three that can stand alongside the chairs, where they are always truly useful, and perhaps a drop-leaf or folding table that can stand against the wall, and form part of an attractive group of furnishings, and still be ready to come out and raise its extra top when afternoon tea or a game or some other activity that needs a table is in progress.

Continued on page 53



There is no lack of interest when objects of fine lines and proportions are given such delightful grouping

larger aspect. Painted walls are always a delight and you can choose the softest tones of gray, champagne, biscuit, light buff, deep ivory and, where they are suitable, light tints of various colors. Select a paint that is intended especially for use on walls—one with a flat and velvety effect which will give a durable surface that can be easily cleaned and kept immaculate for a long period. Finish the woodwork with a first-class enamel, after building up the surface with the right kind of undercoating. Remember always that the best of paints are in the end the cheapest, and also that the manufacturer is usually prepared to tell you how to use each particular product to the best advantage; study the folders your hardware man can give you, for their detailed instructions, rather than just for the color chart.

If it is wallpaper that you decide to use, rather than paint, select a paper of the plain stippled type or of such small and unobtrusive design as to give the appearance of a plain, texture surface. And match your woodwork to it just as carefully as to the painted wall.

The other large expanse that you have to consider is your floor. An all-over rug, extending practically to the walls, will give you a much larger effect than if you break up the floor space with small rugs. The plain carpet or one with a border just a fraction deeper, is usually the best choice. If the floor happens to be painted, match its bor-



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The graceful lines and excellent proportions of this new suite are sure to win your enthusiastic interest. The designs are fashioned in genuine mahogany, richly grained and carved, while the lustrous velvety No-Mar finish is impervious to heat, acids, hot water, perfume, ink, medicine, or any other liquid.

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You never handled any building material so perfectly adapted to its purpose, so easily cut and fitted (wall, ceiling or partition) that leaves such a beautifully smooth surface for wall-paper, paint or kalsomine.

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WILL NOT WARP
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A HOME!

Go back to the beginning of the world . . . To China with its thousands of years and old cities, rich in quaint sights.

Shanghai with red lacquered temples and whispering bazaars so full of bargains, down murmuring six-foot streets.

Imagine Pekin with the Blue Temples of Heaven and the Lotus ponds by the summer palace — in the distance the great golden roofs of the Forbidden City. Cross to Japan, and walk or motor to Nikko — gleaming roofs red and gold, and see old Kyoto—Nagasaki with its bargains of tortoise shell carved like ocean foam.

You have read about this, and many of you have seen it all. A marvellous pageant of a world of color and romance. To those who have seen it only in pictures it may appear as poor little flat black and white things with the acrid scent and the hot life left out of them.

But after all this is not home, yet an architect must dream of these things when planning the most modest of dwellings, because sometimes a splash of red lacquer or a blue jar will lift the commonplace into the world of dreams.

Can you think of Architect Simon of the Manitoba, or Maxwell of the Saskatchewan Parliament Buildings as sitting down and saying:

"Here will be a column according to the Greeks," or "Here a window according to the Moderns."

I cannot. They must have imagined how the dome soaring into the air would sway the minds of the folk of the Prairies; must have visualised the effect of the mass of silent imperishable stone upon the thousands who would pass their walls, and mayhap unknown even to themselves, add some inspiration to their lives.

To form an accurate opinion of the taste or culture of a people it generally suffices to look at and into their homes. There you will see the unmistakable evidence of taste, good or bad, the indications of a genuine culture, or the lack of it. It is not necessarily a question of price. However poor the owner, a choice book, a bit of gleaming brass or copper, here is something which indicates his soul. We all remember the self-sacrifice that enabled Charles Lamb to buy his rare old folios. In the same spirit, with patience and care, every one of us may buy at least one work of art.

The drawing shows a simple design with a plain common sense disposal of the various rooms. The exterior, without what is called Architectural "Bluff" would look well on a narrow lot or in spacious grounds. The obvious and studied simplicity of square cornered

The Quest of a Home

By V. W. Horwood

Registered Architect

Written for the Western Home Monthly



A simple design with a plain common sense disposal of the various rooms

rooms has been kept to and there is no attempt at eccentricity. The exterior is of brick, laid with four rows of stretchers and one row of headers, giving a solidity which cannot be obtained by the laying of the walls all stretchers.

The materials used are combined, naturally, stone, brick and wood. It is out of place to use a hodge-podge of material on the outside of a house, for the texture and color of the studied material play a much more important part than a number of features in different materials.

We often see the laboring to get a startling effect, a striving to be original, to attract attention and to produce at all costs something uncommon and striking. For this reason no doubt much of what we see about us is ephemeral. How much better it would be to spend a small extra cost in permanent design.

Brass piping for the water so that rust will not destroy, or copper gutters and flashing — materials that are as lasting as stone or brick. Half the charm of some houses consists in the treatment of roofs and in the liberal projection of the eaves. The drawing follows out this treatment with wide overhanging eaves — simply built with a copper gutter which will gain added beauty as the years pass, and there is a pleasing suggestion of protection and shelter while the cool line of shade cast on the walls beneath emphasizes the transition to the roof.

In general we treat our roofs either too flatly or have too many hips and ridges that tend to destroy the repose which should be given as a covering motive. The roof of this house might be called its fluid element. It sweeps from a high peak covering the lower level, and contrasting with this sweeping line is the more restful portion of the design — the wall with its soft tones and the windows with their long casements.

The chimneys are treated as a constructional part of the house, and they have much to do with any attractiveness which the design shows. The chimney from the kitchen should be at least 18 inches square as it comes above the roof, as nothing so marvellous as a composition as a small thin chimney. The two should group well on the completed building.

Under the brick arches over the windows it might be well to put a piece of angle iron so that there will be no tendency for the arches to crack.

I must confess to a liking for a deep mellow golden-toned rough brick, such as is often manufactured in the local brickyards and laid up with a wide white joint. I would never rub an outside joint as the lime sometimes enters the face of the brick and destroys its light and shade.

The roof is shingled. By looking at the advertisements one can pick out

almost numberless combinations of shingles. These are dipped and have a golden tone with a low note of green running through them.

The floor of the piazza is supported by iron beams running from the house wall to the piazza wall which must go down to foundation below frost. On the iron beams put a reinforcing, either iron or wire and cement. Then finish this with a square clinker tile in a blue-black with wide black cement joints. The brick balustrade will correspond with the house walls, while the steps are hard-burned brick laid on edge in cement. The walls to

Continued on page 32



An oval mirror placed on the wall tends to make a well balanced hall

SO ORIGINAL AND DIFFERENT *that Comparisons are Impossible*



FRANKLY, The Victory has left current practice so far behind that comparisons are impossible.

Conservative drivers will never really discover the car's astonishing resources.

They will delight in its pick-up and low gas needs—its comfort and streamline beauty.

But the magnificent, all day speed of the car—its faultless smoothness over clods and cobbles—are thrills that await the adventurer! Six powerful cylinders are six

powerful reasons for this. A *seventh* vital reason is the basic Victory idea!

For the first time in motor car history, chassis and body are a unit. Floor and seats are built in the chassis.

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4-DOOR SEDAN, F. O. B. TORONTO
Taxes to be added, spare tire included

The wide Victory chassis frame replaces the customary body sill—and eliminates the customary body *overhang*. The body itself has only 8 major parts!

The result is 175 less pounds, 330 less parts; standard road and head clearance, yet a car that is extremely low, steady and safe—with a power plant stripped for instant and brilliant action.

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Guard against dandruff and thinning hair

Your hair . . thick, clean vigorous

TWO common ills can quickly sap the vigor of your hair and rob it of its clean, healthy appearance.

Dandruff is now known to be an actual infection. Thinning hair is due to poor scalp circulation.

Unchecked, either of these will lead to ultimate baldness!

Yet both of these dangers can be avoided—they can in most cases be overcome, even when of long standing. The method is *very simple*.

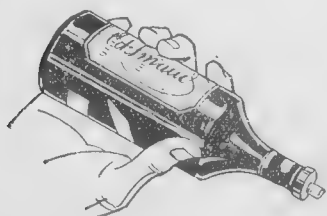
EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Comb and brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This treatment leaves your scalp tingling with new health. Used regularly it destroys dandruff infection and stimulates hair-nourishing circulation.

Your hair—literally sick before—will in only a few days begin to look and to feel cleaner, more vigorous.

Start now to protect your hair. Get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store *today*. Each bottle bears the signature of Ed. Pinaud.

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PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine

Come Let Us Read a While

By Sheila Rand

ONE of the happiest occupations I can imagine, would be that of Bell-Ringer for Bookland. I would like to be chosen to hold this job. In one hand I would hold an enormous bell, bigger than the muffin man's, and I would tramp the highways and byways ringing loudly this bell until people gathered round me to know what all the noise was about, then I would say "I have just read a beautiful book which all must read who would be happy. It is called"

This is exactly what I wanted to do after reading "Precious Bane" by Mary Webb. I think it must have been published two or three years ago, but I have only just read it. It is a Shropshire story. It has the qualities of Thomas Hardy and Shiela Kaye-Smith, together with a beauty and tenderness entirely individual to Mary Webb, the author. I have not as yet been to Shropshire, I know nothing of Shropshire customs and legends, I had never before tried to put myself in the place of a girl with a "hare-shotten lip." Until I read "Precious Bane" I knew nothing of sin-eaters, of the quaint customs Shropshire folk uphold at the betrothals, weddings, funerals, harvestings and spinning "festes." Yet, as I read on and on, I found nothing curious nor difficult in this book although there is a certain amount of dialect. I felt as if I had lived all my life at Sarn, and that I belonged to these people. Prue Sarn, with a hare-shotten lip, might have been my own sister, with whom I had been brought up, so thoroughly did I understand her speech and mode of expression and viewpoint. Surely this is a great literary feat. Had Mary Webb not been the genius she is, how easily this story might have irritated or bored the poor Londoner who knows nothing of the beauties of Shropshire. I beg all those of you who have not read "Precious Bane" to do so now. There are descriptive passages so beautiful that I feel inclined to copy them out and keep them in a book wherein I treasure exquisite passages of prose and poetry.

A Star Arose

MONTEFIORE, writing of St. Paul, says "Everything which is connected, or which may be linked up, with a great original genius like Paul, has its interest and fascination. It may be doubtful whether this interest and fascination can ever pass away. For Paul had too deep an effect upon the thought and religion of the Western World for his personality and opinions ever to become matters of indifference to all those who fall within the limits of European influence and civilisation."

Donn Byrne must have been of this opinion when he wrote "Brother Saul," which I have lately read, and re-read and recommended to all my friends who love fine fiction. Truly "the interest and fascination" of Paul must have descended upon Donn Byrne, and enveloped him and seeped through his very blood before he could have painted the picture he has given us in this remarkable novel. Here we see Saul, a young Jewish lad, afflicted with fainting spells and aching eyes which foretell his epilepsy of later life. Here we see Saul's curious love for the sea and ships; his amazing geographical knowledge, his intuitive understanding of a seaman's duties. Clever touch this, stroke of genius on the part of the author to account for St. Paul, much later, writing descriptions of the sea and storms unrivalled for vividness and accuracy.

Here we see the different types of Jews, the Roman-born, the Persian, the Greek. We meet the Pharisees. We are given insight into Rabbinic Judaism such as Saul, the boy and youth, would have absorbed. We are shown the cold, purely intellectual "religion" of the Rabbinic Jews, as compared with the warm, personal, half-emotional, half-intellectual, teachings of those who spread the Word of the Man of Nazareth.

A marvellous clash in temperaments is portrayed by Donn Byrne, who creates a sister for Saul, as bitterly opposed to the "Roman" Jew as Saul, in his youth, was opposed to those who vowed that the Messiah had come.

What tenderness and what harshness lie between the covers of this book. What brilliant hues and what sombreness. Mental quibbles and heart throbs. A world in spiritual chaos. Man in search of truth. Saul converted; Saul lovingly re-named Paul by the huge Barnabas; Paul the lover of the Prince of Peace, yet forever flourishing the sword. A noble achievement is "Brother Saul."

Twilight

By Wm. E. Guy

Day with its golden glory,
Is passing along its way,
And the sun that sinks in crimson,
Is closing another day.

The task of a laborer ended,
From dawn to the setting sun;
Had toiled along unceasing,
Until its work was done.

So now at the hour of twilight,
When each shall seek their rest;
The birds that sang so sweetly,
Have flown to a sheltering nest.

With a parting song they greet us;
A song so sweet and bright,
And the chorus it sounds like an anthem,
Bidding us all good-night.

Twilight and shadows of evening,
Fall over the land and sea,
And the glow of the light from the window,
Is speaking of love to me.

The fire that is burning so brightly,
Shedding its ray of light,
Where someone is waiting to whisper,
Sweet words that will bring delight.

It may only be but a shelter,
It may only be but a nest;
But somehow I call it my Heaven,
It's the place that I love the best.

The children are coming to welcome
Me back from my toil, to home,
And love that seems like the sunshine,
Is making it HOME SWEET HOME.

A Charming Whimsy

AFTER I had finished reading Don Byrne's "Brother Saul" I turned my attention to a book with the quaintest title, "The Fiddler in Barley," by Robert Nathan, (Heinemann), a perfectly charming book. The brilliant and flashing colors of Don Byrne's portraits are subdued to pastel tints. The ancient East, with all its craft and subtlety that characterised the apostolic age, is transposed to the modern West, to an American village set between valleys, green like the sea in summer, like yellow pools in autumn. No soldiery here, no clash of bitter creeds. There is Mrs. Sebold and her General Store, a most delightful woman of a philosophic turn of mind. And when the fiddler comes to this little village of Barley playing his provocative tunes the dance of life is changed for the inhabitants.

Delicious bits of humour bubble throughout the book, especially when the fiddler talks to the hens and the hens talk to the dog and the dog discusses life with a cricket. And then there is poor little Metabel, who found love ugly. Marvellous the way Robert Nathan can draw a portrait with a few sentences. Listen to this about the village postmaster.

"Mr. Shrub often thought about Mrs. Sebold in an interesting way. He also thought about such things as going to China or Peru, and after a while he would begin to feel mysterious. . . ."

And again,

"All round him were huge maps, posters and travel pictures of trains and ships. There was a smell of geography in the post office; it was like a railway station, though the nearest trains were at Milford Junction, five miles south."

When Mr. Shrub, the postmaster, was in Church he did not see what the congregation saw. "They saw nothing but which lady was wearing a new bonnet, or what sort of dress Mrs. So-and-So was wearing, but he saw letters which came to these people now and then from other places. "A letter from far away did a queer thing to a man, gave him a secret. Mr. Shrub saw the hills around Barley and beyond that, other hills, hills and plains, rivers all the way across the world. It made his heart beat to think of so many places where he would be a stranger."

This is the type of book that one is grateful for having come across. People like Mrs. Sebold and Mr. Shrub and the fiddler continue to live with one long after the book has been returned to the library shelf. And like Mr. Shrub we have a "mysterious" feeling. For this book "did a queer thing" to its readers. It gave them a secret for memory's delight!

East or West Home is Best

THIS well-known maxim is not inappropriate to a very remarkable novel that I have just finished reading, "East Side, West Side," by Felix Riesenberg. Whether or not this novel is truly autobiographical, there can be no doubt but that the author has boxed the compass in New York. For he describes with insight, understanding, sympathy and realism both East Side and West Side of the Melting Pot's largest city—New York.

Those who have read, and I hope the number is great, "Adam's Breed," will remember how the author narrates for us the life history of a young Italian waiter, the illegitimate son of a poet. In "East Side, West Side," we have for hero a boy born and bred upon a river boat, who at the age of sixteen cannot read a single word. Just when his mother is planning to get him off the boat and on to land into a school by hook or by crook, disaster overtakes them; the boat is wrecked and all aboard are drowned, with the exception of this young John Breen. We next see him as an inmate of a poor Jewish family in the East Side. Within a few hours of his arrival in this hitherto unknown territory he is discovered to be a wonderful fighter. Had he not been quick and strong with his fists he would have been killed by the gang that set upon him. Thereafter he is hailed as the "Fighting Lipsivitch," for the kindly Jewish family tell the neighbors that this boy who has suddenly appeared among them is a relative. We watch John Breen, for that is his real name, during the next few years working in an East Side clothing emporium, and then becoming a professional boxer, until, at the age of nineteen or twenty, I should think, he has his first reading lesson. The chapters descriptive of the awakening of John Breen's mind through the printed word are very marvellous and very beautiful. I know of nothing in modern fiction that so describes the power and beauty of the printed word as this.

This is a long book, and I have no intention of giving you further details, although it is all interesting. Just as our Soho waiter in "Adam's Breed" was the illegitimate son of a poet, so John Breen discovered himself to be the illegitimate son of a Fifth Avenue dude. But Gian-Luca's discovery brought nothing but misery; John Breen has a couple of year's tender association with the father who has never acknowledged him. Also he owes to this father his University training. Yes, John Breen goes to University, and there we will leave him, because this is a book you must read for yourselves. It is magnificently written.

It's Film on Teeth That Makes Them Dull—Remove It

This Way Modern Dental Authorities Prescribe

FILM is the cause of dull, "off-color" teeth—and many commoner tooth and gum disorders. A special film-removing dentifrice is used.

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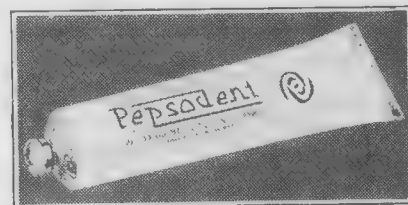
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CFRC.....Radio Ass'n.....	Prescott
CFPC.....Electric Shop.....	Saskatoon
CHNS.....Northern Elec. Co.....	Halifax
CKCO.....Radio Ass'n.....	Ottawa
CJGC.....Journal.....	Edmonton
CJGC.....Free Press.....	London
CFRM.....Jas. Richardson & Sons.....	Moose Jaw
CKAC.....La Presse.....	Montreal
CKCD.....Daily Province.....	Vancouver
CKNC.....Canadian Nat. Carbon Co.....	Toronto
CKY.....Manitoba Tel. System.....	Winnipeg

Also every Tuesday, 10 P. M., E. T. from

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Lopsided Hockey

By W. D. Stovel

"THE bigger they are the harder they fall," is a highly respected sporting proverb, but if you recite it to the New York hockey fans they are likely to greet you with a loud and raucous cry of "Epplesass"! Their high priest, Lester Patrick, forthwith makes a low salaam and leads into the amphitheatre a brace of steel-shod giants in the persons of "Ching" Johnson and "Taffy" Abel. Thereupon a throaty roar rises from the rush seats. "Give us meat!" cry the fans. "Give us beef and lots of it!"

But, although they have the idea that size and efficiency are synonymous where defence men are concerned, don't go away with the idea that the Rangers have any corner on the beef market. Neither Shore of Boston, Clancy of Ottawa, Conacher of the Americans, Gardiner of les Canadiens, nor Dutton of the Montreal Maroons would ever be asked to play juvenile parts with Singer's Midgets. Well, hardly!

Although acknowledging that a certain amount of weight is necessary on a professional hockey team, we dyed-in-the-wools north of the line can afford to grin at the ballyhoo made over Johnson and Abel. The figures don't show it, Eloise.

Of course figures are neither here nor there. Some, like Harry Scott, for instance, listen to them with their tongues in their cheeks. Harry, sports editor of the Calgary Albertan and former Canadian player, recently read a flood of figures on a Detroit-Windsor game and promptly ventured the following, which might be taken as a record of the "high-lights" of the game:

	Detroit	Windsor
Dirty looks from referee.	8	8
Dirty looks for referee.	100	116
Bum passes	40	30
Selfish plays	19	20
Cuss words	408	390

From the above it should be easy to deduce the chest expansion of the goalies and the telephone numbers of their best girls.

But seriously, some fans get a great kick out of juggling statistics. What's that? Yes, you've guessed it; you are about to have some inflicted upon you. Here is the standing of the N.H.A. teams on December 22 according to their percentages. They are based on their ability to score goals and to keep them out.

Club	For'ds	Def.	Total
Montreal Canadiens	.316	1.091	1.407
Ottawa Senators	.143	.875	1.018
Boston Bruins	.186	.666	.852
Toronto Maple Leafs	.175	.666	.841
New York Rangers	.207	.560	.767
Detroit Cougars	.207	.560	.767
Montreal Maroons	.136	.524	.660
New Y'k Americans	.154	.433	.587
Chicago Bl'k Hawks	.161	.419	.580
Pittsburg	.082	.366	.448

On the face of things you will be inclined to distribute the prizes:

To the Canadiens, 12 plush thrones.

To the Ranger boosters, 1 red, red raspberry.

To Pittsburg, 1 compass with luminous dial and 1 brass-bound Waghorn's.

But in making an award to the Canadian defense, it would be well to remember that inner and outer defence are inseparably dependent on each other. Many consider Hainsworth, formerly with the Saskatoon Sheiks, as the best goalie in the game and a worthy successor to the great Vezina. Be that as

it may, the veteran Gardiner is nobody's fool on defence; he trains his side-kickers and never rests until they have a complete understanding of each other's play and have their movements timed accordingly. He did it with Mervin Dutton when they were team-mates with the Calgary Tigers, and he is doing it now with Leduc and Mantha.

Only 11 goals scored against them in 12 games! Gazing upon that imposing record, it is well also to remember that famous military maxim attributed to the elder Von Moltke: "Attack is the best defence." The brilliant forward line of the Flying Frenchmen, with its furious back-checking attack, undoubtedly does

but lost to the Montreal Maroons in the Stanley Cup matches.

In case you are tempted to draw a conclusion from the foregoing, the writer would remind you that it takes an exceptionally good team to come up through both the semi-finals and finals to win. It proved too big a task for the Canadiens last season. On the other hand, it did not prevent the Montreal Maroons from besting a stronger Ottawa team in the previous year. The dopesters sure have a hard time of it.

Nevertheless, managers have been quick to see the importance of defenses in winning games, and we must admit that, if they are getting heavier, they are also getting more efficient. It may not all be coincidence. According to the system used in this article for estimating the value of the defending part of the teams, the average of the three best defenses in the N.H.A. during the 1925-6 season was .621, for 1926-7 it was .647, and up to the end of December this season it was .877.

So you see all this pow-wow about lopsided defenses is not so snub Pollard after all. So far this season 11 out of the 53 games played have resulted in ties, and only the league records can tell how many matches ended with one goal lead.

Several stunts have been suggested to increase the scoring. President Clapp, of the Canadian-American League suggests wider nets, which sounds reasonable enough. Requiring all goal-tenders to be blind and bow-legged might help, too.

In picking forwards there is only one Howie Morenz, and he, along with the spirited Joliat and Young Lochinvar Gagne, forms the front line of the Canadian attack. For the Rangers we have the imperturbable Cook Brothers, Bill and Bunny, just as effective as ever and teaming up well with Frank Boucher, the shifty centre. This trio, along with the afore-mentioned Johnson-Abel defense look like ringers on paper, but the results have been nothing to write your mother-in-law about.

The position of Detroit is something of a mystery. Even though the fans of Fordville shout a vigorous Hay! Hay! it is hard to figure how the Cougars got there; but there they are. Besides George Hay, the forward line consists of Walker, Cooper, Sheppard, and Gordon "Duke" Keats, whose suspension has only recently been lifted.

Boston has a good average collection of puck-chasers, and if the brilliant Frederickson gets over his slump they should give a good account of themselves. They had a tough break in last year's world series, having to take part in 8 play-off games in 16 days. That is too much, even for players like Oliver, Galbraith, Herberts and the big centre.

To speed a game which is already the fastest in the world (some make an exception of polo), has been the problem from the very beginning of hockey's history as a public spectacle. Only recently I read the account of an amateur game which the Calgary Herald had resurrected from its files of thirty years ago. Shades of Shiny! the line-up included a point and cover-point! Remember how they used to stand one in front of the other, most effectively blocking the goalie's view? Remember that notable day when someone discovered that two men abreast were harder to beat than three strung up the ice?

Continued on page 74



The famous defence of the New York Rangers' team, "Taffy" Abel (left), and "Ching" Johnson (right), regarded by some experts as the greatest defensive combination in the professional game today, was broken up recently when "Taffy" fractured his wrist. The break was not a serious one, however, and he was expected to be on the ice again in January.

much to relieve the pressure on the Gardiner - Mantha - Leduc - Hainsworth quartet.

One critic even goes so far as to say that it is as foolish to talk about a good defense duo without considering the rest of the team as it is to speak of a good yolk without considering the rest of the egg.

But, at that, it won't do any harm to take a good squint at the gladiators on these chief defenses. Ottawa has a magnificent three in Forty-five thousand Dollar Clancy and the reliable George Boucher, with Connell in goal. Boston has Hitchman and the fiery Eddie Shore, with Hal Winkler in the nets. In front of Roach for the Toronto Maple Leafs are Day, Gorman and Ramsay, led by the veteran "Big Train" Art Duncan.

To give you an idea of just how important a defense is, cast your eye over the following facts about the old Western Pro League, of blessed memory:

In 1924-5 the final standing of the teams which were to play off was, according to the official scorer:

	W.	L.	T.	Points
Calgary	17	11	0	34
Saskatoon	16	11	1	33
Victoria	16	12	0	32

(Note well: only one tie game played in the whole season.) The defenses of these teams stood: Victoria .444, Saskatoon .373, Calgary .350. Victoria won the play-off and the Stanley Cup.

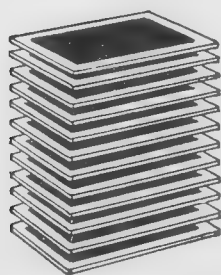
In 1925-6 the leading teams were:

	W.	L.	T.	Points
Edmonton	19	11	0	38
Saskatoon	18	11	1	37
Victoria	15	11	4	34

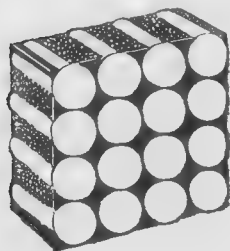
The defenses of these clubs were: Victoria .586, Saskatoon .469, Edmonton .390. Victoria won the league play-off

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the ground level are of concrete and above a natural grey stone laid up with uneven broken joints or, as an architect calls them, "random laid." So now we can look at the completed house from the outside.

The golden silkiness of the brickwork with a dominating tone of gold running through the green-dipped shingles. The window frames a deep bronze and the sash white, with the lifting color of the flowing draperies showing through the windows.

This is how I visualize the house from the outside:

As you enter the hall I think you will be a little bit thrilled.

The whole history of a house revolves about the hall, for in early times it was, for all practical purposes, "The Home," serving for living room, dining room and bedrooms. The owner not only lived in it, but ate there, slept there with his family and retainers. Now a hall serves as an entrance to the house, and in its decoration, hospitality should be the keynote. For there you greet the coming, and speed the parting guest.

The motive of the design for the twisted balusters could be called Jacobean or Colonial, but in its simplicity certainly fulfils its purpose. The cunning of the joinery may be shown in the ramp and curve of the handrail, and the simple low panelling running up the stairs and around the hallways would look exceedingly well. The woodwork is white enamelled with the rail and balusters a mahogany, or oak. In enamelling woodwork make sure that the enamel is of the best. To enamel woodwork properly and have a smooth lustrous finish is an art that requires the best of workmen. The wood must be absolutely smooth and clean to begin with and the different coats should be rubbed before the next coat is applied. This is of course for first class work. I would treat the risers of the stairs in the same manner. No one can mistake what a "riser" is, or the "nosing" or the "tread," and the "carriage piece" carries the stairs.

A large oval mirror is placed on the wall by the doors to the dining room. Nowadays one sees at every turn a mirror reflecting the color notes of the room, revealing the contour of a handsome vase or the delicate beauty of some well designed piece of furniture, and in this scheme a mirror seemed necessary to carry out the balance of the hall.

BEFORE we go any further into the house it would be well to examine its construction. In the basement cement floors with the "Master Builders" system of hardening, and brick walls, but above the basement I would advise the use of a gypsum material for the partitions and deadening and for the outside lining of the brick walls. It is light, fireproof and lasting and will take the same finish as any other good wall material, and it is manufactured in our own country. The floors throughout the entire house would be hardwood. The difference in cost when considering the superiority of its wearing qualities, without considering its beauty, is practically nothing.

Good floors always have appealing charm and as a foundation for rugs they enhance the beauty of the rug and show enticing bits of polished gleaming wood between them, giving an atmosphere of luxury and richness which no other material can compare with, as a floor is the foundation from which every separate piece of furnishing is built upon.

And Rugs! What romance is in the word.

Rossetti wrote, on seeing a rare Persian rug unbled:

"Some colored Arab straw matting
Half ripped was still upon the thing.
(What song did the brown maidens sing
From purple mouths alternating
When that was woven languidly?)"

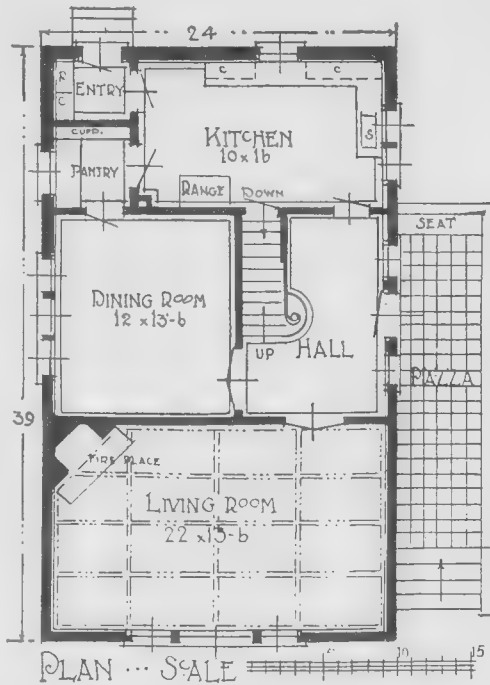
Now in Canada this art is carried on, interwoven with all the traditions that Shah Abbas the Great gave the perfected

In Quest of a Home

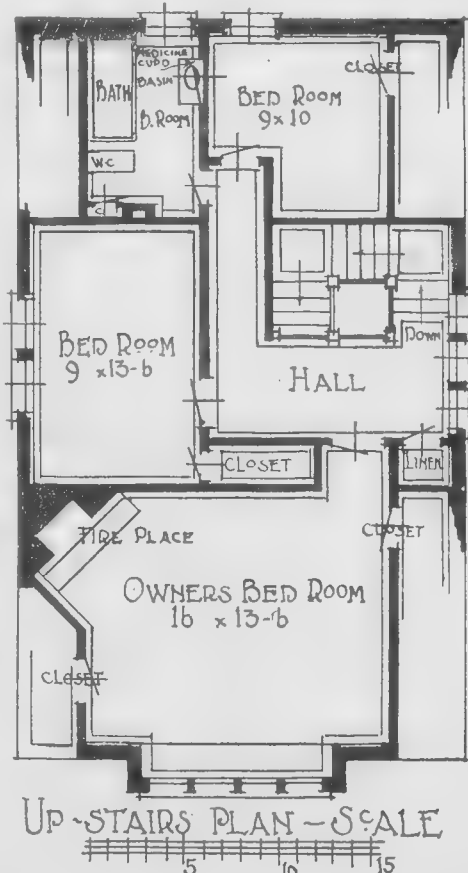
Continued from page 26

carpet, after following the hereditary influences of the ancient nations.

Birdwood in his introduction to the Vienna Carpet Book writes: "No limit this side of 5000 B.C. can be given as the first date of carpet manufacture."



The living room was designed to have long wall spaces, hence the omitting of the conventional door into the dining room. We are all too prone to cut up our wall spaces with windows and doors, leaving no space or place for the ordinary furniture of the room. Our home planning is largely imitative, and we often see a plan which, by its sheer beauty of line, deceives us into thinking it is a good plan, until it is built and we find windows on three sides and doors or arches on the other. One of the most unfortunate planning which looks well



often employ in the winter is to lay out the plan by a tape measure full sized in the snow, either by treading a path where the walls come and leaving the inside spaces white, or by using a shovel and building the wall about a foot high, with all the doors and windows in their proper dimensions. It is wonderful what an idea this will give you of the completed house.

The living room has the entrance from the hallway, two French doors similar to those into the dining room. The ideal around which this room revolved was somewhat as follows: The fireplace is naturally a pleasant place to gather about, so a simple brick one with iron fittings and a shelf not wide nor deep was designed. A door, I will admit, was first planned to enter the dining room but as it was not necessary in a house of this size, and would spoil a long stretch of wall where a long narrow tapestry could be hung, it was left out. On the wall side but not against the tapestry put a long table similar in design to a refectory table, with a few chairs of charming individuality, chairs soft, roomy and comfortable, with the book-cases where they would fit in best.

This is not talking in thousands of dollars. You can, if you wish, spend any amount on furnishing, but luckily the fashion or cult for tapestry hangings has returned and good tapestries can be bought at most reasonable prices. There is nothing that will give a room more distinction than a tapestry, and as to its hanging, let it hang flat and loose, fastened at the top with plain dull brads. Never frame a tapestry and never cover it with a piece of furniture. It should hang free, and many a room which is photographed and shown in the magazines owes all its distinction to a tapestry.

The question of papering the room must be left to the individual taste, and to a certain extent to the position of the house windows. So general ideals only are given with the suggestion of good materials which, followed out artistically, will give success. Wall papers add so much and cost so little and are the magic wand that will transform an austere room into a cheery one, or its mission may be to lower too glaring lights into a more sombre tone. Modern wallpaper invests the modern woman with a power to control the effects in every room of the house.

The dining room is cheerful and of good proportions. There is room to put the furniture so that service can be carried on without crowding. You can see this room at supper-time with some long candles on table and sideboard, deepening the tone of the furniture and rugs — the shimmer of silverware — the satiny gleam of the linen and the softening of the shadows. These are some of the charming effects that can be attained by a little attention to details. The wood trim should be somewhat the same downstairs. A molded casing for the windows and doors, and the base in the same style. In the dining room if not panelled, a chair rail about three and a half feet high should be put on the wall around the room.

The bedrooms are conveniently planned with lots of closet space. The planning of bedrooms will be more particularly gone into in a subsequent article.

We come to the kitchen, around which all the activities of the home revolve.

"White plates and cups clean
gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines——"

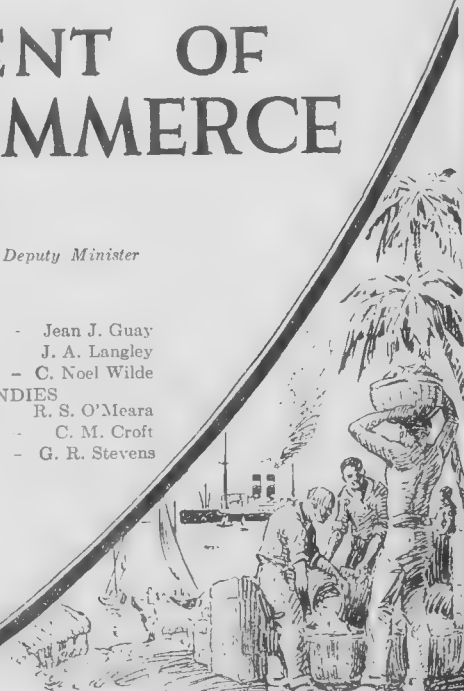
We must not try to make the kitchen too pretty as it may easily become a silly and absurd performance, but if the decorations and furniture meet the requirements of cleanliness and have a certain relation to the crude shapes of pots and pans I do not see any reason for not indulging our taste for modern art. As the kitchen became more and more convenient to the hand, more and more laboratory-like,

Continued on page 79



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"TWENTY-FIVE year to the day," muttered old Mike Trantor to himself as he gathered up his fishing gear and the string of smelt he had caught for his supper. "We've been good pals, you and me," he said to the tall, white, wooden tower of Duck Island lighthouse. An' we never missed a night in all them twenty-five years. Now we've come to the last watch, old friend, an' then Mike says good-by t' ye. The last night-watch. . ."

He trudged up the narrow cliff-path towards the light, squinting off to the eastward where early in the afternoon he had marked the white wings of a yacht in the offing.

"No sign o' her," he remarked. "She were wise to put back; there's a storm brewin' or I'm no judge."

Talking to himself had become a habit forced on him by the long years of solitary existence on Duck Island with only the companionship of the screaming sea-gulls and once a month the visit of the government-boat with mail, groceries, and oil for the great lamp in the tower.

Duck Island light was very old. Every other beacon along the shore was operated by gas or electricity, but the wooden tower held a huge oil-lamp and great reflectors that cast its light for miles out on the rocks and ledges around Duck Island. A new concrete tower with an electric beacon had recently been completed on the far side of the island and the laying of the long cable to the mainland would be completed on the morrow, when Mike Trantor's long career as lighthouse-keeper would end and the government-boat would fetch a new man to take charge of the electric beacon.

"It took 'em long enough to build you," sneered Mike at the distant concrete tower. "An' it seems a mean shame to abandon an old 'un that's served so well as my light has. Lord knows what they'll do with ye' old friend; probably let ye go t' wrack and ruin, never thinkin' o' all them bitter cold an' stormy nights ye burned so bravely, never carin' for all the good sailormen ye guided on their way and saved from bein' shipwrecked on the ledges. 'Taint fair, I says, that ye should come to an inglorious end. But it's the same with old Mike. For him a little cottage there at Lepreau an' a few old cronies like himself to while the hours away. But after bein' twenty-five year together we won't soon forget each other. Shipmates we were an' shipmates we'll be right t' the very end."

Mike stopped in his labored ascent of the long flight of steps to the tower and surveyed his island kingdom with affectionate and appreciative eye. Duck Island was a great hump of rock with a thousand shoals, tide-rips and sunken ledges flung out for miles around it. Too, this treacherous trap was set almost across the mouth of the bay, and even with the never-failing guidance of Duck Island light many vessels had come to grief on the foul-grounds. No keeper along the Atlantic seaboard had a cleaner record than Mike Trantor, whose light never for a moment in the long years of his tenancy had failed.

With seasoned eye Mike regarded the gathering clouds in the east and cocked his ear at the rush of wind around the tower.

"Getting ready for a big blow," he said sagely. "O' coorse it would have t' be like that for our last night. But it don't bother us none. Be a bit queer though if somethin' should come up this final watch t' spoil the whole twenty-five years. They say as how the end crowns all an' if Duck Island light should fail tonight it wouldn't be the long years Mike Trantor served that folks'd remember; it'd be the fact that on the last night of his watch he failed t' keep 'er goin'. But pshaw! That's an old man's fancy. They say us old 'uns gets queer at times an' that's as queer a fancy as I ever did have. Makes me feel nervous-like. Well, inside an hour I'll up and light old trusty. With all these here troop-ships goin' down the bay it might mean life or death for many bonny lads."

Mike went into the great circular room at the base of the tower. He had fitted it up in true nautical style. The floor was guiltless of carpet. A squawking parrot on a ring by Mike's bed greeted him with a cheery request to betake himself to the lower regions and a giant black tomcat stretched himself and exercised his claws on the leather cushion

of Mike's easy-chair. There were three fine ship-models . . . a brig, a clipper-barque and a tern schooner that Mike had made with consummate pains in his long hours of leisure. There was a cretonne-covered couch and a hammock slung between two points on the curving wall.

"Hello, me hearties," said Mike to the cat and the parrot. Guess ye'll be packin' up yer duffle-bags an' sayin' a long farewell t' Duck Island. Don't mean much to you two lubbers I'm thinkin'. All ye care about is crackers and fish an' it don't matter where ye get them. But me . . . I'm leavin' the only home I ever knew an' it'll be desperate hard over there on the mainland thinkin' o' all the happy hours I spent here and knowin' that the old place is empty an' deserted. I wouldn't mind so much if someone else were comin' to take over my job an' keep the light a-burnin'. But it breaks me heart, it does, when I sees ye all tumblin' to ruin an' havin' shingles tore off by the wind an' goin' gradual to decay and desolation. Ye weren't made fer such an end."

That thought persisted in Mike's mind as he busied himself with kindling a fire in the cook-stove, cleaning the smelt and laying them out on the pan to fry. From time to time he glanced out the windows, making faces at the new lighthouse, which, as a dangerous rival and future supplanter of his own beloved, he detested greatly. He watched the gathering murk in the eastern sky and saw the sun go down like a smoke-muffled lamp beyond the western shoals. The white-caps had begun a race of death. He could hear them swishing and crashing against the cliffs of Duck Island.

"I must hurry through supper," he decided, hitting the tomcat fairly on the side of the skull with a fat tommy-cod. "I'll wager folks on shore don't know how important Duck Island light is an' maybe a good many mariners takes the old glim fer granted. But I'm tellin' you, Peter Forbes . . ." this to the parrot, who was named in honor of a former shipmate . . . "I'm tellin' you that if this light should go out an' stay out on such a night as this bids fair to be, it'd be a miracle an' nothing else fer a ship to get safe outen the bay. But the light won't go out, she'll shine steady through the storm an' no ship will come to disaster

on the ledges through the fault o' Mike Trantor or the lighthouse he tends. As it's been fer twenty-five year, so will it be tonight."

Mike, pestered by the tomcat, who was named Malachi, sat down to the fried fish and ate with excellent appetite, washing down the succulent smelt with three big mugs of very hot coffee. The parrot, Peter Forbes, stalked like an admiral about the table, helping himself to any crumbs that suited his fancy and giving, at length, his opinion of Malachi in profane, nautical language; which proceeding delighted Mike immensely and caused him to chuckle noisily.

He felt a sudden gust of wind sweep into the room as the door opened wide. He turned, but a terrific blow of a bludgeon sent bursting lights of orange and scarlet through his brain and without a sound old Mike rolled from his stool and fell in a pitiful heap upon the floor. Malachi, arching his back, spat venomously. Peter Forbes cursed in Spanish and, for special effect recited three verses . . . learned lord knows where . . . from the Book of Kings. But the intruders paid no attention to them. One bent over Mike to see that he was laid stiff for a sufficient time; the other made for the spiral stairway leading to the light. They were blond men, in yachting caps and pea-jackets. About their every movement was a clipped, machine-like efficiency.

From the tower, down the long stairway came a remote crashing and splintering sound. The man bending over Mike smiled gleefully.

"Schlafen sie wohl," he said to the unconscious light-keeper. "Sleep well, pig. Ludwig has demolished your big lamp. Tonight it will not shine. Out on the water it will be dark and ships will not find their way so well by the white patches where the sea breaks over the shoals and boils about the ledges. Perhaps tomorrow you will have company on your island . . . dead men, thousands of them from the troop-ship that is coming down the bay. The captain is a good seaman, yes. But these waters are strange to him and perhaps the man at the wheel will not care so much where he steers . . . we have seen to that. He looks for a light to warn him, of course, and when there is no

light he cannot go by it. . . . It is done, Ludwig?"

The other man, a tall cadaverous person, smiled in answer to his companion, who was short and round like a punch-eon. He had a florid face and a nose like a button.

"It is done, Karl. No light burns tonight. Let us hurry back to the yacht. She is lying in the lee of the island, but the storm is rapidly growing worse . . . growing worse, Karl. Is that not well?"

The fat little man rubbed his hands. "Should we bind this dog, Ludwig?" he asked, prodding Mike with his foot. "Or should we perhaps leave a knife between his ribs?"

"There is a coil of rope there, hanging in the entry. Take that and bind him well. It is not necessary; he can do nothing when he awakes. I have demolished the light beyond repair and the new tower is not yet complete. Still it is best to have rope around him."

Karl took the cord and passed it around Mike's body, binding him tightly, much to the rage of Peter Forbes, who, having hit upon the enemy's nationality, or recalling their guttural tones, was croaking, "Donnerwetter" and "Blitzen" with vindictive emphasis.

THE Germans, their work done, scurried down the steps and hurried off across the island. The yacht Mike had spied in the afternoon had not put back but had come in close to shore and anchored to the lee of the cliffs.

In the round room of the lighthouse an hour, like an age, dragged by, counted out by the relentless ticking of a ship's clock over Mike's bed. The parrot, when his croakings failed to arouse his master, put his head down and slept like a Chief-Justice hearing an important case; while the black cat curled up on Mike's chest and slumbered too.

But there was great vitality in Mike Trantor's old body, thews of iron and heart of oak. He struggled out of his stupor with a splitting headache and a wet, sticky feeling at the base of his skull where Karl's bludgeon had struck.

With a mighty heave Mike knocked the tomcat off his chest and swore furiously as he felt the rope cut into his wrists. The room was in darkness so thick that he could not even descry the four windows placed around the walls. But he could hear . . . and what he heard filled his heart with bitter rage.

The wind had grown to a hurricane, the old lighthouse trembled and shook before the terrific force of the blast. There was a great roaring from the sea and he could hear the spray dashing against the buttresses of the tower. And the light was out . . . this night of all nights . . . the last of twenty-five years of faithful service. Out . . . And why? Mike knew that many ships went down the bay with gallant men for France; and many more came up bearing the maimed and the wounded. He must not fail those ships, those brave captains, beset by traitors and bearing on their shoulders the responsibility for countless lives. On his own shoulders was the greatest responsibility. His task, his duty was to keep the beacon on Duck Island aglow. Would he fail in the last watch?

The stove glowed red. He rolled over to it and raised himself against it, laying hands, wrists and all across the glowing metal until the smell of scorching flesh mingled with the stink of a burning rope. His jaws locked in agony, borne up by a superhuman determination, old Mike Trantor stayed there until the strands parted and his tortured hands were free.

He struggled out of his bonds, found a lantern, lighted it and staggered up the stairway to the tower.

Then Mike swore a terrible oath to heaven, raised his lantern on high and flung it down among the debris, into the pools of oil. A flash, a burst of flame . . . Duck Island light had not failed and its keeper had fulfilled his last watch. Right into the dawn it burned. "By night a pillar of fire" into the murky heavens and the great troop-ship steamed boldly down the bay, the thousands who lined her rail wondering at the tongue of flame that pierced the stormy night, knowing not that an old man had nobly stood his last trick and sat, with his cat, Malachi, and his parrot, Peter Forbes, waiting for the day and the boat that should take him ashore on his long leave.



"Dynamite," Universal's famous canine star, is not so savage as to require the charms of music. He is merely listening to a phonographic speech he "recorded" for a Universal Salesmen's Convention



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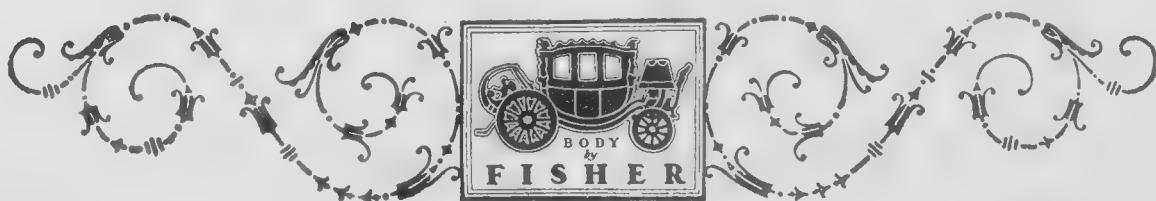
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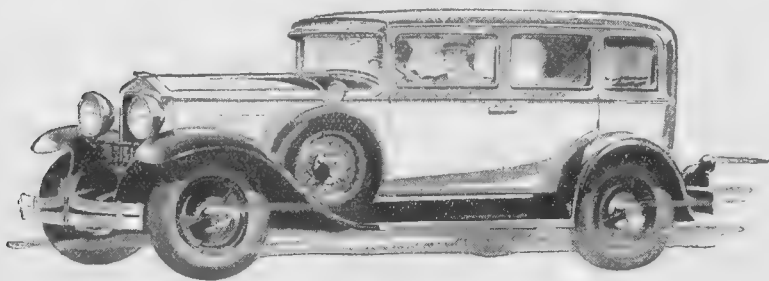
The car is selling itself so successfully that people are impatient to gain possession and the salesman's greatest problem is to satisfy on delivery. Just to illustrate:

A dealer in a well known city reports that several motorists were so enthusiastic over this new Six of the Century that they clamored for immediate delivery. He told them they could have their cars as soon as a shipment on a railroad siding was unloaded. They offered to help him unload if he would act at once and

promised to service the cars themselves.

This is an actual incident and there are scores of others equally astonishing. There are, of course, remarkable qualities in a car that engenders such eagerness for ownership.

When you see the Six of the Century, you will say that uncommon beauty is one of these qualities. When you drive it you will know that dazzling performance is another. But when you study these two in relation to price, you will realize that here is indeed a near-miracle of the twentieth century.



The new Hupmobile—the Six of the Century—has developed more astonishing incidents than have been recorded since the automobile industry and this century began. The one here reported and others to follow are "taken from life." Names and full particulars may be had on request.

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HUPMOBILE

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24 Standard and Custom-equipped body styles, \$1835 to \$2205 f. o. b. Windsor

This Canada of Ours

By Madeline G. MacTavish

"And now, as our young nationhood is struggling into birth, God grant its infant pulse may beat with our forefathers' worth!"

CANADA for Canadians, or Canada for the world? The evolution of Canada from a colony to a nation is a story fraught with interest to every true son of the soil.

Canada, a nation of fifty-odd years old, whose emergence from a colony, and whose heroic part played in the recent Great War has given her a place of prominence on the world map. Canada, land of the maple leaf and land of the free; land which the Creator has furnished and richly endowed with treasures untold. Land where, although "east is east and west is west" yet upon the common principles of Freedom, Equality, Justice and Humanity, all are united. Canada, the land of fountain and of stream, of plain and of mountain, of forest and of field, of glen and of valley, of mine and of fish-filled waters; the land where things are done with an eye to the future, where railways are far-flung, and cities, as it were, spring into being. Where wheat is grown and distributed to fill the bread-baskets of the world; the land which awaits further exploration, colonization and development, and which upon the completion of the Hudson Bay Railroad, will have opened up the great north country of which so little is commonly known at the present time.

Canadians have a land of no mean heritage. They do well to be justly proud of this land of their birth. They should love it, support its constitution, obey its laws, respect its flag, and defend it against all enemies.

The name "Canada" is thought to have been derived from the Huron word "Kanada," meaning "a village or settlement," and the story of the emergence of the various provinces is one of intense interest to Canadians.

British Columbia, that great province, was not connected with the other provinces of the Dominion until twenty years after Confederation, thus we must give the credit of opening up this vast western country to the enterprise of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the sagacity of the great fur traders of the North-West, the Hudson's Bay Company.

WHEN we glance back over the history of our country we find that the original Canadians belonged to one or other of the various tribes of Indians. The Norsemen had come about 1000 A.D., and for a century and a half Canada remained in the possession of France, until 1763, when the Treaty of Paris handed over to Great Britain the whole of what then was Canada.

For two hundred years the northern continent west of the Hudson's Bay was under the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company, but when the Dominion was formed, the far-seeing statesmen of the time negotiated until, in 1870, the whole Hudson Bay Territory was handed over to Canada.

These vast tracts of land are as yet entirely undeveloped, there being few settlers, mainly trappers, Indians, Eskimos, and Hudson's Bay Company's employees.

Canada is somewhat larger than the United States of America, and but little smaller than all of Europe. It is thirty-one times larger than the United Kingdom. The region around the North Pole is a perfect network of islands, peninsulas, channels, straits and gulfs. The Dominion is computed to have some 14,000 miles of navigable lakes and rivers.

Agriculture, generally speaking, is the chief industry of Canada, and its forests are the largest in extent in the world. One of the greatest sources of wealth to the country is her annual catch of fish, and mining is a most important industry. Manufacturing is carried on extensively in the provinces where water power is available. The Dominion has an immense field of undeveloped resources, the products of vast areas being yet economically unavailable.

Canada is the sportsman's mecca. The forests are extensive and abundant, and

abound in game of all kinds, among which are found moose, caribou, lynx, marten, ermine, mink, otter, raccoon, foxes, bears, beaver, musk-ox, sheep and goats, while for waterfowl there is no country to equal Canada, where may be found wild ducks and geese in abundance. Partridge and prairie chicken are also found, as well as snipe, plover and other small game birds.

AFTER the conquest of Canada and the coming of the United Empire Loyalists, a stream of immigration from the British Isles set in, and this stream has kept up steadily since that time.

The population of Canada now consists of French, English, Scotch, Irish, and, particularly in Western Canada, large numbers of immigrants from the various European nations, while in British Columbia there are numbers of Chinese and Japanese. Indians are also to be found in the Maritime Provinces and in Northern and Western Canada, with a sprinkling of Eskimo in the far North.

Canadians have every reason to be proud of the land of their birth, for its freedom of thought, speech and religion, for its maintenance of order, respect for law, and for the effective safeguarding of life and property, for the ample provision made for primary, secondary and even higher education, for its peaceful border line, for its beautiful natural scenery, for its vast tracts of land, and for the opportunities for expansion which its great undeveloped resources present to an ever-growing population. And justly proud are Canadians of their heroic pioneers of the past, among whom special credit is due to the courageous band of Scotchmen, who, on September 15, 1773, landed in Pictou County, Nova Scotia, on the shores of what was then an unbroken forest, and proceeded to wrest for themselves homes from the wilds. To the "Hector" expedition belongs the credit of opening up that far-reaching trend of Scottish immigration which has in large measure supplied the iron so necessary in the building of a blue-blooded Canadian population. The pioneers of the various provinces of necessity were made of the hero-stuff. They were prepared to overcome obstacles, and have paved the way for our present population.

Joseph Howe, that great Canadian statesman has truly said: "A wise nation preserves its records, decorates the graves of its illustrious dead, repairs the great public structures, and fosters national pride and love of country by perpetual references to the sacrifices and glories of the past."

CANADIANS, generally speaking, are true to the traditions of the past, and since the war has taken toll of thousands of her brightest and best in many respects, Canada is trying as best she can to honor the memory of the heroic dead, and continual reference to the sacrifices which have been made are necessary, that in a new country, with its ever-growing, ever-changing population—"Lest We Forget." Because of the part which heroic Canadians played in the Great War, our country today takes her place at the throne of nations, and we who reap the benefits of her new-earned power would do well to remember when we pass the broken soldier on the street, that to him and to his comrades in the conflict, rightly belongs the credit and the honor of making our democracy secure. It will be well for Canadians occupying places of prominence in public life to ponder well this fact and whenever the opportunity presents itself to help to obtain positions for the returned soldier, thus helping those who were ready to die for their country to now have the chance to live in that country peaceably and comfortably. The thought of the supreme sacrifice of young life during the years of war should spur on Canadians today with a greater effort than ever before in the desire to make Canada count, and in the immortal words of the late Colonel McRae's "In Flanders Fields":

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The Truant Soul

Continued from page 20

and nothing shall drive me from you, until you tell me to go; and not even that; nothing shall make me falter till I have won you back again."

The man's eyes blazed. "You're right; you're dead right there, Joan!" he cried, and caught her in his arms. He pressed his lips to hers.

She struggled wildly in his grasp. "Let me go!" she panted. But she could not free herself. She screamed. The matron's voice shrieked through the door. "Shoot him!" she cried. "Shoot him dead! Shoot him!"

Joan wrenched her arm free and struck at the man, but he pinioned it again.

"I've got you, Joan!" he cried triumphantly, "and nothing under heaven shall make me let you go."

Held as she was, Joan got her fingers into her pocket. She grasped the little revolver and pulled it forth. She thrust it upward into the man's face. He recoiled with an oath, squinting at the weapon, his face convulsed. And in that moment knowledge came to Joan Wentworth.

"You are not John Lancaster!" she cried.

As she spoke they heard the sound of halting footsteps on the porch. The door swung open slowly. Joan's hand dropped to her side, she slid the revolver mechanically into her pocket; she tried to cry but could not.

Upon the threshold of the door, looking out with a wry, distorted grin on his pale lips, was the man who had held her. And on the threshold, looking in, with eyes drug-clouded, swaying and clutching at the door-pillars to support himself upright, was the John Lancaster of yesterday. And even Joan, with all her love and hate, could not have told the one from the other.

But with a cry she ran to Lancaster, and caught at him, and felt his arms about her.

IT SEEMED to Joan, long afterward, like some dreadful picture, the swaying man upon the threshold, to whom she clung, and his double within; and then the rasping voice of Myers broke the long silence.

"Well, well," said the secretary, rubbing his hands together, "here's a pretty kettle of fish. It will all have to come out now."

The Lancaster within the door turned his eyes from Joan to Myers; his passion and rage had frozen into malevolence.

"Don't put the blame on me," said Myers acidly. "I warned you to get rid of her."

Strangely, at that moment Joan felt that she, in spite of her physical weakness, was the dominating figure in the play, and the controlling mind as well.

John Lancaster advanced into the hall. His double, who had drawn back a pace or two, stood watching his efforts to steady himself with a scornful smile. Joan put her hands on her lover's arm; it seemed unbearable that he should display his weakness for them to mock at.

But then, glancing into his face, she saw that, weak as he was, and morphine-ridden, too, it was John Lancaster himself, virile in personality and mind, who had come back. The devil who had been exorcised had returned into his swept and garnished chamber, but he could claim only the physical domain. The body was afire with the accursed drug, but the soul of John Lancaster looked from the cloudy eyes, a man's and not a weakling's.

And Joan knew that it was through no fault of his that he had come back enchained, and that her love had borne

him throughout the day and kept his spirit whole.

Lancaster's double turned fiercely upon the secretary.

"Yes, it's a pretty kettle of fish," he retorted, "and it's going to be fried. We'll have this out tonight. Curse you, why didn't you stay here at your post, instead of running to me? Were you afraid of this girl?"

"Who is this man?" Joan asked Lancaster.

"My half-brother and my evil spirit," he answered.

"Why don't you order him to go? Why don't you order them both to go?"

"Because," replied the other, sneering, "John Lancaster sold me his birth-right for a mess of pottage—morphine pottage. That's why. Because it is I whom the world knows as John Lancaster, and not that outcast, who has sunk so low that he sold his very name for drugs."

"That is a lie," said Lancaster. "You stole my name. You devil, you have robbed me of my manhood these four years past."

"Gentlemen," cried the secretary, "we've got to talk this matter over, and this isn't the place. If the agreement has worked any injustice to Doctor Lancaster, no doubt it can be readjusted. It is clear that we've got to come to a sensible understanding. Let's face the facts like men, and talk it over in the doctor's room. And this girl had better go upstairs," he added.

"Miss Wentworth stays with me," said Lancaster.

The double and the secretary exchanged ironical glances. It was evident that they did not feel themselves to be in the position of trapped conspirators.

"Doctor Lancaster, if you cannot order them to leave, is it necessary that you should be drawn into a discussion now?" Joan asked.

"Yes, it is necessary," said Lancaster. "I'll fight this thing with Lawson to a finish tonight."

"Lawson?"

"I believe that I am Lawson," said Lancaster's half-brother, with an ironical bow. "Though I have as good a right to the name as Doctor Lancaster here. Perhaps I should have introduced myself before. But now that we are all introduced I am ready to accept Mr. Myers' sensible suggestion."

They went toward Lancaster's room. Joan perceived now that the doctor's weakness was purely a physical one; he dragged his limbs slightly, the curious result of the morphine poisoning that she had noted before. But he was gaining strength rapidly, and his will had never been stronger.

This was the last battle, of which he had so often spoken to her. This fight must end his captivity.

She went into the room with him, confident in that belief. Myers closed the door behind them and placed his thickset body in front of it. It was astonishing to see how Lancaster braced himself for the ordeal. He drew himself up, standing erect, and faced the others.

"Doctor Lancaster has the floor," said Lawson mockingly. "At least, I understand that the proposal to revise our agreement comes from him."

"Joan, I owe you an explanation," said Lancaster, turning toward the girl. "This morning, after I had operated, I was called to the house which people think is mine—which should be mine," he added with sudden vehemence. "I was told it was an urgent case. I found these men there. They drew

Continued on page 40

Although teeth are white

STILL..

Pyorrhea strikes

4 out of 5



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ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Viscount, Sask.

(Q) I needed some money one day so I went home and got it, and I signed a note for the money. I am Mrs. M. M. and Mr. M. M. said he will not pay it. Does he have to pay it or not? Please tell me.—Mrs. M. M.

(A) The general rule of law is that a husband is not responsible for any debts contracted by his wife even if they are contracted in his name. A woman can own property in her name and be sued as if she were a single woman. This general rule may be modified by circumstances. A husband very often permits his wife to buy goods for their joint use and to pledge the husband's credit for payment thereof. The wife, however, has no implied authority to pledge the husband's credit but once the husband has ratified her conduct by making payment of accounts contracted in his name, then the creditor is entitled to rely upon the continued authority of the wife to bind the husband's credit until the husband withdraws the authority.

From the facts set out in your letter we think that your husband is not responsible for payment of your note, particularly if the money received was not for necessities but for your own use.

Cranbrook, B.C.

(Q) A, by his will left all his property both real and personal to his wife. Then this sentence is added "In case of the early death of my wife—the residue of this estate and effects both real and personal to be divided equally among the direct heirs of my wife—and myself." How would the law interpret "early" and since there are no parents or children living would direct heirs be brothers and sisters only or would it include any others? Should the direct heirs have been mentioned or designated by name?—V. H. M.

(A) Your letter lacks information on one or two points. You do not state whether "A" is now dead, or whether his wife is dead, or whether she died before or after "A."

We would interpret the word early as meaning "prior," thus giving a disposition of the estate in the event of his wife predeceasing "A."

Direct heirs would be the heirs according to the Administration of Estates Act. The present provisions provide that "A's" share shall be divided as follows:

To his widow and one child, one-half to each.

To his wife and children, if more than one child, one-third to the widow and the balance to the children.

You say that there are no children living. If, however, the children have left wives or husbands or issue then these relatives would take the share of any child of "A" whom they may represent. If the widow survived "A" she would get all of the Estate up to \$20,000 and one-half of the balance. If the widow and all issue and wives and husbands of issue are dead and both of "A's" parents are dead then "A's" heirs are his brothers and sisters, the issue of any deceased brother or sister taking the share of their parent. It is not necessary that the direct heirs should be mentioned or designated by name.

Draft That Draft!

A clubman, after a sporty evening with plenty of liquid refreshment, arrived home about 1 a.m. Fumbling for his key he found that he had forgotten it, so he tumbled into the hammock on the lawn and was soon fast asleep. He woke shortly after daybreak and saw his wife regarding him severely from the open window of their bedroom. "I shay," called the muddled one from the hammock, "shut that beastly window, will you; 'I'll catch my death of cold." — Boston Transcript.

DURING the Vancouver Exhibition of last year a lady walking along one of the highways in Vancouver tripped over an obstruction in the shape of some wire which was imbedded in the street. She was thrown to the ground and was severely injured. She sued the City of Vancouver claiming that the accident was caused by the negligence of the City Officials in not removing the wire. The Act incorporating the City of Vancouver provides that every public street must be kept in repair by the City. The evidence did not disclose how the wire came to be on the street and the Court held that it was the duty of the City to show that it was not responsible and as they could not do this the lady received very substantial damages.

A CERTAIN man by his will bequeathed to his wife, in addition to all articles of personal household use or ornaments belonging to him at the time of his decease, a certain sum in cash with the condition that this latter bequest should lapse if his wife took any portion of his estate under the terms of the Dower Act. (It might here be explained that under most of the Dower Acts the wife has the option of taking under her husband's will or of taking one-third of her share under the Act). After the husband's death the widow determined to take under the provisions of the Dower Act. Prior to his decease the husband and wife had been living in two suites in an apartment block of which he was the owner. The apartment block consisted of stores on the ground floor and a number of suites occupied as living apartments above. The widow contended that the suites in which they had been living were a homestead within the meaning of the Dower Act and further claimed that she was entitled to occupy the suites without paying rent on the ground that under the Dower Act the wife is entitled to a life interest in the homestead. The courts, however, held that the entire block could not be considered a dwelling house occupied by the owner as his homestead. The court reached this conclusion on the grounds that there was no separate entrance, the stairways being used in common with other tenants, there was no provision for payment of the cost of maintenance of the building, and there was no ground which could be considered as part of the suites.

HOW many bites is a puppy dog allowed before he is deemed to be vicious? In one of the Western Provinces recently an action was started to recover damages for the destruction of a large number of valuable fowls, properly enclosed in a wire protected pen on the Plaintiff's property, which pen was broken into by two dogs owned by two different parties. Both the owners were sued and the action against one was dismissed, but damages for over \$300.00 were allowed to the Plaintiff against the Second Defendant. This Defendant appealed and the Court of Appeal allowed his appeal. The rule of law is that the owner of an animal is bound to take notice of the general propensities of the class to which it belongs and must anticipate and guard against them if of a nature to cause injury; for he necessarily knows that the act will be committed if opportunity offers. In this case the owner of the dog was able to satisfy the court that the dog in question, a puppy six months old, was not to his knowledge vicious or in the habit of chasing chickens. One of the Judges pointed out that the natural propensity of a puppy is mischievousness, not in the sense of viciousness but of playfulness.

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WEED on every hook.

WEED CHAINS



THE long heralded Ford car has at last made its appearance and has been viewed by thousands of people all over the continent and financial experts are now wondering what will be the effect of its arrival in the automobile industry. Motor car manufacturers have been most careful not to predict any price cutting competition but already there are indications that the automobile industry is going to pass through one of the most severe crises in its whole history. The ordinary public will no doubt welcome such a competition. The position of this industry has been a matter of debate in the last few years and the question most often discussed is, "when will this industry reach the saturation point?" Many prophecies have been made, one by a prominent American Professor who estimates that the year 1933 will see this point reached. However true this may turn out to be it looks as if the leaders of the industry are determined to increase the output as much as possible, and it is not idle to think that in the near future practically every person will be the possessor of a car. This is by no means to be deplored because it gives a very considerable amount of employment to skilled mechanics and also renders possible the development of a number of complementary industries. The increased production will certainly be welcomed in those districts where manufacturers have erected plants and indirectly the whole country will benefit by the undoubted reduction in prices which are now taking place.

RECENTLY a lady for whom the writer has acted in an advisory capacity for a number of years telephoned and asked his opinion as to the value of certain mining shares in connection with the newly developed mining area in Manitoba. This lady knows very little about financial affairs. It happened that she had been approached by a salesman who recommended very strongly the possibilities of a certain mining company. Apparently the salesman had been quite effective in the picture he had drawn as to these possibilities, because the lady was bubbling over with joy in the anticipation of large profits soon to be realized. As a matter of fact the company in question had only certain raw claims on which there had been very little work done. The writer was able to assure her that the prospects mentioned by the salesman were rainbow tinted and were as possible of apprehension as the colors of the same rainbow.

We cite this instance to warn our readers that there is a determined attempt being made on the part of unscrupulous salesmen to inveigle the unwary and ignorant into the purchase of shares of purely wildcat companies. It is undoubtedly true that there has been a wonderful development in mining, particularly in Manitoba, but for every one claim that is a success, there are literally thousands that are not even as valuable as the dingy patch of snow that lies outside the reader's door.

It is always a safe rule to investigate before investing. The best rule is to consult some leading financial institution and the managers will only be too delighted to give full information.

TOWNS and villages scattered throughout the Western Prairies will welcome the introduction of a new development in the form of self-contained electrical plants supplying electricity for heat and light. Most of the provincial hydro systems have found it too expensive a proposition to carry the distribution system over sparsely settled and widely scattered districts. Their failure to do so has given an opportunity to private companies to erect a series of separate plants each complete in itself and supplying the immediate needs of the

particular district. Such companies having a number of such complete units can meet the demands of the town at a much lower rate than is possible for any one individual or town. This is shown in the growth of such companies throughout Western Manitoba and Eastern Saskatchewan. The companies are privately managed and do not obtain any government assistance. The only right which they ask is the being granted an exclusive franchise for a number of years to supply electricity to the district. The rates are usually set out in the franchise and can only be altered with the consent of a Minister of the Crown.

THE Shareholders of the Royal Bank of Canada have been handed an extremely pleasant Christmas gift in the shape of the annual report, for the year ending November 30th. This report discloses the fact that this bank is now the leading Canadian bank in point of assets, which have grown to the amazing figure of \$894,000,000.00 an increase of \$128,000,000.00 over the 1926 figures. This growth is not attributable to any increase brought about by amalgamation but is due solely to the natural development of the bank's interests in all directions. The profits, the greatest ever shown in the history of the institution, show an increase of over \$800,000.00 and the paid up capital and reserve accounts of \$6,000,000.00. The point which appeals most to non-shareholders in this report is the striking testimony which it pays to the financial condition of this company. No institution can develop in this manner without a source of prosperity upon which to draw. Conservative management, a sound financial policy on the part of its managers and a general state of prosperity have all tendered to the creation of such an outstanding banking edifice. The effects of the war are now happily being placed behind us and Canada is stepping out to develop its resources, both natural and otherwise, in the sincere conviction that wonderful times are ahead of us. To this feeling of optimism such institutions as the Royal Bank have contributed in no mean degree and it is highly reasonable to expect that, as in the past so in the future, will it lend its undoubted and unstinted support to all phases of industry which are worthy of development.

A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR SASKATOON

AFTER a very rapid growth from small beginnings in 1909, when they took over a 150 barrel a day mill at Moose Jaw, Sask., Robin Hood Mills Limited have in this the year of the 21st birthday of the City of Saskatoon, opened up there a plant which represents the highest skill of modern milling engineering. This new mill is one of the finest and most modern flour mills in Canada. No time nor money was spared in its construction, or in equipping it with the latest and most up-to-date milling machinery. The mill building itself is six storeys high, and is architecturally perfect. The whole structure is entirely of concrete and is absolutely fireproof. It provides for the operation of two separate units, each capable of producing 1,500 barrels of flour daily. It includes a new wheat washer that literally launders each wheat berry before it is ground. Processes of grinding, extraction and purifying are carried on under strictly sanitary conditions, the long, narrow building being flooded with sunshine from all sides. The elevator provides a storage capacity of half a million bushels of wheat; and scales, cleaning machinery and thermometer system for controlling temperatures of grain in storage are all of the very latest type. A powerful electric sign at the top of the 210-foot head house flashes the name of a new Saskatoon industry far and wide.

The Royal Bank of Canada

General Statement



30th November, 1927

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock Paid up.....	\$30,000,000.00	\$30,000,000.00
Reserve Fund.....	1,809,831.87	
Balance of Profits carried forward.....	\$31,809,831.87	
	17,626.79	
Dividends Unclaimed.....		
Dividend No. 161 (at 12% per annum), payable 1st December, 1927.....	897,748.00	
Bonus of 2%, payable 1st December, 1927.....	598,828.00	
		33,324,034.66
		\$63,324,034.66
Deposits not bearing interest.....	\$208,073,871.65	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of Statement.....	514,562,219.15	
Total Deposits.....	\$722,636,090.80	
Notes of the Bank in circulation.....	42,556,200.94	
Balances due to other Banks in Canada.....	868,199.55	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.....	23,003,141.20	
Bills Payable.....	5,028,058.15	
Liabilities not included in the foregoing.....	250,596.82	
		794,342,287.46
Letters of Credit Outstanding.....		36,997,581.33
		\$894,663,903.45

ASSETS

Gold and Subsidiary Coin on hand.....	\$26,730,568.45	
Gold deposited in Central Gold Reserves.....	8,400,000.00	
		\$35,130,568.45
Dominion Notes on hand.....	\$41,187,574.00	
Dominion Notes deposited in Central Gold Reserves.....	7,600,000.00	
		48,787,574.00
United States and other Foreign Currencies.....	26,238,115.01	
		\$110,156,257.46
Notes of other Canadian Banks.....	3,237,424.66	
Cheques on other Banks.....	38,350,978.06	
Balances due by other Banks in Canada.....	2,489.90	
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.....	31,904,401.11	
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, (not exceeding market value).....	73,307,380.36	
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, (not exceeding market value).....	31,296,226.90	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, (not exceeding market value).....	15,890,650.17	
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover.....	53,338,787.44	
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover.....	97,949,246.74	
		\$455,433,842.80
Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts.....	\$225,536,860.84	
Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts.....	153,411,835.01	
Non-Current Loans, estimated loss provided for.....	2,241,802.58	
		381,190,498.43
Bank Premises at not more than cost, less amounts written off.....	13,670,315.46	
Real Estate other than Bank Premises.....	1,917,113.95	
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank.....	1,462,119.72	
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit as per contract.....	36,997,581.33	
Shares of and Loans to Controlled Companies.....	2,171,636.59	
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund.....	1,300,000.00	
Other Assets not included in the foregoing.....	520,795.17	
		\$894,663,903.45

H. S. HOLT,
PresidentC. E. NEILL,
General Manager

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS, THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA:

We have examined the above statement of Liabilities and Assets at 30th November, 1927, with the books and accounts of The Royal Bank of Canada at Head Office and with the certified returns from the branches. We have verified the cash and securities at Head Office at the close of the Bank's fiscal year, and during the year we counted the cash and examined the securities at several of the important branches.

We have obtained all the information and explanations that we have required, and in our opinion the transactions of the Bank, which have come under our notice, have been within the powers of the Bank. The above statement is in our opinion properly drawn up so as to disclose the true condition of the Bank as at 30th November, 1927, and it is as shown by the books of the Bank.

A. B. BRODIE, C.A.,
of Price, Waterhouse & Co.
JAS. G. ROSS, C.A.,
of P. S. Ross & Sons.

Auditors.

Montreal, Canada, 27th December, 1927.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1926.....	\$1,409,674.58	
Profits for the year, after deducting charges of management, accrued interest on deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and rebate of interest on un-matured bills.....	5,370,145.69	
		\$6,779,820.27
APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:		
Dividends Nos. 158, 159, 160 and 161 at 12% per annum.....	\$3,386,010.40	
Bonus of 2% to Shareholders.....	598,978.00	
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund.....	100,000.00	
Appropriation for Bank Premises.....	400,000.00	
Reserve for Dominion Government Taxes, including Tax on Bank Note Circulation.....	485,000.00	
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward.....	1,809,831.87	
		\$6,779,820.27

Montreal, 27th December, 1927.

ONE YEAR FOR ONE DOLLAR

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG

GENTLEMEN:

PLEASE FIND ENCLOSED \$..... FOR..... YEARS
SUBSCRIPTION TO THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, TO BE SENT
TO—

NAME

STREET

POST OFFICE

PROVINCE.....

THREE YEARS FOR TWO DOLLARS



ASPIRIN

To break a cold harmlessly and in a hurry try an Aspirin tablet. And for headache. The action of Aspirin is very efficient, too, in cases of neuralgia, neuritis, even rheumatism and lumbago! And there's no after effect; doctors give Aspirin to children—often infants. Whenever there's pain, think of Aspirin. The genuine Aspirin has Bayer on the box and on every tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

**Physicians prescribe Aspirin;
it does NOT affect the heart**

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) indicating Bayer Manufacture. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assure the public against imitations the Tablets will be stamped with their "Bayer Cross" trademark.

 A black and white illustration of a night scene with a crescent moon in the sky and several houses with lit windows. In the foreground, there are two boxes of Laco Mazda lamps. The top box is labeled "LACO MAZDA LAMPS" and "INSIDE FROSTED". A text box on the left contains the following text:

More value at less cost. The household 25 and 40 watt sizes now 30c; the 60 watt 33c—the lowest price at which standard lamps of these sizes have ever been offered. Relamp with these cheaper and in every way better lamps.

The Truant Soul

Continued from page 37

me into an argument, and in the heat of it Myers plunged the needleful of morphine into my arm."

"To quiet you, because you were becoming violent and injuring yourself," sneered the secretary. "Yes, I did, and I left you in good hands."

"They left me senseless in the consulting room, but I managed to force my limbs to obey my will. John Lancaster had still a little more will power than they had counted on. And John Lancaster's name was enough to conjure up a special train this afternoon, though they had robbed him of his money."

Joan put her hands on Lancaster's shoulders. "That is all you need to tell me," she said quietly. "I knew you had been trapped by them. I never doubted you."

"Eight years ago," said Lancaster, "I was a man respected in Avonmouth and everywhere throughout the South. Then a domestic trouble overtook me. You know what that was, Joan. It broke me down. I could not cope with life. I lost my grip on reality, gave up my work—"

"Yes, John, now we're getting at the truth," interposed Lawson bitterly. "You, the honored head of the Southern Hospital, became a common tramp and wandered about the country with hoboos, and I have been living down your reputation for you. Go on, John. Don't skip the interesting parts."

"I shall skip nothing. The woman I was to have married left me the evening before, and disappeared with another man. Had he been free to marry her she would have had no need to escape in secrecy. I gave up my work. I hunted them through the Southern States. My mind was obsessed with the idea of redeeming my honor. If I had found them I should have killed him. They knew it, and they fled before me. I gave them no rest. For five years I pursued them, running down every clue."

"You'll permit me to correct your memory on that point, John," said Lawson suavely. "For five years you wandered among tramps and hoboos, to the scandal of your former friends, thinking that you were looking for your fiancée, but actually doing your searching in morphine visions. Such delusions of phenomenal activity are a recognized symptom of your disease. De Quincey imagined that he visited every corner of the earth while lying at home in an opium stupor."

"I never touched morphine until you gave it to me," said Lancaster.

"That delusion is part of your disease. No, John, you may have searched the suburban districts of Avonmouth, but you can't have gone far, because every few months you would turn up at the Institute, looking shabbier and more disreputable on each occasion, and more and more morphine soaked. And every time I tried to set you up and help you. I was sorry for you, and you knew it and traded upon my pity; I was shamed by you, and you knew that and traded upon my shame."

Lancaster hung his head; Joan laid her hand lightly on his, and after that he continued to return Lawson's gaze steadfastly.

"I went to you, Jim Lawson," he said, "because I had placed you in charge of the Institute when I elected to head the other branch of the trust fund, the Avonmouth Hospital. I had given you the charge here because you were—"

"Your illegitimate half-brother," said Lawson bluntly. "We are not mincing our words. Because you robbed me of my birthright as your elder brother by reason of the fact that my mother was

not legally married to your father. Yes, go on."

"At last, Joan, I was broken down completely," continued Lancaster. "It was a monomania, that search of mine, as I came to understand afterward, a perverted pride that had eaten into my heart and left no place for other thoughts. But I did not become addicted to morphine until this man urged it on me, under the guise of medical care. And even then I could have broken off the habit at any time, but I had no heart to, and it gave me relief from thoughts that tortured me."

"So they all think," said Lawson.

"It was he who told me that I could never break it off, who urged me to continue the use of it with sophistical arguments which I had not the energy to oppose. I had been five years away from Avonmouth. The people at the Southern Hospital believed me dead, and I did not undeceive them. I never meant to return. When I came here it was always by night, to this man whom I believed to be my friend, to avoid shaming our name in the eyes of Millville. Thus none ever saw us together, and Lawson and I resembled each other as much as we do today."

"More, I hope, John," sneered the other. "The life one leads tells as the years go by."

"Nobody in these parts had seen me since I was a boy. I left home young, and studied at Johns Hopkins and abroad. Lawson had taken my name. The old neighbors had gone away, and if any of the country folks have long memories, they have close tongues too. The matron and Jenkins are both newcomers. I had passed out of memory."

"This devil saw his chance and grasped it," he went on with sudden vehemence. "Here was the famous Doctor Lancaster, a broken man, an outcast, and believed in Avonmouth to be long since dead. And here was the Lancaster known to Millville and Lancaster village, at the head of this Institute. Why shouldn't he get me to take his place here while he went to Avonmouth and claimed to be I? Lawson was ambitious. He wanted to be something bigger than the superintendent of a little hill institute. And he wanted to get his fingers on the trust fund at Avonmouth. Do I wrong you?" he demanded, turning fiercely upon the other.

"Not in the least; you honor me," said Lawson, with a suave bow. "I wanted to take the fund out of your worthless supervision and devote it to proper uses."

"This must be stopped!" shouted Myers, with a sudden interposition. "Doctor Lancaster, you are saying things that you will regret tomorrow. You are turning to bite the hand that fed you. Where would you be today save for Doctor Lawson? A dead man in a pauper's grave!"

"He persuaded me, weakened as I was by morphine with which he had been dosing me," Lancaster resumed, without paying the least attention to the secretary. "He was to take my place in Avonmouth, while I could assume charge here, pretend to have an illness, which would account for any change in my aspect and character. Nobody would know the difference, and nobody has known the difference. Here, he told me, I could be free to brood over my unhappy life, while he, the clever schemer, taking up my past, could adapt it to his own. He convinced me."

Joan gasped as she began to understand the enormity of the crime. And it was true; she could read that truth in Lawson's face, his pride in the exploit. Lawson was actually smirking,

as he had smirked in the operating theatre.

"I consented, and he went away," said Lancaster. "My recollection of the months that followed is necessarily a dim one. I know, however, that I was in no state to take care of the funds. They disappeared, and I was accused of having embezzled them. If I did that I did it in my dreams."

"That's just the trouble with you, John," said Lawson. "You dream too much. The question is, what did you do with them? Bury them? You can't have spent thirty thousand dollars upon morphine."

"I have accepted and borne the burden of the guilt," cried Lancaster. "This man Myers was placed in charge. Thereafter he was ever at my elbow, urging me upon the downward path. When I would make an effort to break off my habit he would whisper to me that my life was ruined, that the charge of embezzlement would be pressed if ever I returned to Avonmouth. He would advise me to take the drug and forget—"

"You are lying, you dreamer!" yelled the secretary. "You lie, and you know it!"

"When you came, Joan, I was all but hopeless. I had caught at your aid as my last hope, because that day you came to me your face looked good, and strong, too, and you spoke so sincerely, and it was years since I had known anyone like you. And you seemed to have been sent to me."

"Religious hallucination," said Lawson, tapping his forehead significantly. Nevertheless, Joan could see that he was growing uneasy as the plot was unraveled.

"It was a miracle, that meeting; one of those chances that seem reserved to uncover such conspiracies. For, though this man had stolen my name—and here a touch of pride was visible on Lancaster's face—"there was one thing he could not do. He could not perform the Lancaster operation, though he had picked my brains during the weeks in which he kept me here, a prisoner in one room. And so, from time to time, he compelled me to go to Avonmouth, under the charge of Myers, in order to operate. He laid down the regulations: I was to dress and mask alone; I was to speak as little as possible and to leave hastily after I had finished my work. And he always sent me there with a full injection of the drug in my body. I was too weak to resist; too much under the thumb of Myers here."

"Doctor, won't you stop this painful recitation of hallucinations?" pleaded the secretary to Lawson. "You know, tomorrow he will retract everything."

"The day came," continued Lancaster, "when a committee of visiting surgeons was to witness the operation. He thought that he had learned it. His vanity led him to go to the hospital in person, after he had brought me to Avonmouth. The patient died, but he alone was responsible for that. And that is where you come into the case, Joan. I managed to get word with you, and Myers followed you to this Institute, in order to forestall me if possible."

"Doctor Lancaster, you did not steal the funds," said Joan calmly. "Do you not see the hold these two men have managed to obtain over you? They stole the funds, and their object in drugging you was to get rid of you, the sole evidence of their crime, by your death. And so, not daring to murder you, they planned that you should commit suicide."

"You'll answer for that!" shouted the secretary, white with rage.

Lancaster shrugged his shoulders. "It doesn't matter now, my dear," he said. But he had struck Lawson through his triple hide of vanity at last.

"But that isn't all," shouted the man.

"Admit that there may be a substratum of truth in these morphine dreams of yours, John Lancaster. Admit that I am ambitious, and that I did take the place my half-brother had forfeited in order to be of use to the world, and in order to save you from a felon's cell or a maniac's grave. Acknowledge that I did impersonate you tonight, as 'before, that I came back with Myers in order to get rid of this girl who threatened to disrupt the Institute and put a drug drunkard in the office I hold. Well, what then? That isn't all the story."

"You have played your miserable game craftily, John Lancaster, after having made a fair agreement with me. But I've done my duty toward you and our father's fund, and if he were alive he would thank me for it. And as for this girl, she can go, and, if her ravings receive credence anywhere, I'll face a jury and tell the truth fearlessly."

"But you haven't explained everything to your poor dupe, John. You haven't told her where your sweetheart is. You haven't said that all the while you have been making love to her your fiancée is under this roof, hopelessly insane, that she came back in her madness, and that you took her into the Institute and cared for her when her own people had discarded her, because you still loved her. And I'll tell you something, John. I brought her back; I was in touch with her from first to last; and I brought her here as an additional lure to keep you at the Institute after I had gone to Avonmouth. Just tell Miss Wentworth who Mrs. Dana is."

Joan's eyes met Lancaster's, and she saw in his the supreme moment of his anguish. She braced herself to meet the shock; she told herself that Lancaster no longer cared for his poor charge. She faced Lawson and Myers unflinchingly. But the spring of hope that had been bubbling over in her heart seemed to have gone dry.

Lawson seemed to be animated by some infernal devilry. He seemed to be throwing off the mask he had assumed; he leaned forward and shook his finger in Lancaster's face.

"And there's another thing, John," he said. "You remember that when we were boys together I resented the difference between your position and mine. Because of a few written words upon a legal document you, the younger, were the honored heir of John Lancaster, Sr., living in the big house on the estate, while I was the unacknowledged child, the shame of my poor mother, ostracised even by the meaner whites of the district. Your friends pretended not to know who I was when I rode by."

Lancaster made a gesture of deprecation as Lawson's voice shook with passion. "That's true, Jim," he said, but can you blame me? Did I not give you the position here?"

"I hated you because of that, John," resumed Lawson. "I hated you, and I vowed some day to turn the tables on you. I wanted to be a surgeon. What a struggle I had, working my way through Johns Hopkins, while you were spending your father's money there! The struggle soured me, John. And once, do you remember, I was operating on a rabbit under curare, which had paralyzed the motor nerves and left the beast to suffer? It was an experiment such as I had often thought I should like to make on you, and you flung a vile word at me and killed the creature. I told you then that I would get even with you some day. The time arrived. I got my own back, and more, but there is one thing that I never told you. Your fiancée was the victim of a misunderstanding. There was no other man."

Continued on page 42

CRANE VALVES

150 Pounds Pressure

2500 Pounds Pressure



The Clermont lavatory, C-770-P5, conveniently placed in the kitchen or elsewhere downstairs, is a time-saver. Or it is suitable for a small bathroom.

Is your wife still walking 2555 miles a year?

A HOME economics student measured the distance the average housewife walked daily in her kitchen, and it was seven miles. By arranging the kitchen so that sink, table, stove, and cupboard were in proper relation, the stroll was cut to three miles.

A plumbing expert discovered that women were developing a stooping posture because sinks were placed at the wrong height. Now, sinks are made to be adjusted to just the right distance from the floor.

Again, it was found that the whole family spend hours running up and down stairs, and many homes now have a convenient downstairs lavatory or a compact extra bathroom.

See the latest developments in time and labor saving fixtures at the nearest Crane Exhibit Rooms. Ask a plumbing contractor to go over your home and point out needed improvements. The investment will be fully reflected in added sale and rental value.

The Crane book, *New Ideas for Bathrooms*, will give you many valuable decorating suggestions. Ask for it.

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Send me, without obligation, your book, *New Ideas for Bathrooms*.



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CRANE-BENNETT, LTD., HEAD OFFICE: 45-51 LEMAN STREET, LONDON, ENG.

Branches and Sales Offices in 27 Cities in Canada and British Isles
Works: Montreal and St. John's, Quebec, Canada, and Ipswich, England

More Silk Hose

Here's good news indeed for the many hundreds of our readers who have written asking us to repeat our silk hosiery offer of last year. A fortunate arrangement with a manufacturer of national repute enables us to make an announcement which will bring joy to the hearts of all our lady readers.



From a Photograph

These hose are made of the very finest quality Art silk, high spliced heel, double sole, extra fine gauge elastic hem. Your choice of the following colors: black, white, brown, grey, fawn, peach, flesh and atmosphere.

How to Get a Pair Free

We offer a pair of silk hose in return for only one NEW annual subscription to the Western Home Monthly at \$1.00, or three years for \$2.00, and we send you the hose immediately, all charges paid.

Here is a premium well worth trying for, and you should qualify very easily, because it will surely be a simple matter to get one of your neighbors or friends to subscribe to the Western Home Monthly.

This offer, of course, will not last indefinitely, so we urge our readers not to delay too long, but let us hear from you right away.

Use this Coupon

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG

Enclosed find \$1.00 in payment for the WESTERN HOME MONTHLY to be sent for one year to

Name

Address

And please forward me, postpaid, a Pair of Ladies' Silk Hose

Size Color

Name

Address

The Truant Soul

Continued from page 41

John Lancaster's deep breathing seemed the only sound in the room; and, as if galvanized into full strength, he stood now like a panther, poised for a leap, every muscle grown taut, and his eyes gleaming. Joan, paralyzed by the sudden unleashing of Lawson's venomous revenge, could not utter a word.

Lancaster spoke. "You said you were in touch with her and brought her here after she became insane," he said. "How did you do it?"

"You have had your full say, John Lancaster," replied Lawson, "and now I am going to have mine. Under the delusion that your intention was to elope with her, on the day before that fixed for the marriage in the parish church—a romantic plan to evade the family and curious neighbors—Miss Reid went to Savannah, to meet you there. I needn't go into details of the trap that your unacknowledged enemy set for you, but when she learned that she had been tricked it was too late to return. Her life was ruined, John; and it was I, impersonating you, who sent her there."

WITHOUT a sound Lancaster leaped at him.

Joan saw the secretary snatch up the lamp and hold it on high. She heard his screaming, terrified voice above the uproar. He stood like some squat statue illuminating the space above the dark in which Lancaster and Lawson sprawled, clutching at each other like two primeval cave men.

It was grotesque, for it was like a man fighting with himself; and, in fact, it might have been Lancaster fighting with his evil angel. He was no match for Lawson but at first his pent-up fury, at last unleashed, matched the two equally. Then Lawson flung his adversary from him and struggled to his knees. As Lancaster grasped him and tried to rise he flung him down again. Lancaster's head struck the corner of the iron bedstead. His hands unclosed; he sighed and lay perfectly still. Joan saw the look of malignant rage upon Lawson's face, saw him raise his heel above the face of the unconscious man. He would have ground out Lancaster's life, but Joan pulled the revolver out of her pocket and thrust it into his face for the second time.

Lawson staggered backward, rage and terror depicted upon his features in the light of the swaying oil lamp. At that moment Myers was crouching near her. He set the lamp down. Joan felt a sharp pain in the upper part of her arm. She saw the secretary putting something into his pocket. He dodged the wavering revolver and backed toward the door, pulling Lawson with him.

"I'm going to finish this!" yelled Lawson.

Myers clutched at him and pulled him into the hall. Joan heard Myers eager whispers, and Lawson's struggles and angry muttering gradually subside.

Then she heard them enter the secretary's room, and, forgetting them instantly, she bent over Lancaster and raised his head upon her knee.

He was breathing heavily. The blow had only stunned him. Joan tried to lift him upon the bed, but he was too heavy for her. As she was attempting to do so, however, the door opened and Mrs. Fraser came in.

"I found a key," she whispered, trembling. "I heard them fighting. Heaven help me, what has that devil done to the doctor?"

"He isn't badly hurt," said Joan. "Help me get him upon the bed."

Mrs. Fraser and Joan succeeded. Lancaster lay there, still unconscious. The matron clung heavily to the bedstead, looking at Joan piteously.

"I know it all now," she muttered. "I should have known before if I'd listened to Millville gossip. That devil is his brother."

"Yes," said Joan shortly. "What are you going to do, Mrs. Fraser?"

"I'm going to stand by the doctor," the woman answered. "I stood by him year after year when I thought he was possessed by an evil spirit. Wouldn't I stand by him now?"

"Good," said Joan. "And I, too. Tomorrow we'll make short work of those men."

"Heaven save you, you don't know that man, Miss Wentworth," muttered the matron. "He's a devil. He has no pity. And he has a devil ten times worse than himself."

"Myers? Who is he?"

"He was his assistant here. He was tried once, they tell me, for poisoning his sweetheart. He sent her candy—but they couldn't find any poison in her body. It was his master made the analysis, and he lied to get Myers free and have his hold upon him. It's all plain to me now, Miss Wentworth."

"If you knew this," said Joan, "you should have told me; you should have told the police, told anyone rather than let him drug Doctor Lancaster day after day."

"I thought it was the doctor who was in league with him," the matron muttered. "Miss Wentworth, I'm timid, I'm easily frightened, but not another day will I keep silent. Tomorrow—"

"Yes, tomorrow," said Joan. "You'd better go to bed now, Mrs. Fraser. I'll guard the doctor with my revolver, and tomorrow we'll end these years of slavery. Doctor Lancaster is a free man. Think of him as a free man. The past is all behind us."

The matron slipped away stealthily to her room. Joan took her seat beside Lancaster, listening to the incoherent mutterings which had begun. Presently his eyes opened. He stared at her for some minutes until recognition came into them.

"Joan!" he whispered, stretching out his hand to hers.

She let him take and hold it, and sat beside him, while he began muttering again. Gradually he began to realize where he was, and to remember.

"It is all true, then, Joan," he said. "He has had his revenge for his fancied wrongs. He has had the best years of my life, and he has beaten me in the end."

"Beaten you?" said Joan. "You are not beaten. They are at their wits' end what to do now, and tomorrow you will send them packing and begin your new life."

"A pitiful hope," he answered. "For he has given me back one thing—my faith in that poor woman upstairs and, with it, a greater faith in humanity; but he has robbed me of all my hope."

"Why, John?"

"Because I could not have imagined that humanity was so vile. Joan, I am crushed by his revelation. If he entered this room now I feel that his will would dominate mine."

"Those are the words of a sick man," said Joan. "Tomorrow you will adjust yourself. Tomorrow you will be strong. Why, hardly a man on earth could do what you have done with the morphine."

"I suppose I shall carry on my fight," he answered wearily. "But victory will mean nothing to me."

"I shall stand by your side until I have seen you conquer, and until I have seen you happy in your success."

"And then, Joan?"
 "Then? Then I shall go somewhere, I suppose."

"Go away? From me? Is it because of Mrs. Dana?"

"Because of her, John."

"But she is nothing to me. She was never anything. Even my monomania of revenge rose out of wounded pride, not love. Surely you will not leave me because I once thought that I loved another?"

"It isn't that, John. But you see, she has been an integral part of your life all these years. Even though her mind was gone, there was the consciousness of her presence that ate into your brain; she was the main-spring of your existence here. She would have been your wife today, but for that dastard's scheme. She is innocent, she has been deeply wronged, and her life has become bound up with yours indissolubly. You see, John, there is no getting away from that."

"Joan, don't you know how she hates me. She thinks that my death will avenge her wrongs and cure her of her troubles. She has tried three times to kill me. In some mysterious manner she has learned the location of my room. Once she stabbed me in the wrist with a table-knife. Once she got the matron's revolver, but fortunately it was unloaded. I have been planning to send her somewhere where she could be better cared for and where my presence would not be a constant incitation to her."

Joan shook her head. "It is all a part of the past," she said. "One can't cancel the past. One must just carry it with one and try to profit by it. You know that, John."

"You do not love me, Joan."

She turned her face away; tears that filled her eyes came from the depths of her being. Lancaster took both her hands in his.

"You love me, Joan?"

"Too well to wrong you and myself," she answered. "Too well to let our love build a wall between us. So well that I would rather let the spiritual bond remain, rather than mar it."

He drew her toward him, and she remained with her cheek resting against his, with his arms about her. She could not stir. A strange physical lethargy seemed to hold her limbs, but her will was unshaken.

"Your last word, Joan?" whispered Lancaster.

"No, dear," she answered.

The humorous look that came at such odd moments into Lancaster's eyes flickered there now. "Your very last?" he asked.

"Oh, don't ask me to deny my resolution," she said.

She released herself and stood beside him. As she did so she had a sensation as if her feet rested on a cushion of air. Her physical weakness was matched by her sense of instability; she longed with all her heart to lean within the arms outstretched to her; she knew that, if she had given Lancaster life, he had given her the strength of life; he was of her own people, and all that was chivalric and dear in the land she had loved seemed embodied in him. And before her she saw the closing hospital walls of some far distant city; she must exile herself from everything that she had known.

"You little stubborn thing, Joan!" said Lancaster tenderly. "But I shall go on loving you."

"I shall love you, John."

"I shall hear from you sometimes?"

"Yes. And I shall remain in Avonmouth until your battle is won. But there will be no battle. They know that they are beaten. You will never be weak again."

"No," said Lancaster. "But oh, Joan, if you had said 'yes' to me it would have been so easy."

With the maternal feeling that is part of every woman's love for the man she loves, she stooped and kissed his forehead.

"You must try to sleep now," she said. "I shall leave the revolver with you, and you shall lock your door."

"I am not afraid of them," he answered. "They can do nothing, Joan. Keep it to assure you of your own safety."

That seemed the better way. There was nothing that the pair could do to Lancaster. If they aimed at anyone it would be she. She saw that, and she went out without speaking to Lancaster again. In the hall she breathed more freely. It was ended now, and she knew that she had done the right thing; the only possible thing. But Lancaster had not surmised the terrific woman's battle which she had fought during those last few minutes.

She stood in the hall for a few moments in uncertainty. She did not mean to sleep, but to lie awake with her door open, resting, and listening for any movements in the house. But, though her brain was awake, she was more tired that she had ever been in her life. She could hardly drag her limbs upstairs, and again she had that sense of walking on air. Under the little burning lamp she stopped again to gather strength to go to her room. The ticking of the clock in the hall below was the only sound in the house. She strained her ears to catch the sound of voices from Myers' room, but she could hear nothing. Yet the men could not be asleep. They must be planning together.

The silence in the ramshackle old building was a ghastly one. It seemed to hide innumerable thoughts, as if those of all who had ever lived within its walls survived, breaking upon her brain in invisible waves. She felt enmeshed in a web, as the dreamer who struggles to wake into free life from the horrors of nightmare. The wind had gone down, and the raindrops dripped rhythmically from the eaves.

Joan had an intense inclination to surrender, to run back into Lancaster's room, cry to him to help her, to let her fight beside him as long as they lived. And the silence, which was becoming more terrific every moment, was unmistakably malevolent.

She reached her room and tried to shake away her fears. She went to the window and leaned out. The night was clearing, and a delicious air blew in from the hills. Not a light was to be seen in Millville or Lancaster. And she wept again, heartbroken. It was all ended, that peace which had begun to inclose her, and all her hopes, and all that love within was bound up so intimately with the idea of home.

She lit her lamp, but her fingers slipped over the glass, and it fell to the floor with a crash that startled all the echoes in the old building. The smoky wick flared up. Joan turned it down with difficulty until the blaze was extinguished, and staggered to the bed, amazed at her weakness.

She could not keep her eyelids open, and she let them close wearily. But sleep was far from her, and still she listened. And after a while an unmistakable sound reached her. Somewhere within the Institute she heard a key turn in a lock.

It was the slightest distant sound, but it cut the darkness like a knife. And to her mind, the sound, which might mean nothing, might be, indeed, the key to Lancaster's door, seemed like the snap of a trap.

She slept and could not waken. Or, rather, she did not sleep, could not have slept; yet sleep had paralyzed her limbs and left her brain untouched; and her mind seemed preternaturally acute, so that she felt and saw

Continued on page 33

A New Serial



Laura Goodman Salverson

Laura Goodman Salverson comes of an Icelandic family of poets, singers and great teachers reaching back to the sixteenth century. In the line of ancestry on the father's side is numbered a bishop, a noted educationist, first to lay stress upon Iceland's rich store of ancient literature. A cousin of Herr Sigard Eggertz, one-time Governor of the Island, was instrumental in 1913 in securing for Iceland her independent flag. Born in Winnipeg, December 9th, 1890, Laura at an early age was taken with the family to the Western States, where between High School and private tuition at home she acquired a good working education, broadened by extensive reading of history and philosophy prompted by her father. Her first "literary success" was a short story accepted by a Mississippi newspaper when she was about twelve years of age. An "immense novel, quite of the sensational type," written previous to this, was committed by a judicious mother to the flames. Her first serious work was in verse, published here and there in the newspapers and magazines. It was the publication of "THE VIKING HEART," however—admittedly one of the best novels written in Canada—which gave her a ranking place among our writers. It is then, with pleasure, the publishers announce the latest and greatest work of this western Canadian Writer will appear in serial form in *The Western Home Monthly*, entitled:—

"Johann Lind"

The plot, laid in the Norse country, is that of a young girl raised in the hills by the old shepherd, Herman. With the freedom and innocence of those hills she loves, she departs to meet the world in the service of Fru Lind. Banishment soon follows, back to her beloved hills where a son is born, Johann Lind. Hulda pays the supreme price of motherhood and little Johann, the mite embarks for Canada under the tender care of Helga and Ole Bohn. Thus ends Book I.

The second part carries the reader from Quebec to Winnipeg of the early days; later on to Regina and Saskatoon as frontier towns; the quest for land, the hardship of the pioneers and the wonderful faith in the West. Johann grows from boyhood to manhood, has his trials and tribulations and at last finds out what Helga means by that oft repeated remark—"What can you expect of Johann Lind."

And then he meets Shiela Patrick.

You are sure to enjoy this story. More than generous instalments will appear in succeeding issues and will be completed long before its appearance in book form.

[Commences in March]

everything that was happening in the building.

Someone was coming along the passage, as on that night before. The hand was upon the door. Through her closed and paralyzed eyelids Joan yet seemed to see the figure of a madwoman. Something was in her hand. It was the revolver which Joan had left upon the little table beside her.

Mrs. Dana stood over her, the weapon aimed at her, while her eyes sought her face.

Was she dreaming? Joan had waited through agony of centuries, and the woman was gone. Once more there was silence everywhere. And still she lay there, helpless, feeling all and knowing all, and that it had been no dream, but the prelude of worse to come.

It was strange, but she did not once picture Lancaster as in danger. It was as if the unchained spirit of evil impotent to harm him, sought another victim. She waited, it seemed for eons. And then the blow fell.

She heard a man's scream of fear, dinned through her ears distantly, with the accompanying pistol shot. Yet she was unable to stir, and it passed into her memory, as of something infinitely long ago. Presently there came the hum of voices, chattering cries, bare feet that ran wildly along the corridor without, hands at her door.

It was Mrs. Fraser's voice. Now, with a mighty effort, Joan shook herself free from the spell. She staggered from the bed and groped her way across the room.

Nobody was at the door now, but when she unlocked it a whirl of smoke burst in. Smoke filled the passage. Upon the floor beneath a woman was screaming. There were voices outside, and the sound of men running along the passages, but Joan could not locate them.

She staggered through the smoke, feeling for the stairs. It blinded her. She fell onto a wall, felt a rigid body before her, and perceived dimly Mrs. Dana's face, wearing a look of exaltation.

She had come too far; she had reached the door of Mrs. Dana's room. Through a break in the smoke-cloud Joan saw that the door was closed. Behind it someone was hammering. Then Myers' screams broke through the din and confusion. He was battering against the door, and the strong door, built to resist such pressure, refused to yield. His cries were terrifying. Under the door came little creeping tongues of flame.

Joan caught Mrs. Dana. "Come with me!" she mumbled. "Come!"

The woman stood rigid as a statue. She felt like marble to the touch, but there was the same exaltation upon her face.

"Open the door!" whispered Joan with her last strength, and pointed. "Open it! Somebody is locked inside."

Myers was yelling as Joan had once heard a horse yell, trapped in a burning stable. The wood of the door was smoldering. Joan tried to reach the key. But the rigid body barred her way.

Then she heard her name called through the smoke. At the cry Mrs. Dana snatched the key from the lock and began to run along the corridor. Joan saw her dimly through the enveloping smoke. She staggered, and fell into Lancaster's arms. That was her last effort. Incapable of speech, she felt him bear her along the passage, where the smoke clouds were now shot through with streaks of flame. They thickened about her. Lancaster was carrying her down the stairs now, while hungry flames sprang at them from the walls and floor. He was staggering drunkenly when they reached the hall below.

He placed her on the grass, and

plunged back into the flames. The Institute was ablaze, fire streamed from the roof and windows. A group of villagers, clustered upon the lawn, looked on helplessly. Joan saw Jenkins, leading the matron, approaching her. She tried to tell him that Lancaster had gone back; she could not speak, but he understood her.

"The doctor's safe," he said, and as he spoke Joan saw Lancaster among a group of men who had gathered about something wrapped up in a blanket.

He rose and came to her. That was all Joan remembered.

amused him immensely. "Why, Miss Wentworth, you've been saying that to me every time you woke these five days past," he said, "but I couldn't ever get you to tell me how you knew it."

"I don't remember saying it before," said Joan.

"I reckon you've been pretty weak, Miss Wentworth. But tell me now how you know it."

"I don't know. Why, yes, of course I do. Doctor Lancaster couldn't steal anything. Where is he?"

"I'll fetch him, Miss Wentworth. He

tains. She knew what had occurred that night; in her drugged state she had seen the whole dreadful picture: Myers unlocking Mrs. Dana's door and leading her to her own room, where she had obtained the revolver; her journey to Lancaster's room, bent on her dreadful mission; the murder of Lawson, in the room opposite, instead, for reasons which would never be known, but were certainly providential.

She saw further, by the same intuition which told her that it had been Mrs. Dana's body wrapped in the blanket upon the lawn. Myers, knowing her to be drugged, and believing Lancaster dead, had waited in Mrs. Dana's room and given her the matches, on her return, with which to start the fire, hoping thus to make sure of his victims and cover up his tracks. And he had fallen into the trap he had baited. Strong as he was, there must have been a stronger Power fighting him with Mrs. Dana's arms that night, when she turned the key in the lock and left him to die as he had willed Joan should die.

But Joan knew that no word of this would ever pass between Lancaster and her. And, indeed, as she lay back and looked across the fields toward the mountains, she felt that something had turned that page, so that it had become not only of the dead past, but unreal in a way, and only the present peace existed.

She heard a quick step without. Lancaster stood in the doorway, came toward her, knelt at her side and took her hands in his. And with that even the memories of the past became tenuous, half forgotten.

"Dear, it has come true," he said tenderly.

She lay happily in his arms, looking out all the time toward the sunset on the hills. There was so little to say, because their lives were only beginning.

"I don't want to go back to Avonmouth," she said at length.

"Nor I, Joan. This is our country."

"It must always be our country. But—but the fight, John?"

"I have stolen a march on you, my dear," he answered gaily. "I have fought out the fight while you were ill. I have resigned from the hospital; nobody guesses anything there; and I have convinced the trustees here, by my appearance, and by the presentation of certain papers happily discovered after the fire, that I am a responsible, moral person, honest enough to head the new institute which we are going to build—guess where?"

She looked at him. Then—
"That village in the mountains," she cried happily. "Where our lives really began. I could not wish for anything better."

"And the patient is going to be our porter. And Doctor Jenkins will be house surgeon, resident, with his wife—Joan, he didn't tell you about Mrs. Fraser? Jenkins! Jenkins!" His voice rang through the little house. "Come in at once and face the fire like a man, instead of slinking away into your consulting room, you ruffianly young benedict!"

THE END

To Make Novel Collars and Cuffs

For gingham school dresses, buy men's hemstitched handkerchiefs with colored striped borders. These do not fade and make an attractive finish for the dresses. Select colors which correspond to the dresses.

To Open a Can of Asparagus

Open from the bottom and not from the top, as this prevents the tender tips from being broken. When opening from the top of the can, it is difficult to get the asparagus tips out without breaking them.

The Truant Soul

Continued from page 43

The Call of the Homeland

By Maurice Rookwood

*I love the hills of England
Which go gently sloping down
Into peaceful verdant valleys
Checked off in green and brown,
Where at sunset, beckoning homeward,
Shines a soft and mellow light.
Oh! Those dear old hills of England
They are calling me tonight.*

*I love the western foothills
At the time of melting snow,
When the geese are honking northward
And the wild ducks winging low.
When the mountain torrent's leaping
From the melting snowfields fed,
Casting off the grip of winter,
Crashing down its rocky bed*

*I love the rolling prairies;
Endless miles of golden grain;
Wondrous days of glorious sunshine;
Smiling freshness after rain.
Then the binders' busy clatter
And the combines' ceaseless roar
Gathering in the bounteous harvest,
Adding to the winter's store.*

*Oh! I love the hills of England
Which go gently sloping down
Into peaceful verdant valleys
Checked off in green and brown.
And the longing for the homeland
Brings a dimness to my sight.
Ah! Those dear old hills of England
Call me home again tonight.*

*I love the west in autumn
When the stubble fields are brown,
When the hills are turning golden
And the leaves come tumbling down;
When the geese are winging southward
In a high majestic V,
And the coyotes' plaintive howling
Brings a symphony to me.*

*I love the west in winter
When the ground is white with snow,
While Aurora Borealis
Sets the heavens all aglow.
When the children's eyes are sparkling
And their cheeks aglow with health
And their little limbs grow sturdy;
They are rich in nature's wealth.*

*I love the west at all times,
Summer sun or winter snow.
But tonight the homeland's calling
And my thoughts perforce will flow
To the hills of dear old England
Where a soft and mellow light
Gleaming softly through the casement
Calls me home again tonight.*

AND for days and nights her memories of the past were cut short with Lancaster's return that night, borne back by the power of her love flung across the miles between them. She knew that he lived, and as the nightmare of the end filtered into her mind there came with it the sense of an abiding peace, as if the past were dead, with all its terrors.

Sometimes she felt that Lancaster was beside her; but when at last complete consciousness returned Joan found herself in bed in a strange house. Through the windows she could see the outlines of familiar mountains, gilded in the red sunset glow against the blue of the sky. Beside her sat a figure which seemed to be so remotely of the past that it was difficult to refrain from laughing at the incongruity of the sight.

It was Jenkins, with his black head. As Joan stirred he turned toward her.

"That's right, Miss Wentworth," he said heartily. "Now you've rounded the corner and I reckon the lane lies straight before you."

"The doctor did not steal that money," murmured Joan weakly.

Jenkins laughed as if her words

wants to see you; he's been sitting beside you for days waiting till you really woke up."

"I'm not burned, Doctor Jenkins?" asked Joan in alarm.

"Not the least little bit, Miss Wentworth. I'll bring you a mirror."

"No, I take you on trust. What made me so ill, Doctor Jenkins?"

The doctor hesitated. The old obstinate look began to close down on his features. But Joan caught him by the arm ingratiatingly.

"Come, now, tell me," she said. "Did he—did he inject morphine into me?"

"No, Miss Wentworth," said Jenkins, unable to hold out. "It wasn't morphine. It was curare—the stuff that paralyzes the motor nerves without destroying consciousness." His face grew sombre. "It doesn't leave traces, as morphine does, and that devil had put it into morphine bottles and made the doctor think he was a morphine fiend. They hoped to kill him more quickly, but somehow he got used to it, and I guess they were at their wits' ends when you came along. But I'll call the doctor, Miss Wentworth."

When he was gone Joan lay back on her pillows, looking out into the moun-

Inherited Wings

Continued from page 17

blocked by a towering cliff of grey rock. It stretched away on either hand, cutting the island in half. As they could not climb it, they were forced to follow along its base for a time until from the top of a rise they could see the edge of the trees and the beach on the farther side. The cliff itself ran out into deep water here and broke off sheer. Descending the farther side of the rise they came suddenly, to their great amazement, upon a small log hut built close up to the cliff. Nestling, as it did, in a wooded hollow, it was completely hidden from the beach, and if further protection were needed, its door was secured with a heavy padlock. When Barry had broken the lock with a large stone, he and Barbara entered the little house. The interior was not very promising at first glance, as its furniture consisted simply of three or four empty wooden cases and a rusty stove of antique pattern.

Barbara was charmed with their discovery and full of delighted comment. Barry, as he examined the place and especially the empty boxes, grew more and more serious. He walked about the small interior carefully scrutinizing the walls and floor. Finally, at the back of the hut, deep in shadow, he found a low door cut so cleverly into the logs that, had he not been searching for just that thing, he would have passed it by, unnoticed.

Without the slightest compunction he pried the small door open, revealing beyond a dark cavity in the face of the cliff itself. He and Barbara peered within. As their eyes became accustomed to the gloom, they saw a number of wooden cases similar to those they had found empty in the hut, piled up one upon another to the roof of the cave.

"What is it?" inquired Barbara, breathless with excitement.

"Whisky, I'm afraid," answered Barry gravely.

"Oh, how splendid!" exclaimed Barbara, full of enthusiasm. "Of course I should have preferred pirate treasure, but a little whisky will do us all the good in the world." Then she added teasingly, as Barry remained silent: "Are you afraid I'll take too much?"

"It's not the whisky I'm afraid of," he answered slowly, "it's . . . well, I thought we had this island to ourselves, apparently we share it with a gang of bootleggers. It is difficult to say just how that may complicate our situation."

I WISH I could acquire a taste for seagull's eggs," sighed Barbara plaintively as she watched Barry consuming his third with apparent relish while she hesitated reluctantly over her first. "I think it's the brown spots on the shell that upset me so. Besides, I prefer things that taste exactly like fish to look like fish."

"Well," answered Barry cheerfully, "you seem to enjoy things that I can't stick at any price. How about those currants you call 'skunk-berries'? Their flavor is just like their namesake's, horrible things." Barry shuddered. "And those beastly clusters of little red things that leave prickles all over your face and hands; dove-berries, aren't they?"

"Pigeon-berries," corrected Barbara, smiling indulgently at him.

It was their third day on the island, and they sat in the little hut on a pair of empty boxes. Using a third box for a table they were happily breakfasting off boiled gull's eggs, blueberries, hickory nuts, and a few late raspberries. An empty whisky bottle, serving as a jug, held fresh water drawn from a little spring nearby. In the corner the antique stove was burning merrily. On its rusty top stood the battered tin of boiling water in which

Barbara had cooked the eggs. They were both quite cheerful as they ate—they generally were in the morning; it was their best time; by evening a day of disappointment had depressed and saddened them into comparative silence. Each morning, however, they arose with renewed hope and today the sun was shining gloriously. The island, all odorous with early dew, seemed a delightful little kingdom cut off from the rest of the world by its glittering barrier of water.

"Barbara," said Barry when they had finished their meagre repast, "I've simply got to get to the top of that cliff today. You won't hear of my swimming around the island and perhaps you're right. I might not succeed in either getting up or getting back and you would be left alone. Why not let me try climbing up at the place we found yesterday? You could watch me every inch of the way."

"Suppose you fall and break something?"

"Well, you could nurse me until they come for us, and at least you wouldn't be alone. Besides, I won't fall."

"Why in the world must you go to the top, anyway? What good can it possibly do us?"

"Barbara," Barry said, looking at her intently and speaking so slowly that Barbara felt he was choosing his words carefully, "this island, we know, is used by whisky smugglers of some sort. Now they may turn out to be delightful chaps; on the other hand they may be the type of bootlegger you read about. Have you ever thought what they would do if they found us here? Well, I have, and no matter which way I figure, it seems to me we'd be better off if they didn't find us at all—especially you—until we've had a chance to size them up for ourselves. This island is so small that the top of that cliff is our only chance to hide, and we've just got to find a way up."

"*Nom de Dieu!* Who are you?"

They turned in astonishment to find a man armed with a rifle, staring at them from the open door of the hut. He was quite young, though of immense proportions and in spite of his big muscular arms and strong, thick neck, he reminded Barbara of a great overgrown boy as he stood gazing at them, a mixture of incredulous wonder and child-like fear in his round brown eyes. In a pair of nondescript trousers cut off short below the knee and without coat or cap he looked a typical young French-Canadian farmer.

Barbara, with Barry's last words in her mind, hoped ardently he was what he seemed. But she realized at once that he was not.

His eyes darted from them to the door of the cave, standing slightly ajar behind them—Barry had used the place each night as his sleeping apartment, leaving the hut to Barbara. When his eyes came back to them again any friendliness in them had given place to a look of abject fear—the look a child might display if caught in some wrong and terrified of what is in store for him.

"Yes," Barry nodded, "we found your cache, but you need not be alarmed, we are not government agents." Barry's voice was cool and cheerful and it helped to steady Barbara.

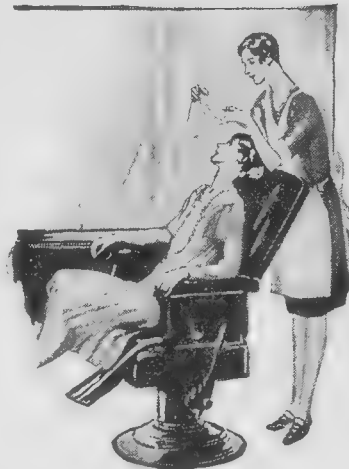
"Where's your boat?" the man asked in surprisingly good English, though with a strong French accent.

"We came by aeroplane and it got wrecked," Barry told him.

"*Mon Dieu!*" the man exclaimed, "You must be Monsieur Davis and Mademoiselle Canes! Your machine washed up at Batiste. It is all in the press," he explained excitedly. "But you were drowned, it said."

Continued on page 47

Second-hand beauty



THE world is full of women who are beginning to lose the fresh bloom of health. Eagerly, hopefully, they haunt the beauty shops. Trying this. Trying that. Buying beauty by the hour. . . . At best what an empty achievement they attain! Second-hand beauty.

Life could tell a different story if more women knew the part constipation plays in wrecking youth and beauty. If more men but realized how this terrible scourge undermines strength and health. Constipation is at the bottom of many a trouble. The cause of literally dozens of diseases.

And more's the shame when it can be so easily and quickly relieved. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is guaranteed to bring prompt relief—lasting, safe prevention.

Why "all bran" is so effective

It is "bulk" that combats constipation. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is rich in bulk because it is 100% bran. It distributes moisture throughout the intestines—gently exercising them. Sweeping out poisonous wastes. Part-bran products seldom contain sufficient bulk to do this effectively. That is why doctors recommend Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Because it is 100% bran.

Better than drugs

Unlike habit-forming pills and laxatives—the quantity of ALL-BRAN you require need never vary. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN works as nature works—*naturally*. A pleasant healthful cereal. Isn't that much better than pills or drugs?

Eat with milk or cream—or with fruits or honey added. Use it in cooking too. Sprinkle it into soups. Mix it with other cereals. Just eat two tablespoonfuls daily—chronic cases with every meal.

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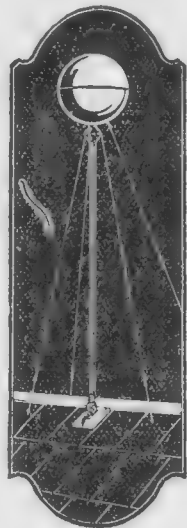


Super Ball ANTENNA

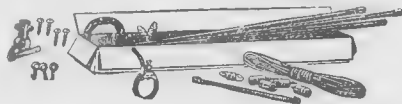
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A perfect sphere is the only device that points in all directions, exactly the same. And that's what the Super-Ball Antenna is and does. Its 346 square inches of conductive surface equals a 75-foot aerial, with the great added advantage that the Super-Ball is all-directional—gives you the same radio reception from every direction. Also assures better volume, greater selectivity, less static. Can be installed 10 feet from another aerial without interference.

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The Super-Ball Antenna makes a neat, clean-cut, attractive installation on any Ball and Condenser... \$7.50



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This Canada of Ours

Continued from page 36

"To you, from falling hands, we throw
The torch; be yours to lift it high:
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
in Flanders Fields."

What could be more heart-reaching and heart-stirring than these words, with their direct message to those who follow on, with that dearest of possessions, their lives! Since the war, Canadians can never be quite the same. Canadians of thought must of necessity think well upon the cost at which our freedom has been maintained. The war has ushered in a new era, and we who are heirs of it must prove our worth by striving for high ideals. Commercialism and materialism walk hand-in-hand, and when they are given precedence, low ideals are apt to be the order of the day.

Canada, it is true, has dividing lines between the manufacturing East and the agricultural West; then we have "The Last Great West," the Peace River district, and that vast North Country, beyond the fifty-sixth parallel of latitude, with the great undeveloped resources of that new country awaiting colonization.

With its land area, exclusive of forest and swamp land, and of the Territories and the Yukon, Canada includes 1,401,000,000 acres, of which 440,000,000 is fit for cultivation, but only 36,000,000 acres are cultivated. Stefansson has added 250,000 miles of territory to Canada by his Arctic explorations, and when we consider that the area of the Northwest Territories is estimated at 1,242,224 square miles, the greater portion of which has never been adequately explored, Canada, we can readily see, possesses vast stretches of land, with room to spare and no need of overcrowding. Our vacant acres are calling to the peoples of congested living conditions to come over and occupy them, and help cultivate our virgin soil. The growth of our new country, in some parts, has indeed been phenomenal, as, for example, we may take a look at the City of Winnipeg. In 1870 the hamlet, situated on the Red River, with a population of 215 persons, was just beginning to be known by the name of Winnipeg. The settlers then were composed of white

people, those of mixed blood who spoke French, and English-speaking people of mixed blood. Winnipeg was then a quiet village, except in the spring and fall, when the plains hunters came in to buy what they needed for their buffalo hunting. There was neither stage line nor steamboat to or from Winnipeg.

In April, 1871, the first party of intending settlers arrived from Ontario.

West of Winnipeg lay the empty vastness which had been called "The Great Lone Land." The day of the buffalo, the Indian, the Red River ox-cart has gone by, with the passing of the years, and in June of last year, 1927, a gigantic parade passing through the busy thoroughfares of Winnipeg depicted to the present generation scenes emblematic of those early pioneer days, and commemorated the incorporation of Winnipeg as a city, fifty years of age. We, Canadians of the present day, are indeed living in a new era. Problems have been presented because of the war, and because of the great influx of immigration, which has brought to our land peoples of various races, creeds and nationalities. These peoples all have their own problems, and the matter of their assimilation into our national life, is presenting problems many and perplexing. When we consider that we now have in Canada such a wide range of nationalities as English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, French, German, Austro-Hungarian, Russian, Norwegian, Indian, Ukrainian, Swedish, Jewish, Dutch, Italian, Chinese and Japanese, and in the far north Eskimo, we can readily see the variety of life experience, and the differences of viewpoint, which so many different nationalities bring to our new land, and the assimilating of such a varied people, presents a stupendous task to the statesmen minds of "This Canada of Ours."

For Those Who Like to Paint

While painting the ceiling wind a piece of cloth around the handle of the brush and thus keep the paint from trickling down onto the hand. This makes a painting job much more agreeable.

Oriental in Canada

Continued from page 15

The Chinese made good, from their own point of view, and writing home induced others of their fellow countrymen to emigrate to the country to share the, to them, phenomenal good fortune of big wages. The influx became so rapid and, because Chinese contracted or hired for so little that white men regarded it as a mere pittance, strenuous opposition to their further admission into the country developed. Representations made to the Federal Government regarding labor conditions in British Columbia resulted in the enactment, in 1886, of the first Chinese Exclusion Act. This imposed a head-tax of \$50 on each Chinese entering Canada. This Act continued in force and effect for twelve years but it had little deterrent effect on the influx of Chinese. During this period trades unions and labor organizations were formed throughout the province and as a result of pressure from these the head-tax was raised to \$100. The increased tax was resented by the Orientals but it did not deter or lessen immigration appreciably. Therefore, in 1906 the tax was raised again, this time to \$500 per head. This amendment raised a storm of protest from Chinese but still did not meet the situation. During the three decades that had elapsed since their introduction into Canada the Chinese had obtained such a foothold as labor contractors, individual employees, household servants, gardeners and truck producers, merchants and importers that no monetary barrier could restrain their immigration.

As early as 1874 Chinese began to acquire business property in Victoria. Seven city lots on and adjacent to the principal business street were acquired, forming the nucleus of what since has become Chinatown in the very heart of the business section. In 1926 ninety-five Chinese owned 128 parcels of civic property of an assessed value, with improvements, of \$745,260. Chinatown stands now, a veritable citadel four blocks square consecrated to the business enterprises of the wealthy merchants who are fortified within. Actual value is more than double the assessed figures.

Similarly in Vancouver, as soon as the city was surveyed and property put on the market, Chinese acquired a square of blocks, also in the heart of the city, and of inestimable value, where they are similarly fortified. New Westminster, Nanaimo, Cumberland and Ladysmith show the same conditions. The Orientals figured they had come to stay. They held apparently fixed positions in saw and shingle mills, fishery and cannery operations, as truck farmers on an extensive scale and as individual or collective employees on large farming operations carried on by white citizens. Their wage scale, always a shade lower than the subsistence scale of white men, and their dependability as laborers made it impossible to oust them from their strongholds.

So that the Federal Government was again importuned and in 1923 a final

Continued on page 68

Rock Bottom Prices and Easy Terms —PIANOS—

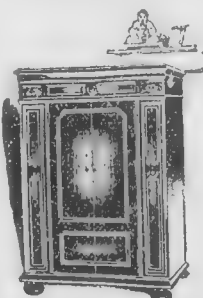
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Inherited Wings

Continued from page 45

"Not quite," Barry assured him. "What's your name? Since you know ours."

"Pierre," the man answered, staring at Barbara with fascinated interest, his fear apparently quite forgotten.

"Pierre," Barry began, "if I give you my promise that no word of your operations get out, will you take Miss Canes and myself to the mainland in your boat?"

Pierre broke into a smile, showing a set of gleaming white teeth.

"*Mon Dieu, non!* What you t'ink I am?"

"What will you take, Pierre, and do it? Name your own price," Barry persisted.

"*Non, non, sacre, non!* I make big money here this summer," Pierre told him; then, turning to Barbara with a boastful grin he added: "I marry this fall with Marie, and buy one fine farm."

"Will you take Miss Canes ashore alone?"

"*Non*, if I take anyone ashore Slim kill me sure."

"Who's Slim—your partner?" Barry shot the question at him, but Pierre was not to be taken unawares.

"Perhaps," he answered, shrugging his shoulders.

Barry paused for a minute and Barbara, turning to look at him, caught his eyes bent anxiously on her. His voice, however, showed no uneasiness as he spoke again to Pierre.

"Pierre, if you will take Miss Canes ashore now, Slim will never know she's been here. As my safety will depend on her silence, she will allow people to think I have been drowned. When your deal here is finished we'll go ashore together and I promise—I'll put it in writing if you like—to hand over to you property I own outside the City of Quebec. It could be turned into a useful little farm; just the sort Marie would like. You'll be well off and no further risk. How about it?"

Pierre shook his head and held up his hand for silence.

"Listen!" was all he said. Barbara and Barry, listening, heard close at hand the familiar chug-chug of a motor boat.

As they stood all three silently waiting, the engine ceased its monotonous throbbing and someone could be heard dragging the nose of the boat up the beach. Barbara held her breath, praying that this might be someone for them, someone from the Government yacht, perhaps, and not Pierre's partner, Slim.

Presently they heard sounds of someone approaching along the beach and a man came in view around the clump of thick bushes that screened the end of the path. He was not a tall man and was rather thin. His skin had a yellowish, unhealthy tinge, and his eyes a curious look, cunning and unreadable. If strength counted for anything this man should prove far less dangerous than Pierre. That it was Slim, Barbara never for a moment doubted; there was something about him, as he came silently toward them, something inexplicably baneful that filled her with dread. As he drew nearer and his gaze rested for a moment upon her, she realized it was his eyes that had caused her to feel such intense repulsion. They were dark, dead things with little or no expression and yet, as he stared at her, something malignantly evil seemed to peep out at her from their still depths.

"Hello!" he greeted them laconically as he joined the little group. Pierre immediately broke into a torrent of words.

"Slim," he explained excitedly, "this is Mademoiselle Canes and Monsieur Davis whose flying machine bust up on the rocks. I found them here this

morning. You heard about them? Heh!"

"Sure," answered Slim, showing no trace of surprise, "they were drowned two days ago." His smile as he said this made Barbara shudder and draw closer to Barry. "What have you been living on since you landed?" he asked Barry. "Whisky?"

"Not exclusively," answered Barry. "Look here, what'll you take to put us ashore? We swear of course to inform no one of your operations here."

"You inform!" jeered Slim, "why, you're drowned, both of you! How can you inform?"

Barbara gasped. This angle of the situation had not struck her before. How utterly helpless they were! These men could do what they chose and the world would always believe that she and Barry had perished in the St. Lawrence. She wished now with a sickening regret that she had aided instead of hindering Barry in his efforts to gain the top of the cliff.

"Oh, they'll search this river pretty thoroughly before they give us up," Barry assured him coolly, "they're just a little slow in getting started."

"Well, they'll have to come before tonight or they needn't come at all." Slim spat the words out venomously.

Barbara pressed still closer to Barry. She was sick with terror and required the touch of him to give her courage.

"So you're loading the whisky tonight, eh?" Barry spoke slowly. "Well, what about it? You can't murder people these days, you know, and get away with it."

"We can get away with anything this time and don't you forget it. You're dead already, both of you," sneered Slim; then turning to Barbara with an appraising look he added: "But I guess the boys will decide to resurrect Miss Canes—Barbara, ain't it?" he asked with a leer. As no one answered he continued: "I'm dead sure when the boys see her tonight they'll ship her aboard as cook. She'd make a cute cook for the Swallow, eh, Pierre?"

Barbara's hand flew to her mouth to stifle the cry of sheer horror that rose to her lips. Then she felt Barry grasp her wrist as she pressed to his side in her terror. Holding it firmly he turned to Pierre.

"Pierre," he said in a voice low and tense from the strain he was undergoing, "you won't allow this thing, I know. What if it was Marie? Your own pretty Marie?"

Pierre started and stared at Barry in surprise; then slowly his mind seemed to take in the situation and he shifted his gaze to Barbara. The pleading agony in her eyes must have touched something in him, something awakened by the name of Marie, for he turned to Slim and shook his great head.

"*Non*, by . . . you can't take this little girl aboard the Swallow. S . . . non. We'll do some other way."

"Sure we'll do some other way," sneered Slim disgustedly, "You shoot her and I'll shoot the boy friend. Pierre, don't be a fool! We can't afford to let them go; you can't, anyway." "For . . . don't spoil everything for one . . . girl."

Pierre shook his head stubbornly. Slim swore luridly in his exasperation. Then realizing the uselessness of argument he shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, well, they can stay here until we're through. Then I'll be away on the swallow with lumber for Norway—perhaps—and you can make your own terms. How about going off now in the launch? The boys are expecting you, remember."

"You coming too?" asked Pierre.

"No, I'll stay and watch this pair of birds. But I'll see you off; I want you to take a message to Tony."

Continued on page 55

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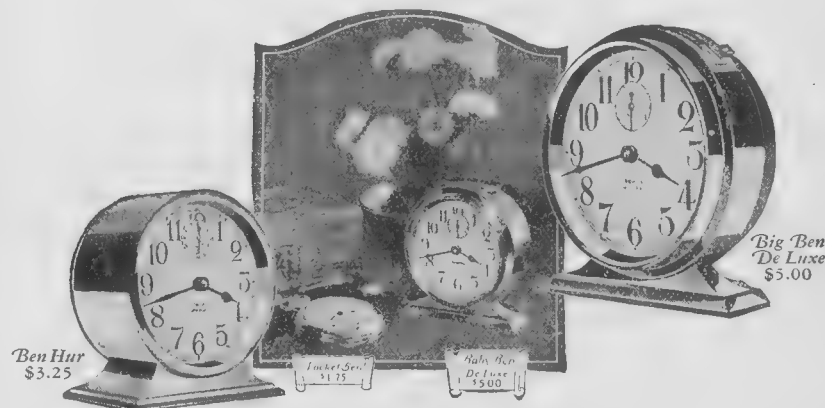
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A Stranger Deals a Hand

Continued from page 14

Mine. Here in days gone by some wandering prospectors had burrowed into the mountain-side in search of silver. They had gone so far as to erect a couple of buildings at the place and had sunk considerable money in the mine itself only to find its promise unfulfilled. The holes were still there, the timbers rotting in the shafts. The old cabins were still erect; but the place was frequented only by the wild creatures that roamed in the night.

Approaching it eagerly, not long after midnight, the Kid was nonetheless cautious. Rounding a rocky spur, he dismounted and, with the utmost care as to where he stepped, climbed forward and upward until he was peering over the edge of the arroyo. On the opposite side he could make out the darker shadow of the shacks. There was not a spark of light in the place nor any outward sign of life.

Placing his hands on either side of his mouth, the lad emitted a low, tremulous hoot and listened anxiously. An owl answered on the other side, the quavers trembling away in a weird melancholy. Hurrying back to the cayuse, it took the Kid but a few minutes to ride down and around to the mouth of the ravine. There he left his horse and excitedly ascended the steep path to the deserted mine.

As he approached the shadowy figure of a man standing in the nearest doorway. It looked like Chic Yerex. He stepped back as the Kid entered, growling something about a candle on the table and they might as well have a light for a minute—till they mapped out the trail they would take to join the others.

Wondering somewhat at the brusqueness of his reception, young Carter felt for the matches, struck one and touched it to the candle. As he did so he was conscious of the door being shut behind him; but it was the soft thud of a heavy wooden bolt that made him whirl like lightning. The candlelight was shining along the barrel of a six-shooter which covered him where he stood and behind it was a man whom he did not remember having seen before in his life—a man who smiled with quiet amusement.

A frightened oath broke from the Kid's lips as he stood there, staring in amazement. It flashed across him that even if he had been armed the fellow had the drop on him completely. The Kid swore again and the other continued to smile good-humoredly.

"I ain't a-goin' to hurt you, kid," he chuckled. "A feller don't generally help a prisoner to make a get-away so't he kin put a bullet in him. If you do get hurt, son, it'll be your own fault, remember. Sit down and make yourself comfortable. We're goin' to have a little chat, all to ourselves out here, you an' me, where it's nice an' quiet, no interruptions an' all that. Sit down, I said."

The Kid sat down. There was nothing else to do.

"Who are you?" he gasped.

The other had lowered the weapon and was eyeing him speculatively. The Kid continued to watch him closely with growing wonder.

"Thought you'd find Dutch here, eh?" chuckled the stranger. "Or was it that wall-eyed son of Satan, Chic Yerex? Or mebbe you was expectin' to see Bat Olsen or shake hands with the preacher. Eh, son? Wonderful strong on shakin' hands, the Preacher, ain't he?—rollin' his gun while he's doin' it an' partin' with a bit of lead all at one an' the same time to demonstrate kind feelin' for enemies! Clever trick, that, eh?"

"Who—who—?" began the Kid weakly.

"On'y it ain't the Preacher's own trick, that," the other went on with the same amused smile. "Dutch McGee taught it to him an' Dutch got it years ago from Buchanan—Ah, so you've heard tell of Buchanan! Well, it was from him Dutch likewise got the three little marks for signin' to notes afore shootin' same into jails an' such like. Sit down!"

The Kid sank back, nervously drawing his shirt-sleeve across his forehead. "But this is wastin' time, son," said the stranger with sudden briskness. "We've got to make our little talk much shorter'n what I'd like, for you've got to be a long ways from here by sun-up and I've got to git back to where I come from."

As he spoke he deliberately laid his six-shooter on the deal table beside the candle, turned his back and walked across the little room to the shelves in the corner.

"Mebbe the kid'll need a drink," I told myself. So I just brought along a scotch or two," explained the man pleasantly as he went to get it.

Carter stared after him as if he could scarcely believe his eyes. Then he sprang for the gun. He uttered an exultant cry as his fingers closed on the grip of it. Turning slowly, the stranger gazed at him with a flicker of amusement. He laughed outright.

A flash of flame that seemed to come from nowhere at all! When the smoke had thinned, the gun was lying on the far side of the cabin and the amazed young man was nursing an arm which was benumbed by a thousand needle-prickings.

"You young fool!" the man cried angrily as he came towards him. "Want to let everybody within range know where they can find you? Sit down. Now, don't try that again!"

He crossed over, picked up the gun, laid it again upon the table. Then, without a look, he went over coolly to the shelves once more and came back with a bottle and a tin cup.

"You look as if you needed a bracer. Down with it, son. There ain't no 'casion to get scared."

The Kid's hand shook in spite of himself as he raised the cup and when he had put it back on the table, he sat inert, staring and breathing hard.

"Bu—Buchanan!" he muttered. "They tol' me Buchanan was shot—years ago, they said—somewhere in the Kentucky hills!"

"Sure. Third day o' September, it was, 'long about evenin', twenty-five years ago. What's the matter with you?"

"That gun-play—where'd you learn that gun-play?" demanded the Kid hoarsely. "Who are you that knows so many secrets? An' what d'you want with me?"

"Softly, son. I'll tell you. Yes, I rather reckon you're due to be told a few things," and the stranger's manner

altered swiftly with his words. He drew the candle across the table so that the light fell full upon the young, unlined face of the man opposite.

"I'll have to cut the story short, for time's gettin' everlastin' precious. It's about Buchanan. I knew him. There was a woman—he went wrong because of a woman. But she was a good woman an' didn't know she drove him to it. He loved her—how he loved her! She wasn't for the likes o' him, though. He was nacherally a wild sort, I reckon, an' she wouldn't have anythin' to do with him. He was drinkin' his share afore she turned him down an' after that he took on worse'n ever."

"They was both livin' in a little town down in Kaintucky. There was a garden in front o' her place an' it was full o' hollyhocks an' petuniers an' she used to be 'tendin' it an' weedin' it an' she used to wear a pretty pink dress an' a ol' sunbonnet with the strings flappin' down each side o' her curls—brown curls, they were. For she was pretty!"

"One day there come along a slick-dressed feller from the city an' he seen her in the garden an' took a fancy to her. She took to him, too, an' after awhile they goes an' gets married an' starts livin' in a little place with roses creepin' over the front. An' all the time this here Buchanan was drinkin' himself to death, y'understand."

"By an' by the folks begun to take notice that Mis' Porter warn't quite like she used to be—color all gone out o' the cheeks o' her an' she was gettin' powerful thin an' worrit-lookin' an' went around with a scared look in her eyes almost. She'd been so all-fired happy afore that—singin' an' spry as a kitten—folks couldn't help noticin' the difference. There'd been a baby girl come an' she'd been happy as the day was long up till the little one was nigh onto a year old."

"Then the change came over her, as I've told you, an' the neighbors began to talk about him. Used to go 'way an' leave her for months at a time, an' whenever he was home he used to be quarrelin' all day till I reckon life was scarce worth livin' for her."

"Well, 'course Buchanan heard 'bout the way things was goin' an' he took it on himself to hang around. He talked to the feller that had married the girl from him an' he talked all-fired straight. But it didn't seem to do no good an' things on'y got worse after that."

"Then one day Buchanan was passin' their place an' he heard screams comin' from back of the house an' he just vaults over the pickets alongside the road an' goes around back to see what's up. What he seen was the feller beatin' his wife. So Buchanan just nacherally pulls out a gun an' fires it off."

"He had to skip out o' the country mighty quick after that took place, certain parties bein' hot on his trail; the dead man's relatives an' friends had lots o' money an' they sure meant business. Now, that's how Buchanan come to run from the law—just like I'm tellin' you. He saw the way things was shapin' for him an' he come to the conclusion he might's well play the game through to the finish. So he made for the hills an' took to buckin' the law as a reg'lar business."

"P'raps you know some o' the things he done. He went bad complete an' it warn't long afore they had a price on his head an' men was huntin' him everywhere. He got to be pretty cute at dodgin' around an' he got a gang about him that kep' the whole blame country in hot water for goin' on two years."

"But you can't keep that kind o' a game up indefinite, son. One day, back



in the hills, they cornered the gang an' wiped 'em out—all but a couple that got away. No, son, you can't keep that kind o' game up forever."

"An' Buchanan?" whispered the Kid breathlessly at last as the other sat silent. "Buchanan was shot?"

"Buchanan was shot," repeated the other slowly. "Twenty-five years ago, it was, the third day o' September, 'long about evenin'. That's the story—all of it, 'cept that Mis' Porter on'y lived about a year after Buchanan was wiped out—just about a year."

The Kid wiped the moisture from his forehead.

"An' the kid—the little kid girl?" he ventured.

Grew up into a pretty young woman, just like her mother used to be before her. She was adopted by a maiden lady with a kind heart, God bless her, an' come by an' by to call her 'Auntie' an' never knew no diff'rent. An' she used to tend to a garden, just like her mother done afore her."

The man leaned forward suddenly. The candlelight fell on a face so full of menace that the younger man shrank before the look that had leapt into the eyes which searched his own.

"She used to tend a garden like her mother done. Hear that? An' one day there came along a young feller as fell in love with her, like her father done with her mother. They got married an' went to live in a little home with a garden o' their own. An' the girl was happy enough till her fool husband got shiftless and took to chummin' in with a bad crowd down to Pap's place—got some crazy notion into his empty head that it was a smart thing to get drunk and sass the law, to carry a gun an' shoot same off promiscuous and frequent."

"An' the time come when this young fool got tanked up too tight, got mixed up in a fight an' skipped out, leavin' one o' the best little women that ever walked God's earth to shift for herself, 'stead o' stayin' by her an' backin' her up as he'd sworn to do. Are you listenin'?" cried the man fiercely.

"Who are you?" gasped the kid in terror.

"Never mind that!" snapped the man. "You listen to me. That ain't here nor it ain't there. You've asked me that afore an' you've been wonderin' why'n blue blazes I got you out o' the hole you were in back there to-night an' brought you out here to talk to you."

"I'll tell you why. You're goin' back—back to that little woman as is waitin' for you—back home to be a man 'stead o' a blitherin' young fool. You're goin' back because you owe it to her an' because if you don't do it, by Heaven, I'll know the reason!"

"You're nothin' but a kid, Carter—yes, I know all about you! I've made that my business. I was a kid once myself—made a wreck o' my own life an' I ain't aimin' to let you do the same with yours. I'm tellin' you straight a man can't buck the law anywheres—an' up here in Canader in particular. It can't be played that way to anythin' but a cold finish. You've got to go back an' live straight for the

little girl's sake if not for your own. An' that goes! If you ever play her dirt like her father done her mother I'll find you out an' by G—d! I'll put a bullet in you same's I—"

"Buchanan!" breathed the Kid, cringing away.

"Buchanan was shot, I tell you!" cried the man savagely. Twenty-five years ago in the Kentucky hills. Buchanan's dead. An' it's on'y a question o' a short while afore Dutch McGee an' his pals will all pass in their checks the same way. You can't play that game to any other finish. If it hadn't been for me, you'd be in the discard now. As 'tis, I'm givin' you one more chance an' it's up to you to cinch it mighty quick."

"You'll find my horse picketed down below. He's the best hereabout an' I'm givin' 'him to you here an' now. He'll carry you out safely, Carter, if you mind yourself. Keep to the old trail that runs around back o' Toad Mountain an' stop for nothin'. Come, we'll find the horse."

Silently the Kid stood up and followed the other outside. The two men scrambled down the steep declivity to the bottom of the ravine without exchanging another word. The Kid was in the saddle before he could find his tongue, and even then he could do no more than lean down to grasp the other's hand, blurting his thanks. The stranger was peering up at him in the shadow, his hand on the cantle.

"Remember, Carter, what I said," he admonished slowly. "She's worth the very best of you an' you're goin' to quit makin' a fool of yourself."

"Yes," promised the Kid fervently. "She's—worth it," he echoed and there was a break in the voice that brought a satisfied smile to the stranger's face that was lost in the darkness. Abruptly he caught the young man's hand and squeezed it hard. "I forgot to say that there's a little curly-headed boy waitin' fer his daddy, too, Carter."

"Great Pelican!" breathed the Kid. He slapped the flank of the horse and with a rattle of gravel the darkness swallowed him. "S'long, old man!" came back brokenly.

The stranger smiled again. He stood there, listening until all sound of the hoof-beats had died away. It did not take long; for the boy was riding faster than he had ever ridden before in all his life.

THERE was wild excitement in Sanderson and untold mystery. The prisoner had escaped in the most unaccountable manner. The sheriff hastily got together a new posse of deputies and they rode out to hunt the trail of the fugitive, leaving behind them excited groups in the dusty street.

Jim Ross sat in front of the saloon, quietly smoking. He was a gambler; he was a wanderer. He dealt faro in the "Blue Light" by night and, when he was not sleeping, smoked quietly by day. And whenever the splits came and the boom burst, as he had seen all the other booms burst, he would drift off with the tide and somewhere else by day smoke quietly and by night deal faro.

TRIBUTE

By Angela Morgan in the London Spectator

You took me to your noble heart,
England, England!
You made me feel myself a part
Of England, England.
You yielded me your winsome lanes,
Your meadows furred with misty rains—
Those treasures that the spirit gains
In England.
You spread a carpet for my feet—
England, England.
'Twas bordered fair with flowers sweet
As England, England.

I came when Spring was in her prime,
I heard the choirs of Heaven chime,
I walked with God in bluebell time
Through England.
I saw your cities, clothed with age—
England, England.
I coned your story page by page
Oh England!
But effigies and temples cold
Shall fade before the living gold
That lies within the Future's hold,
For England!



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the sight of man they had no fear of him, and did not understand the death dealing yap of the .22 rifle.

Nearly a week passed ere Steth, peering down from the ridge, threw his hat into the air on perceiving that the huge grizzly had fallen victim to his prowess. It was beginning to snow, and he hurried down the bluff, intent on putting the poor brute out of its misery immediately he was within safe range. As he descended, however, the snow fell thicker and faster in tiny pellets of hard ice, till Steth could not raise his face to the maelstrom. He approached the bear up-wind, so that it could not scent him, but even when within forty paces he could not see the brute for the storm. He went on more cautiously, another five paces, then with startling suddenness a huge brown shape reared up from the snow at his feet, and stood towering above him, its great paws outstretched.

To say Steth was startled would be putting it mildly. He had misjudged the distance, and almost stepped upon his majestic captive. He flung up his rifle, but somehow the leather sling caught in his gear, momentarily preventing him from bringing the sights in line. He staggered back, but with a mighty swing sweep one of the grizzly's forepaws just grazed the barrel, and the force of the impact sent the weapon whirling away into the whiteness.

In that hairbreadth instant Steth himself had an opportunity of realizing the gigantic strength of his proposed quarry. He was sent spinning backward, to fall head-foremost into a drift, buried to the shoulders. Had there been a tree there instead of a drift his career would have ended.

He got up, half dazed, wondering in which direction his rifle had fallen, when to his horror he saw the bear stand up again, and make one gigantic rat-like leap towards him. There was no time to rise, so Steth simply rolled—rolled as he had never rolled before, to come up eventually in the depth of a windfall. He peered out through the branches, and saw the bear lying where he had lain but a second or two ago, tearing savagely at the trap, still fast to one of its hind legs.

Yes, the trap was still there, but the chain was broken! With a sense of sickening dread, Steth realized his predicament. The bear had put forth all its strength in leaping at him, and the chain had succumbed to the terrific snatch thrown upon it as the monster gained mid-leap, and the anchor held unyieldingly among the rocks. Now the grizzly was free, and in a mad fury which rendered it blind to fear, and Steth realized that his chance of a healthy survival was about one in a hundred.

What should he do? He had only his hunting knife in his belt. Should he bolt? If so, the grizzly would certainly pursue, and he could never hope to evade its lightning charge. No, he would lie low, and leave it for the bear to make the next move. There is never any telling what a bear will do, and the brute might even yet turn tail and flee.

Next moment, however, all idea of anything of the kind left Steth's mind. He was up against it, and no mistake. Unable to get rid of the trap, the monster stiffened up, sniffed the air, then came straight towards him at a rolling, swinging stride, dragging one hind leg. It knew Steth was in the windfall, but had not quite located him. It went to the end, stood up, then crashed down on to the prostrate tree, waiting and listening, and evidently expecting Steth to bolt from the other side like a startled rabbit.

Steth realized that to remain here would be folly, so creeping under the trunk he made his way to a point as far distant from the bear as possible, then calmly got out, looking the huge

brute in the eyes. He was hoping that a show of boldness might save him, but when he saw the red fire in the little eyes of the fur-clad giant, he wisely decided to get out of the way with as little delay as possible. He fled to the next thicket, hampered by his snowshoes, and dived into it, while the bear lost time by reason of the fact that it had to go round the windfall.

Yet with a thunderous snarl, that brought a feeling of weakness to Steth's knees, it immediately pursued, while Steth, gaining the thicket, dived through it, and scuttled like a wounded partridge in and out among the chaos of logs that lay criss-cross among the undergrowth. He was a quick and wiry man, and knew that he was fighting for his life. He reached the other end of the thicket, heard the bear somewhere behind him, slipped noiselessly out into the open and so on to the next thicket, hoping in this way to regain the vicinity of his rifle.

But the bear judged his direction and came silently around, and a shuddering cry of fear broke from Steth's lips as once again he found himself on the point of annihilation, and once again dashed headlong into the cover. Steth was no coward, but he knew that he was face-to-face with death, and dodging, creeping, sprinting, he was, ere long, reduced to that state of nervous panic into which the bravest of men may fall when beset by perils from which there seems no way of escape. The bear was silently intent on business, but that it was hampered by the trap Steth would have stood no chance. It was clear that the brute rightly blamed him for its predicament and did not mean to abandon the hunt. Its rage was kept at boiling point by the jaws of the trap, still clinging tenaciously to its hind leg, and in all probability the animal was under the impression that, the man being at the root of the trouble, the first thing to do was to kill the man, after which affairs would automatically straighten themselves. At all events it was clear to Steth that unless he could find his rifle it was merely a matter of time ere the grizzly ran him down.

The latter, however, seemed to know what Steth was after, and persistently barred the way. Its ominous silence added, if anything, to the horror of the hunt, for when a wolf or a bear hunts in silence it is a clear indication that it is sure of its quarry.

Steth was rapidly becoming exhausted. His dash and quickness were already gone, while his adversary was keeping up the same steady speed, ambling from point to point, swinging back again to cut off his retreat. Its eyes were blood-red, and saliva was dripping from its huge yellow teeth. Once or twice Steth succeeded in hiding, whereupon the bear would proceed to beat the timber, crashing and listening, and so trying to flush him, but always after a few seconds Steth's heavy breathing gave him away, and the brute would charge again.

The snowstorm had passed, and if only Steth could get back he would be able to find his rifle. Again and again he tried, but each time at mortal peril, till his strength gave out. His face was cut by the branches, and the blood, streaming down his forehead, got into his eyes. His hands felt like fire, and were bruised and grazed; his clothes were in rags, and both his snowshoes were gone. To endeavor to cross the open would mean certain death, for he might sink to his shoulders.

What now should he do? To keep up the awful pace any longer was impossible, for he was exhausted. He

clutched at his hunting knife, savagely determined to fight to a finish, and for a moment an awful rage—such rage as he had never felt before—possessed him. He dashed out into the open, intent on a final fight, but his legs simply refused to support him, and he fell.

What he did next he did instinctively. He lay on his face, arms outstretched, and shamming death. He did not move, firstly because he was too tired to move, and secondly because he knew that to move meant to die.

Steth felt the huge brute amble up to him, felt its hot breath about his ears, felt its hot muzzle thrust against his neck. It clawed him over with one huge paw, sniffed his face, but still Steth lay limp as the dead. It was an ordeal such as few men have experienced, for every moment he expected to feel the rending of those terrible fangs, yet somehow he was dead to all fear.

At length the brute left him, ambled off a few paces, and, sitting down, began to gnaw and wrestle again with the trap. Steth knew that it was watching him, only waiting for him to move, and now a new peril came into existence. Steth was saturated with perspiration, he had lost much of his clothing, and the thermometer was far below zero. He felt the sweat on his face crystallize into ice—he felt the cold, penetrating to his limbs with such severity that it was like the touch of cold water. A very few minutes of this, and he would most assuredly lose consciousness, and thereafter freeze to death.

Thus, no sooner out of one dire difficulty than face to face with another, Steth decided that it was better to face any peril than coolly to lie there and die. His fingers closed on his knife again. He would rise, and approach the bear with knife uplifted, and if the worst came to the worst he hoped at any rate to be killed outright.

Scarcely had Steth decided to carry this hopeless plan into effect when a strange sound burst upon his ears. It was a familiar sound, yet he thought he must be dreaming. He knew that he was all in, so concluded that his imagination was playing tricks with him, for what he heard was the sharp yap-yap of a terrier.

No, it was no dream. The bear had risen and was ambling away—ambling towards the sound. Doubtless some Indian had arrived with his dog—arrived in the ace of time. With hope renewed Steth struggled up and looked—and saw!

He saw a small white dog, absurdly small beside the great grizzly, rushing with reckless bravery to meet that monster, apparently blind to the fact that the grizzly was charging him. Steth dashed for his rifle. The bear saw him, and changing its direction, again charged him, then Steth floundered into a drift, and sank to the hips. He saw the bear coming on; he saw the terrier close behind it, and then—the bear turned and struck out savagely at its small opponent. The terrier dodged, then snapped again—snapped at the monster's hind legs with a fury that penetrated to the bone.

No bear on earth could calmly endure such treatment, and Steth saw his chance. The terrier was holding the grizzly at bay, preventing it from charging, and not a second was to be lost. If one of those gigantic paws so much as touched the smaller animal it would be literally hurled over the tree tops, and clear it was that the terrier was taking enormous risks.

On all fours now, staggering, falling, clawing his way through the snow, Steth tottered back towards a point at which the awful chase had begun. Yes, there was the three-pronged anchor, but where was his rifle? He groped and searched desperately but could not locate it. The bear was roaring horribly now, and Steth knew that if for an instant the plucky terrier relaxed its attack, the grizzly would be upon him in the twinkling of an eye. Sick with disappointment he had almost given up hope, when his foot struck something in the drift. It was his rifle—thrice blessed find—buried deep down with its muzzle first!

Steth dragged the weapon out, and raised it. It seemed to weigh a ton. His hands were trembling so that he could hardly bring the sights to bear.

Steth did his best, and pressed the trigger. He saw the grizzly rear up, clawing at its neck. He pressed the trigger again, and as the echoes rang through the timber, the mountain of fur and muscle collapsed slowly backwards into the snow.

Steth muttered a prayer of thankfulness; then he saw the little terrier clutch the mammoth by the fur of the shoulders, and try to shake it.

And next moment Chick, unscratched, without even a chilblain, was showering his kisses on Steth's torn and unrecognizable countenance.

A little while later Alex came stumbling up. "So he found you, did he, Steth?" he cried. "Say, that's a wonderful dog!"

Then Alex looked round—beheld the dead bear and the other tokens of the terrible battle that had taken place. "Halloa, what happened?" he queried, a new anxiety in his voice.

Steth told him, and for a while Alex was thoughtful. He bathed Steth's wounds, and made him some hot coffee.

Later Alex said: "There are a heap of things we can't understand, Steth. It isn't difficult to realize that Chick might find his way back to the ranch fairly easy now that the lakes are frozen, but discovering the ranch deserted, how did he know to come on here? How did he know where we were, or, knowing that, how did he find his way out to us? He came to the cabin door just after you left this morning!"

Steth shook his head. "No man can ever say," he answered. "I once had a dog follow me slick across Alaska, but—that was a malamute."

Alex grunted. "The mystery don't end there," he pursued. "At about eleven this morning, when I was going the round of the traps with Chick at my heels, he suddenly began to whine, then to yap, till I thought he was mad. He set off back, heedless of my calling. I kind of felt something was wrong, so I followed. He went back to the cabin, and struck your trail. He followed it at a run, while I followed him—sure now that there was something askew. So we got here—him a mile or two in front, and surely just in time, it seems?"

"Just in time," quoth Steth. "Only just in time."

Alex regarded him curiously. "Steth," he said, "I reckon that a purp that can thread his way through a territory alive with wolves—a purp without grub, mind you, and having only a month-old scent trail; and that covered with snow, to guide him—I reckon that a purp that can do that—" Alex emphasized, beating his fists together, "ain't going to take much harm in this north country."

Steth leant forward, and tapped his companion's knee with his pipe. "See here, Alex," he said, "if ever you talk again about giving that purp away, you and me is going to quarrel!"

A Naturalist in the Canadian Rockies

By Dan McCowan



"Ground-Hog Day"

FEW of the bright colored calendars which adorn the kitchen walls of Canadian homes, mark the second day of February as a notable date. Yet upon this day a very ancient Church Festival is observed commemorating annually the presentation of the Child in the Temple. Further, on this day are all the candles of the year given blessing; it is the day of the Candle Mass. To the great majority of Anglo-Saxon people it has, however, much greater meteorological than religious significance. It is the one day of the year that is fraught with grave climatic possibilities,—the day upon which a small and otherwise obscure mammal is popularly expected to awaken prematurely from its long winter sleep and to make a weather observation that will have profound influence on the winds and snows and sunshine of days that are yet to be. It is Ground-hog day.

Curious indeed, and not in the least un-pleasing is the fact that in this prosaic age we should good humoredly help to perpetuate an extremely ancient myth and, with childlike faith, should on this one day scan the heavens gravely and, in common with the Ground-hog regard the shining of the sun as an ill omen.

It is hardly likely that the hoary marmot of Western Canada, the largest member of the Ground-hog family, does even turn in his hibernating sleep at such an early date as this. Of all New World creatures which spend the winter in hibernation this dweller amidst the rocks is assuredly the Rip Van Winkle. Retiring as early as the middle of September this somnolent animal is not again seen until April is nearly ended. No food whatever is stored by the Marmot. During the long winter sleep the spark of life is kept alive by means of a reserve of body fat.

Animals which hibernate in winter are induced to do so, not by frigid weather, but rather by the scarcity of food. Hibernation cannot be brought about by placing such creatures in artificial cold. Yet the period of inaction of many of our native mammals is more or less governed by frosts and snows and their sleep may oft-times be broken by abnormal rises in air temperature. It is obvious that this must occur frequently in those parts of the province of Alberta which are subject to the Chinook winds.

Chipmunks and gophers invariably store provisions in the fall of the year and from this circumstance alone it may be inferred that the winter sleep is often interrupted. The Jumping Mouse is likewise awakened when there is a succession of mild mid-winter days. White-footed Mice are deep sleepers and not easily aroused. They harvest and store grain, not for winter use, but against famine days of early spring. The Badger, assuming a most extraordinary posture when asleep, is easily awakened and bestirs himself in response to the influence of genial sun and winds.

Skunks are normally active throughout the winter except in the more northerly part of their habitat and where extremely low temperatures are likely to occur. In such places they may be obliged to resort temporarily to a modified form of hibernation. The Red Squirrel stores very large quantities of food for use in the winter and is more or less active throughout the woods of Canada when snow lies deep and when the woods are keenly cold. Conies or Rock Rabbits make hay while the autumn sun is shining and having this provender stacked in caves and crevices of the rock are not obliged to hibernate. The Porcupine grumbles and whines at the rude north wind, but, being able to live well on tree bark has no need to slumber for weeks or months.

Snakes go into a hibernation that is profound, the body temperature of such reptiles varying according to and in sympathy with rise and fall of air temperature. Frogs bury themselves in mud at the bottom of sloughs and ponds and there in a comatose condition remain throughout the winter.

A cursory examination of animals which are in a state of hibernation would lead one to conclude that no breathing goes on. Yet when a powerful scent of any kind is applied to the nostrils of a hibernating animal there is an immediate response,—from which it would seem that respiration is not entirely suspended. It is said that a Marmot in a torpid condition will live for several hours amidst asphyxiating gas. A hibernating bat actually survived a submergence of fifteen minutes in water. In all cases circulation of the blood goes on but the beating of the heart is considerably retarded and is much more feeble than when the animal is awake and active.

As might reasonably be expected, there are some insects which are compelled to lie dormant during the winter, but, generally most of these frail forms of life are in a larval stage of existence. Ants, abnormally active at all other seasons, are not altogether idle in winter. Deep down in tunnels and chambers they continue to labor and only cease work when frost bites deeply into the ground and low earth temperature prevail. Bees contrive to stay awake during the cold dark days but are then content to remain within the hive or hollow tree that affords them shelter from the elements. Worker hornets succumb to the early frosts of winter and only the fertilised queens are left to sleep throughout the cold season and to form new colonies in the spring. Queen Bumble Bees usually find suitable winter lodging in beds of woodland moss. While it is a consolation to know that few adult mosquitoes survive even a mild Canadian winter, yet it is an extraordinary circumstance that eggs of this species of insect commonly found in this region will not hatch successfully unless they have first been frozen.

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When a Room is Small

Continued from page 24

SPEAKING of groups arranged against the wall—this is in itself a good treatment in the small room; the centre floor space is really all required for the necessary number of chairs and such incidental furnishings as the little tables mentioned, and lamps to throw the light where it is most useful.

By working out a group well, I mean getting an effect something like that of our main illustration. Here, a low cabinet, built on the lines of the old commode, has a wall-hanging of exactly the right size above it, and on each side, hanging bookshelves that are in beautiful proportion and hung at just the right height to make a very satisfying arrangement. Instead of the cabinet, a neat little desk something like the one illustrated, could be used as the main piece in this group, and would be quite as effective; or an oblong or half-moon table would work in nicely, and could add interest to the group by carrying a lamp with a pretty shade, a few books supported by lacquered book-ends and perhaps a small potted plant, some flowering bulbs, or a bowl of cut flowers.

No very large pictures should be used in the small room, nor a heavy-looking lamp, nor too-commanding a piece of furniture. It is the fact that all things, from the comparatively large comfort-giving pieces to the smallest accessories, are in true proportion, that will keep the actual question of size from occurring to anyone.

Those who have tried this method with a small room and found failure, will be surprised and delighted to find how many interesting pieces and groups can be introduced, if the rule of everything-of-modest-size and in true proportion is carefully carried out.

I HAVE been very much interested of late to see what practical interest the manufacturer is taking in the problem of the small dining-room. This is of much more frequent occurrence in the new houses, than the small living-room, for most people today are willing to sacrifice some of the dining-room space in order to build a large living-room.

I went on a special pilgrimage lately to see what was being offered in the way of small dining-room pieces, and was more than pleased with what I found. If your choice inclines toward a suite that is purely conventional, just the pieces of the larger suites, principally in walnut, but on a small scale—you can find it without any trouble. Should your preference be for something quaint and a bit unusual, this too is to be found; my heart went out entirely to one I saw, of dark oak, with a dear little draw-table, charming chairs, and a Welsh dresser; its design was so good, its whole atmosphere so homelike and friendly, so suggestive of happy, companionable people whom one was sure to like, *if only because they would choose this suite*—that I hated to leave it, to lose track of its sure-to-be-interesting future.

The tables that are used in most of these small suites are the drop-leaf types, or the small oval extension table or the draw-leaf table of oblong shape. The chairs are various adaptations of the Windsor, the ladder-back and other simple designs. They are bijou sideboards to go with them or very frequently, the Welsh dresser or a combination of Welsh dresser and lower cupboard. The dresser claims popularity, not only on the strength of its natural charm, but because it is *shallow* and does not claim too much of the precious floor-space. The chairs follow straight lines or indulge in the most modest of curves and all ornament is of the simplest types. The beauty in this small furniture is chiefly a matter of line, wood and proportion.



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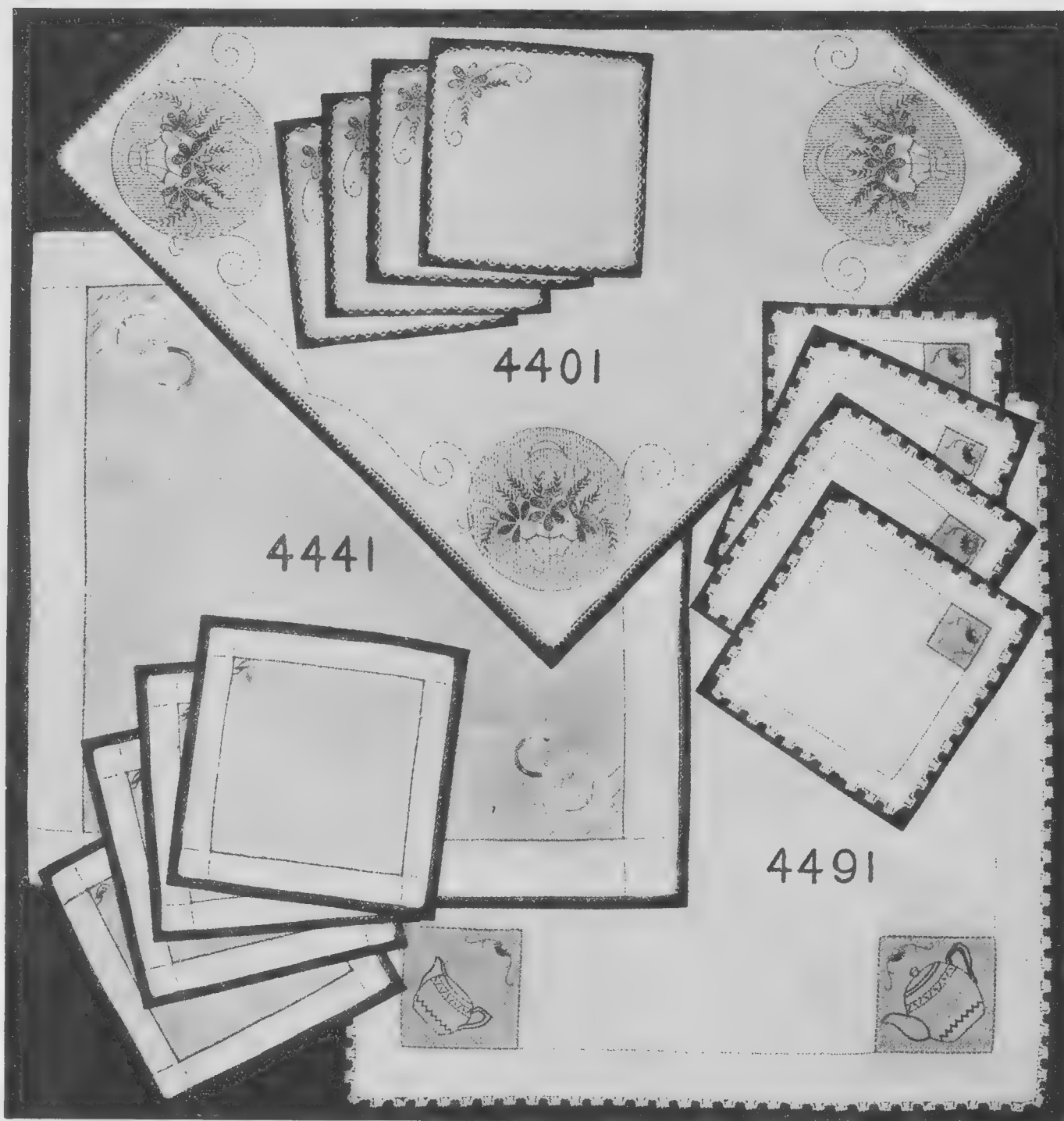
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The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg

Pleasing Embellishments for the Luncheon

By Ruth Louise



THE hostess who entertains at luncheon or serves a dainty repast on the Bridge tables, at the termination of the game, will revel in the opportunity to obtain at a nominal price, such attractive sets as above illustrated. The joys of a dainty meal are most remarkably enhanced by the embellishments of the table, such as the luncheon cloth and napkins, embroidered in tasteful and attractive designs and coloring and with the beautiful China and vari-colored glassware now so much in vogue, a table setting that will elicit praise from the most critical may be easily secured.

Set No. 4401, with its effective wild rose and basket pattern, is stamped on a mercerized white Jacquard fabric, with the large flowers worked solid in white rope silk, the petals of the large flowers outlined in orange. The center of the large flowers are of French knots in green with a French knot in black as the extreme center. Basket is worked in outline in blue and leaves and stems in the lazy daisy stitch in green. The circle around the basket is of white rope silk couched down with black and the edges of cloth and napkins finished with white lace.

Set No. 4441 has the beautiful water lily design, to be finished in yellow, blue and rose, as shown on the working charts accompanying the set. A most effective finish for the edges of the cloth and napkins would be of Gold Lace. This is a wonderful set, with a center of yellow, bordered with a strip of White Indian Head, four inches deep and hemstitched, the combination being most effective and beautiful.

Set No. 4491 is stamped on fine quality White Indian Head and has a six inch square of fast color blue material hemstitched in each corner, all neatly trimmed and with the napkins to match. This set is finished in two shades of rose with the leaves in green, stems in black and the dish designs outlined in two shades of henna, the edges of the cloth and napkins to be trimmed in white lace.

These sets are easy to complete most successfully as a detailed working chart, showing the exact color scheme and where each color is to be used, is furnished with each set.

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Set No. 4491.—36x36 inch cloth and four 14x14 inch napkins.....	3.25.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Manitoba

Inherited Wings

Continued from page 47

To Barbara's terror Pierre turned without another word and moved off toward the beach.

"I'm afraid Pierre doesn't know what to do about us and he's glad to get out of it," whispered Barry as he and Barbara watched the two men disappear. "Now's our chance; come Barbara."

Dragging Barbara with him, Barry ran along the foot of the cliff until they reached a spot where in ages past some great upheaval had riven the pitiless rock, leaving a wide crack that reached from the top of the cliff almost to its base. The rough and broken sides of this crack offering the only foothold there was, Barry chose this place for their ascent.

"Come Barbara," he whispered, "you first."

Barbara hesitated.

"Suppose he comes back before we're up?" she asked in a frightened whisper.

"He won't know where to look at first, and he'll go slowly, as we may be hiding to jump him. Anyway, it's our best chance. Better get shot trying to get away than wait for the rest of that gang tonight. Come, hurry."

Barbara never knew where she got the courage to attempt that climb. Possibly it was the thought of the Swallow with her sinister crew. In any case, climb she did, with swelling heart and bleeding fingers. It needed but one last strain, and she would be safe. Suddenly, Slim's voice, calling from some distance off, drove the blood from her heart in blind terror.

"Come down," he called, "I've got the girl covered!"

Barbara clung to the little tree, not daring to move.

"Go ahead, Barbara," Barry urged coolly, "I don't think he can hit you from there with a revolver, and Pierre took the rifle."

But she seemed unable to move; all her strength had somehow leaked away.

"Wait," Barry called again, and she heard him come up closer. "There, put your foot on my shoulder and I'll give you a lift."

She had just succeeded in placing one trembling foot on Barry's shoulder when, without any further warning, a bullet struck the rock to the right of her. Barbara winced away and would have lost her balance altogether had it not been for her hold on the little tree.

"Careful, Barbara!" Barry called sharply, "don't pay any attention to that brute; he's got a rotten aim, anyway. Now, up with you."

As Barbara, with sobbing breath, tried desperately to drag herself to safety, a second bullet struck the cliff, closer even than the first. With a cry she hid her face in her upstretched arms, her nerve deserting her altogether. Just then another voice called from the direction of the beach; it was Pierre. Barbara realized, to her unspeakable relief, that something had brought him back. Possibly it was the sound of the shots—perhaps he had never intended to leave.

"Stop, you" he shouted to Slim, "not the little girl!"

"You keep out of this, Pierre, you . . . fool!"

"I not keep out," Pierre answered and the sharp report of his rifle was followed almost simultaneously by the bark of Slim's revolver and his howl of pain as Pierre's bullet took effect. From Pierre Barbara heard no cry, only the crash of his heavy body as it fell in the underbrush.

"Come, Barbara, buck up; we're safe now—up you go." Barry's voice seemed to come from a long way off. Barbara gritted her teeth, trying to fight off the weakness that threatened to overwhelm her. One last effort must

be made. With a heave of Barry's shoulder and a moment or two of desperate clinging and climbing Barbara landed on the top of the cliff breathless but safe, and in another second Barry was beside her.

IT WAS some time before Barbara was sufficiently recovered to stand upon her feet. Finally, with Barry's assistance, she rose, and they gazed about them.

The top of the cliff was quite a spacious place, covered with a thick growth of blueberry bushes, moss and coarse grass. At one side a small grove of trees, stunted and deformed by the wind, broke the otherwise meadow-like stretch of plateau. And there, at the edge of the little grove, rested an aeroplane.

Barry was the first to recover from his surprise.

"Barbara!" he exclaimed, "that's Johnny's plane! What can have happened?" and he started on a run toward the machine.

Barbara, following closely, waited on the ground while Barry clambered with some difficulty up into the pilot's seat. She saw him stoop and lift something in his arms.

"It's Johnny!" he called unsteadily. "He must have caught them at something and flown low for a better look. I guess Pierre got him with the rifle. He made a landing after he was wounded—Johnny had all kinds of grit—then," here Barry's voice grew a little husky, "he died from loss of blood . . . up here . . . alone."

He said nothing more for a time, but Barbara could see him gazing down at the white face resting on his arm. He smoothed the tousled hair with a gentle hand, and bending, kissed the white forehead as tenderly as a woman might have done.

"Good-bye," he said softly.

Barbara turned away. Her face, drawn and white with fatigue, was bathed in tears. As she moved a little apart, thinking Barry might like to be alone with his friend, he called to her.

"Barbara?" he asked, "could you help me get him down, do you think?"

Barbara nodded, but could not hide the shudder that shook her. Barry, seeing it, however, shook his head.

"No," he said, gently, "you're not up to it. Stand away; I'll drop him over myself. It's nothing of a fall, really . . . and Johnnie would understand."

But Barbara stood her ground with upstretched arms though she was unable to speak, and together they lowered him and laid him tenderly in the little grove, under the stunted trees so grotesquely twisted by the wind. As they rose to their feet Barry, unashamed, brushed the tears from his eyes.

"Barry, do you really think Pierre shot him?" Barbara asked.

"I'm afraid so . . . Life's a queer paradox at times, Barbara; here Pierre shot Johnny with no more compunction than if he had been a wild duck or a seagull, then with equal lack of forethought, he gave his life for you and incidentally me."

Barbara laid a grimy, blood-stained hand on Barry's arm.

"Barry," she said wistfully, "if ever I get home again, I intend to find Pierre's Marie and tell her what he did for us. I think he would like that, don't you? . . . She need never know who was responsible for this," she ended softly as she dropped her eyes to Barry's chum, lying so still and white at their feet.

Barry took the soiled little hand lying on his arm and held it for a moment in both of his.

"Barbara," he said, "we can start for home whenever you say the word. Johnny has left us his wings."



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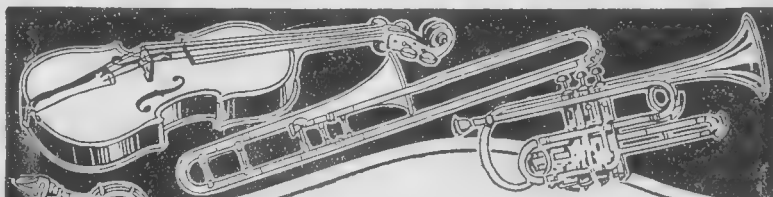
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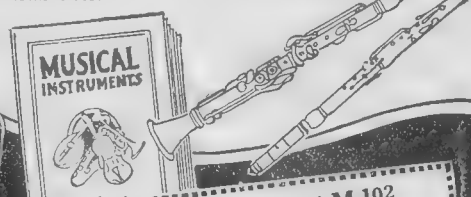
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Barbara, the Untamed

Continued from page 10

resolved then and there to head for Pa's place and break the glad news. They had a holiday, it was fine weather, the roads were pretty fair going, they had a new — well, almost new — car, so what more natural than that they should set forth immediately in all the pride of new ownership (and while Oswald's nerve lasted), to gain the old man's consent and blessing?

Barbara was as good as a small boy two weeks before Christmas. She skimmed along the highway with the smooth effortless ease of a machine that bears royalty. She couldn't have behaved better if she'd had the Prince of Wales in behind. Oswald used both hands at the wheel as long as the light lasted and she seemed to know the touch of a master's hand, for she responded in all her joints, bolts, bars, gears, carburetors and magnetos. If poor Mr. Bibbs could have been present he'd have been astounded, nay, flabbergasted. Never had she obeyed him like this. Grayce, it is true, was a trifle nervous, both because of the unusualness of sitting in a car that Oswald was driving and on account of wondering how Dad would welcome the idea of taking a pipe-organ player into the family. Dad was a plain man whose home was in the country and he'd never been inside a movie show in his life, so how could he know how divinely Oswald drew music from his instrument? Oswald was a perfect dear of course, but she feared that Dad might consider that he lacked some of the he-man qualities essential to the making of a satisfactory son-in-law.

But you never can tell from a pair of shell-rimmed glasses and a stammer what a dynamo of energy and grit may throb behind. Under many a mild exterior there beats a resolute heart.

However, about ten miles from town she began to grow weary in well-doing and threaten to lie down on the job, and had it not been for Oswald speaking very sternly to her she might have died somewhere on the road. At his sharp command she picked up her gait, laid back her ears and sped on. There was nothing like being firm, Oswald said. A muddy roadster tried to make them eat its dust but Oswald increased his tempo to *andante furioso* and Barbara maintained the lead. Up hill they chugged and down dale they rolled. Once a brindle cow leisurely crossed the road but Oswald stepped on the soft pedal and her life was saved by the fraction of an inch.

On—on they rushed, with Barbara hot and panting and roaring like a blast furnace and the lovers shouting endearments at each other and laughing triumphantly at their mastery of the god-in-the-machine, the great god Speed. Burgville rushed past, then Cooke's Corners. The long white road unwound before them like an endless ribbon and the full moon came out from behind a cloud and winked slyly at them. They got reckless then, all but missed a detour sign and nearly ran a pig down. In justice it must be said that they thought the pig was a big stone (all pigs look like boulders at night), but pork-on-the-hoof was spared for the fall market and so all was well. Barbara now began to act in an eccentric manner, hopping with light staccato movements from one side of the road to the other like a convivial guest returning from a late party. Oswald snatched another kiss from Grayce and took the turn at Hooper's Point on two wheels. They did a glad arpeggio through that village and another and another hamlet shot by in close succession like a movie reel, while Barbara danced on to the old homestead.

Only briefly had she faltered and now the journey was finished—or nearly so. A trail of burning gasoline in smoke form spread sluggishly over the landscape and puffed out from the rear of the travellers and Barbara gave unmistakable signs of running out of "juice." Then, with the inexplicable cussedness and disconcerting suddenness of the balky horse, she stalled.

Stalled within sight of Dad's barns! The lovers got out and commenced to remonstrate with her but it was all to no avail. They coaxed and wheedled her and Oswald, getting desperate, had begun to entertain some notion of lighting a fire under her, as they do with four-legged rebels when Dad himself was seen approaching in the distance with a lantern. Grayce hadn't been home for months and she yoo-hooed at her daddy and started for him on the run, her fiancée following more slowly.

Dad, wearing a pair of overalls over his nightshirt, met them halfway. He had heard their machine laboring through the night (as who hadn't, he said), and he'd figured it must be some o' these here bootleggers that had mebbe run into a ditch and he'd come out to offer them a tow, only he *did* think it sorta queer, he added, that sech gentry would be travellin' down the pike in a noisy old threshing machine like that. Pussyfooters are too slick. Dad plodded on with them to look over the stalled car, because, as he said, three heads were better than two and anyhow they couldn't leave the thing set there in the middle o' the road all night. He'd had a car himself, he told them, more apologetically than boastfully, and he guessed he knew a few things about 'em, even though he'd been obliged to sell his on account of—

"The sentence was never finished. Dad lifted the lantern at this juncture and peered at Barbara over his specs. He went closer and took another, longer look.

Then he yelled. Grayce thought it must be his sciatica again and she cried: "Oh, Pa, you hadn't oughta have come out in the damp like this!"

And Oswald suspected that the old man may have been eating mushrooms that were toadstools. He had heard yells like that once or twice and they sounded like pains in the stomach, nothing less.

"Oh, sir, I hope you're not ill—" he was beginning, very solicitously, when the old man cut in with another screech, like an Indian war-whoop, and commenced to wave his arms frantically and to run round in circles.

A pitchfork stood against the fence in an adjacent field. This the old man seized. With ear-splitting yelps he raised it aloft and took after the dazed Oswald, who began to bawl for assistance.

"Gol-dern you, ya swivel-eyed, sap-headed, stuttering son of a salamander," roared the old man, leaping into the air at every third step and aiming fruitless swipes at the fleeing Oswald, "I'll learn ya t' fetch that blankety-blank puddle-jumper out ta my place! Squeal, dern ya, squeal! Jest let me get my hands on ya! Whoop-ee!"

Oswald's shouts for help brought four or five husky neighbors and it took all of them, plus a length of stout rope, to finally overpower and subdue poor Mr. Bibbs (for it was indeed he). And such was his state that all that night and for most of the following day that the young people decided to postpone the object of their visit to a somewhat more auspicious occasion.

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PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

THE word "valentine" seems to carry with it a thrill all its own. It is not like a Christmas gift nor a birthday gift which all too often have obligations attached to them. But a valentine comes to the unsuspecting and tells tales that one loves so much to hear. The heart plays such an important part in the sending of a valentine, when we give a Valentine Party, the hearts must be in it too.

So we will first make ready our invitation. It may be a real valentine the lacy kind, you know, and the invitation may be written across one of the pages, or a card may be slipped in the valentine giving the time and place. Or, it may be heart shaped—cut out of red cardboard and the invitation written in black ink, or it may be white cardboard and written with red ink.

No matter where the party is to be held,—in a hall, school room, gym, or at home, there must be decorations of course. Red and white is undoubtedly the most popular combination of colors for a St. Valentine trim—red for the heart and white for contrast. Red and white paper streamers can be used to decorate any space—large or small and when used with red cardboard hearts and cupid cutouts the decorations are quite complete.

Clever faces may be penciled in black on some of the hearts—especially the larger ones. If the room or hall has any slender posts to decorate, a red and white crepe paper frill may be used below the heart face, with red streamers hanging below the frill. Cupids made of cardboard, or that may be pasted on cardboard, can be purchased at most stores where stationery is sold, or the cupids may be cut out of decorated crepe paper. So much for the decorations. I am sure that with the necessary material at hand you will not need specific advice for arranging the decorations. If the space is large, however, it is always well to first outline the decorations on paper—the work will be so much easier.

Now that we have our invitations and our decorations decided upon, what kind of entertainment shall we plan for our guests? Shall we dance, play cards, or shall we have games? Suppose we do a little of each.

The Dance

IF WE have a smooth floor, good music and cheerful decorations, little else but dancing is needed to round out an evening of joyous fun. But there should always be some ways and means devised for matching partners—to keep those backward ones from getting lost in the crowd.

For the first dance every one will select the partner of his choice. For the second, guests will be asked to find their partners at the end of a ribbon. What appears to be a charming bit of valentine decoration turns out to be a clever scheme for matching partners. Two large white cardboard hearts, decorated with smaller red hearts and cupid cutouts, are laced together at the sides with red ribbon and filled with hearts containing numbers and suspended from a doorway or a chandelier. The hearts are tied with red or white ribbon, the ends of which dangle down over the sides of the large hearts, within easy reach of the dancers. Each ribbon has a spray of twisted petals fastened to it. The girls pull the red ribbons and the men the white ones, to get their valentines. Those whose numbers match become partners. The hearts may be returned and this method of selecting partners repeated.

To make the flower-like petals which are tied to the ribbons, cut, through the entire fold of the crepe paper, a strip four inches wide. Unfold, stretch a little to get the creases out, and refold the strip into eight thicknesses. Make straight cuts along the entire length of the strip—three inches deep and one inch apart. Place the right forefinger and the left thumb in the center of the petal with the other thumb and forefinger on the reverse side, and twist the petal right through the center of the top. After all of the petals have been twisted, cut the strip into two-foot lengths and gather them up into small bunches of flowers. If time is limited, small red and white hearts may be substituted for the flowers.



A Valentine Party

By Dorothy Wright

Cards

INSTEAD of bridge or poker or pinochle what could be more fitting than the game of hearts? It is really loads of fun and as many as eight people can play at one table. Anyone can learn it in a few minutes so no one need sit out because of not knowing the game. The one making the lowest score wins the prize in this game. First cut for deal and deal all the cards, one at a time.

The person at the left of the dealer, leads a card and the others must follow suit or trump. The object of the game is to get rid of your hearts because all the hearts you collect are counted against your score. The highest card played of the suit led takes the trick. When you cannot follow suit dispose of your hearts and highest cards of other suits so as to take as few tricks as possible. A score is kept for each player by the Score Keeper and when any one player's score reaches 500, or 1,000 or 5,000 whatever mark is decided upon at the beginning, the game is over and the winner is the one with the lowest score. The score is figured by counting the number of heart spots on the tricks taken in by each player. Each heart face card counts 10, the nine spot 4 hearts 9, the eight spot 8 and so on.

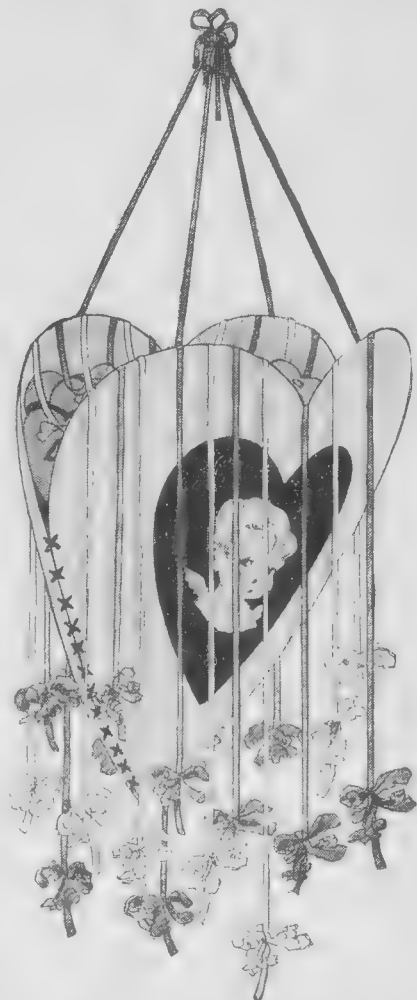
The Game of "Smiths and Browns"

HERE is a game that will relieve any evidence of strangeness among your guests. When it is all over, everyone will have entered into the spirit of the fun. Call it "The Smiths and the Browns." The hostess appoints two people to start the game. They choose sides, one at a time alternately until everyone has been placed. With the Smiths on one side and the Browns on the other, the Smiths must keep absolute sober faces while the Browns have the floor. If a Smith smiles or laughs, they immediately step out of the game, and the last unsmiling Smith wins the prize. The Browns may do anything individually or collectively to make the Smiths laugh, perform, dress up, recite, draw pictures, make grimaces, sing and so on. The tables are then reversed, and the Browns must keep sober faces while the Smiths do their utmost to make them laugh.

Refreshments

IF THE refreshments are to be served at the table in the dining room it will call for some table decorations. If on the card tables there will be no space for decorations but the food itself may be made sufficiently decorative. A very effective centerpiece for a valentine

party table is a large cake from which hearts of all colors strung on wires are projected. The wires should be from 10 to 15 inches long. A silk thread about 5 inches long should be run through the edge of each heart just once (the hearts should be small so that they can be used generously.) Then wrap two No. 9 wires together with a ½ inch strip of apple green crepe paper, inserting the double thread of the hearts in the wrap-



ping so they will hang loosely. Two or more hearts may be strung to each wire, two or more inches apart, depending upon the size of the hearts. The wires should droop gracefully around the sides of the cake. Heart-shaped place cards can be used nicely with this centerpiece.

Any kind of sandwiches cut in heart shape, with a Valentine salad, coffee or cocoa, and the cake makes a delightful menu. When disrupting the centerpiece to cut the cake, place the wired hearts in a vase and return them to the center of the table.

Instead of the cake for a centerpiece, a large bunch of twisted petals, made as previously explained, is very attractive and from it may be projected the wired hearts or a cupid cut out.

Valentine Salad

Put in a saucepan:

2/3 cup sugar and 2/3 cup water. Stir until dissolved and boil 3 minutes. Remove from fire and add 3 tablespoons granulated gelatine (cherry-raspberry or strawberry) soaked in ¼ cup cold water.

Use one can of grapefruit, or if the fresh fruit is preferred, cut 2 grapefruit in halves. Squeeze the juice from three halves—there should be 1 cup. Add grapefruit juice to first mixture with 2 tablespoons lemon juice and a few grains salt. Strain into bowl and chill. When mixture begins to thicken, add ½ cup grapefruit sections, ½ cup shredded celery, and ½ cup finely chopped green pepper. Turn into heart shaped molds. When ready to use, turn out on lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise.

Use this Coupon to Order Instruction Booklet

How to Entertain on Valentine's Day and Other Holidays

Enclosed find 10 cents for which send me, postpaid, complete instruction booklet for Holiday Entertaining.

Name

Street No.

City Prov.

Mail all orders to the Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man. Canada.



A very attractive center piece is a large bunch of twisted petals, from which may be projected wire hearts or a cupid cut out.



It's such fun being engaged!

IT'S THRILLING starting a Hope Chest—embroidering lovely linens—smart bedroom sets—exquisite lingerie and other trousseau treasures that cost much to buy but little to make. If you're collecting for your Hope Chest, or want distinctive, useful and enduring gifts at negligible cost for "showers", weddings, anniversaries, bridge-prizes, etc., it's worth while learning embroidery. A sociable hobby you'll enjoy

Send for Clark's Embroidery Book No. 2 and a Free "non-tangle" skein

CLARK'S EMBROIDERY BOOK No. 2 contains over fifty designs, hot-iron patterns, monogram alphabet, etc., with special directions for beginners. To obtain

it and a free Clark's "non-tangle" skein, mail the coupon below direct to us or present it at the nearest store that sells Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton and Embroidery Book No. 2. In a wide range of exquisite shades, CLARK'S ANCHOR COTTONS, Stranded (skeins) and Pearl (balls), cover the pattern rapidly and lend a laundry-proof sheen and rich finish to the design. Strong and durable, they are guaranteed fast-to-washing. And you may be surprised at the length of the skeins—a full 8-2/3 yards (8 metres). 2-28

The Canada Spool Cotton Co., No. 21 Read Bld., Montreal

Herewith 10c for Clark's Embroidery Book No. 2 and a free skein of Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton.

Name.....
Address.....

CLARK'S
ANCHOR
PEARL
STRANDED
COTTONS
for Embroidery
FAST-TO-WASHING

MADE IN CANADA
by THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO., MONTREAL, makers of COATS' and CLARK'S SPOOL COTTON

Federated Women's Institutes

SASKATCHEWAN

Briar Mound H.M.C., Foam Lake, has secured a Circulating Library for their community. At present the members are kept more than busy looking after the sick. They are still working on their Cook Book, and preparing for a tea and sale of work.

Colleston Club always manages to have inspiring and instructive programs through which they follow up certain questions from month to month guided by the work attempted through Standing Committees. Their program for the meeting shows papers given on "The Importance of Heredity," "Health and Diet," "Exchange and Wheat Pool," "Women's Institutes," "League of Nations." The sick and needy are being cared for generously.

Craik Club is busy looking after the sick and preparing to fill requests for needy cases.

Caputh Club, Springwater, in spite of unfavourable weather and bad roads has managed to keep up with all their meetings during the Fall. This Club provides regularly for "good times" in the neighbourhood for children and grown-ups. Good papers have been given on "Preparing for Threshers" and "Planning House Work."

Cleeves are preparing for a bazaar and for a course in Millinery and Dressmaking to be given by the University Demonstrator.

Dundurn is exchanging its Library Books with another Club and sending some books to the Sanatorium. A shower and contest made up the social part of the meeting.

Elfos is kept very busy sewing for the needy and helping them in various ways.

Frobisher Club is planning to hold fortnightly meetings during the winter, some of which will be of a social character. They are in the midst of preparation for a community play and for a spring bazaar.

Great West Club is making quilts and clothing for the needy. Already they have given much help and are planning to do more.

Leslie Club, as usual, had a happy time in their neighbourhood at Christmas. The sick and needy are being well looked after.

Maple Leaf H.M.C., Ratner, had pioneering stories at their Club meeting—a most entertaining form of relaxation and pleasantries, as well as a means of promoting good fellowship which is after all the greatest thing. Some home-made articles were disposed of, and Standing Committee reports read.

Maryfield had a talk on the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool. The Club is putting its strength this winter on helping a new rink and the Club has bought Life Memberships in it for all their members.

Mt. Murray Club had two-minute speeches on such subjects as "How Can We Get Most Good Out of the Winter Months," "Poultry Raising," "What the Club Means to Me," "Our Library," "Gardening," "Pressure Cookers," "Christmas Ideas," etc. They also had papers on the "Peace Question" and the "League of Nations."

North Scotsguard made arrangements concerning a Library and helped with some necessary sewing.

Pleasantville Club, though small in membership, is doing a vast amount of work in helping those who were unfortunate through frozen crops.

Punnichy Club has been doing relief work. They are planning for an exchange of Library Books with other Clubs. A play to help the Red Cross is being put on and a sale of work was conducted for the Blind Institute at which \$100 worth of goods were sold. The program included a paper on "Current Events" and one on the progress of the "League of Nations," and a demonstration given by one of the members on putting on a coat collar, binding a neck band, making and inserting a pocket and making of a faced button-hole. This method of having a member who is proficient in some line give instruction to the others is much to be commended as the best means for carrying on adult education.

MANITOBA

AS you have not heard of the Manitoba Institutes since Christmas, we must be pardoned for referring to the activities of that season. Many surprises were planned in December. The sick received fruits and gifts; messages were sent to the absent ones and those who have gone away. Those in need of clothing received parcels, and many hampers full of good things to eat were sent to surprise and cheer a host of people. The children of the community were remembered and the children in institutions were not forgotten, as cheques and parcels were sent to them. It is not possible to tell of all the good work, as everyone seems to have been remembered, in some manner most pleasing to the individual.

A League of Nations Convener was appointed at the last Annual Convention. The Convener has written to the Institutes, and many have responded. These have appointed conveners and have made them members of the League of Nations Society in Canada. They have also ordered for them "The Story of the League of Nations" and "How the League Works." As the conveners gather information on the League and its work, they are expected to give short talks at the monthly meetings.

The winter is the season for entertainments. Several Institutes will give banquets for "the husbands and friends" in the next few weeks. On these occasions, a most excellent dinner is served. When the meal is over, the women tell the men a little about their aims and activities. The men, being well pleased with themselves, the world and their women, are in a receptive mood. They listen appreciatively and go home with a new respect for and interest in the Institute. The good feeling developed at such a banquet proves so helpful throughout the year that the husbands' banquet has become an annual affair in many places.

Arizona sent \$10 to the Children's Aid Society.

Arrow River has appointed a League of Nations convener and has made her a member of the League of Nations Society in Canada.

Belmont sent \$5 to the Children's Aid Society, \$5 to the "Save the Children Fund," and a bale to the Social Hygiene Association.

Cartwright sent a post card shower to a sick member.

Deloraine—The meeting took the form of a shower of "baby necessities" for the hospital.

Ellenville held a button-hole contest; prizes were awarded.

Elva—The sum of \$600 has been given toward building the hall.

Great Falls with ten members, held a bazaar and dance, and counted at the end of the day a sum exceeding \$200.

Kenton—The secretary writes: "We had a shower of wearing apparel for the Children's Aid Society."

Lake Francis sent a remembrance at Christmas to all the elderly people in the community.

Langruth—The monthly programmes till June will deal with a favorite poet or a favorite author.

Medora—Through the efforts of the W.I., the hot lunch is being served in the school.

Oak Point held a concert and made \$50. Fifty dollars was also handed in by the raffle committee, for 200 tickets sold for a comforter.

Ranchvale will meet every two weeks during the winter months.

Rosburn sent money to the Children's Aid Society and the Social Hygiene Association.

Swan Lake held a white parcel shower for the Children's Aid Society.

Sprague sent \$10 to the Canadian Red Cross Society, and \$5 to the Children's Aid Society.

Winnipeg helped a plucky teacher with 73 children, to clothe the 60 who were insufficiently clad. The many and large parcels did not only contain clothing—there were packages of sweets for each child and among these, a gift for the teacher.

WHERE THERE'S DIRT THERE'S DANGER!

Royal Castile Soaps

Solidified Cocoanut Oil, Made from pure Cocoanut Oil, containing glycerine. Pleasantly perfumed.

The Perfect Bath and Shampoo Soap



Lathers freely in the Hardest Water

ROYAL CASTILE SOAPS IN TABLETS AND BARS

Made only by
The Royal Crown Soaps Ltd.

THE ROYAL CROWN SOAPS LIMITED

FASHION BOOK NOTICE

SEND 20c in silver or stamps for UP-TO-DATE SPRING and SUMMER 1928 BOOK OF FASHIONS, showing color plates, and containing 500 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a CONCISE and COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESSMAKING, ALSO SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches), all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Manitoba



Sigarettes of the Modes

FIRST of importance in a woman's wardrobe are the daytime dresses, or utility frocks, which she wears for all her daytime activities, for business, shopping or sports. In such dresses she may be as individual and smart as she pleases. The dresses may be of silk and wool material, or somewhat more dressy, so as to serve for an informal luncheon or tea.

In coat style the daytime dress is most popular especially when developed with the side closing.

Other one-piece models of light woolen, and suggestive of sports attire are also attractive for day wear.

Very pleasing is a coat dress of brown rep with cire soutache braid, as is also one of blue wool crepe with facings of tan georgette.

Evening clothes are also very important this season; they are brilliant lovely and most formal. Elaborate trimmings and beautiful materials combine to achieve sumptuous elegance.

Rich lames are trimmed with fur and velvet for evening frocks.

Satins that stand alone, are combined with sheer laces and soft chiffons.

Unevenness of hemline, bouffant period frocks, graceful drapery and loose panels are all features that add to the attractions of evening gowns.

The formal afternoon dress is of printed velvet, or crepe or chiffon. It is most feminine, and flattering, with a pleasing lack of sameness and charming elaboration.

The silhouette remains unchanged, skirts are full, and uneven at the hem, brought about by flared tiers, flounces, panels, and tunics.

Large hip bows are used on both afternoon and evening dresses.

Evening ensembles are quite popular. Long-sleeved jackets of lame are worn over dresses in matching tones.



6024



6029



6028



6025



6026

6026



Modern Mothers now treat colds externally

**They Let
the Children
Inhale Healing
Vapors All
Night Long**

ONE great worry to mothers about their children's colds is that they come so often. They know constant "dosing" frequently upsets the little ones' delicate digestions. Yet, colds should not be neglected, because they may pave the way for serious trouble in later life.

Cannot Upset the Stomach

Modern mothers avoid these dangers by rubbing Vicks VapoRub on the throat and chest at the first sign of every cold. Vicks, being externally applied, cannot disturb the digestion. It acts two ways at once in bringing relief:

(1) It is vaporized by the heat of the body and inhaled direct to the inflamed air passages, loosening the phlegm and easing the difficult breathing.

(2) At the same time, Vicks stimulates the skin like a poultice, or plaster, "drawing out" the soreness and pain.

For Adults, Too

It is an obstinate cold indeed that can resist this double direct action. Most colds are gone by morning. Equally good for adults and children.

acts **2** ways
at once

**VICKS
VAPORUB**

21

NOW OVER ~~17~~ MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Does baby cry?

Then something's wrong! You should have Woodward's Gripe Water handy to soothe the baby during teething, to correct diarrhoea and to keep the little stomach in a wholesome, healthy condition.

Mothers have found Woodward's Gripe Water a safe sure remedy. Get a bottle to-day.

The most famous of all correctives for Colic, Teething, Indigestion, Flatulence, Looseness, Disordered Stomach, Acidity, Peevishness.

At all Druggists

Sole Agents: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. Limited
10-18 McCaul Street, Toronto

**WOODWARD'S
"Gripe Water"**
KEEPS BABY WELL



Economical But Smart Delineations

6026. Metal brocade, figured silk, printed velvet or georgette may be used for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. To make with girdle with contrasting material will require $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 40 inches wide if pieced or made with a centre back seam, or $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 54 inches wide cut on a lengthwise fold without piecing. The width of the Dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6025. This is a splendid model for taffeta, velvet, crepe or crepe de chine. The Pattern provides an underbody for the blouse.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material. The underbody requires 1 yard of 32-inch lining. The width of the Dress at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6029. Checked woolen, printed velvet, crepe and linen are suitable for this style. The vestee and collar may be omitted.

This Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material together with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, vestee, cuffs, and for panel, if made as shown in the large view. If made without vestee and collar, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material will be required and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting material. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6024. Velvet, canton crepe, tweed or cashmere could be employed in the making of this pleasing model.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material together with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and belt. Also $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of lining 36 inches wide for the underbody. The width at the lower edge of the skirt with plaits extended is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6028. Metal brocade, taffeta or velvet could be used for this charming model.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the Dress for an 18-year size with collar will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material together with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and vestee. If made without collar $\frac{1}{4}$ yard less will be required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6036. Velveteen, wool crepe or plaid woolen could be used for this pleasing model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material, cut lengthwise, for facing on collar and cuffs.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6038. Wool crepe or wool georgette with facings of contrasting material would be suitable for this style.

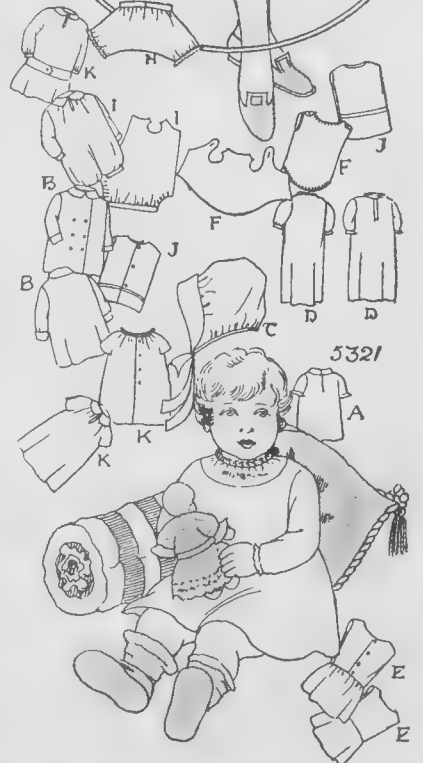
The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. To make the Dress for an 8-year size will require $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material together with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of contrasting material, cut lengthwise, for plait panels and facing on collar, cuffs, belt and pocket flaps.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6037. Plaid or checked gingham, rep, poplin, flannel or crepe may be used for the Dress, while crepe de chine, lawn or linen is nice for the guimpe.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8-year size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material for the Dress 36 inches wide, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 32 inches wide for the guimpe. If yoke facings are omitted as in the small front view, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard less material is required. To face belt with contrasting material, cut lengthwise, requires $\frac{1}{8}$ yard 36 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.



Everyday Togs for Jolly Juniors

6014. Challie and crepe de chine are here combined. This model is also nice in pongee, crepe de chine, as well as in cotton fabrics.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size will require 2½ yards of 27-inch material. To face trimming bands and cuffs with contrasting material will require ¼ yard 27 inches wide cut crosswise.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

5321. Now that short clothes are universally used for children of 6 months and over, it is interesting to have so complete and so simple a wardrobe as this model portrays.

The Pattern is cut in One Size. It requires of 36-inch material.

A Yoke Dress.....1¼ yard
B Coat.....1¾ yard
C Bonnet.....½ yard
D Nightdress.....1½ yard
E Petticoat.....¾ yard
with ruffle.....1 yard
F Feeding Apron.....⅝ yard
H Drawers.....⅝ yard
I Rompers.....1¼ yard
J Underwaist.....¾ yard
K Play Dress (or Rompers)....1¾ yard
Price 30c.

6040. Crepe de chine, chiffon and taffeta are attractive materials for this design. The upper flounce may be omitted.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6-year size will require 1¾ yard of 39-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6044. This design shows the Sailor Blouse with a shield that may be finished with the neckband, or cut low, as illustrated in the large view. Corduroy, velveteen, flannel, linen or Indian Head may be used for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size will require 2¾ yards of 36-inch material if made with the neckband. If the shield is cut low, as in the large view, ¼ yard less will be required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6042. Velvet, corduroy, mixtures or chinchilla would do nicely for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 1, 2 and 3 years. A 2-year size will require 1½ yard of 40-inch material. To trim collar and cuffs as illustrated will require 1¾ yard of fur banding.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

NOTICE

Any of these up-to-date patterns may be obtained for the small sum of 25 cents each from the Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg. When ordering do not forget the necessity of stating the size correct.

Voices

By Josephine A. Dempsey

*I think that little houses hide away
Within the cracks and crannies of
their walls,
Like treasures hoarded from a bygone
day,
The voices that have echoed through
their halls.*

*And when they're old, they take their
treasures out,
To hear again a mother's lullaby,
A lover's whispered vow, a laddie's
shout,
A girlish laugh, a new-born baby's
cry.*

*And so I love to find, as dusk arrives,
Old homes where little girls and boys
have dwelt—
That echoes of the sounds in other lives
May fill my heart with joy it never
felt.*



Mothers Tell Daughters— “Next Time—KOTEX”

All doctors recommend these safe, sanitary napkins

DO NOT be careless about your health. Guard it during the important periods. Use Kotex, as thousands of doctors everywhere advise.

Home-made pads are very dangerous. Many ills originate from them.

Kotex is scientifically correct. *Rounded corners assure comfort. Form-fitting, hence non-detectable. No irritation.*

Comes in germ-proof packages; deodorizes as it acts. No embarrassment from fear of odour.

Discard Kotex without embarrassment. A simple way to dispose of Kotex is given in the directions in each box.

All these conveniences, yet costs little more than dangerous, home-made pads.

Get Kotex at any drug, dry goods or departmental store, or mail coupon for free sample.

MADE IN CANADA

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins



Mail Coupon
Today

FREE Sample of **KOTEX**

Made in Canada
KOTEX COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.
330 Bay Street, Toronto 2, Ontario

You may send me sample of Kotex and book, "Personal Hygiene," in plain envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Prov.....

Winnipeg Women

Whose Work Shows Outstanding Features



By Mary Markwell

"There is no force extant (says Doré) that can restrain its expansion."

THAT this statement is being literally proved is undeniable. It is being equally proved by the Woman of the west. She is with us—she is ours, and I have spoken with her.

She stands in strong silhouette against age-old prejudices—prejudices of the past, a past that declared "Woman is a defect of Nature!" If so, then education, business, art, politics, and the public service must be full of brilliant "defects," for the woman of today is proving individuality. From an etching on the walls of the home, she has come to life, a substantial figure, in a world from which she was shut out too long.

In 1792 Mary Wollstonecraft spoke the first uttered word in defence of the co-education of men and women, saying: "Were women more rationally educated, they could take a more comprehensive view of things." And, given the chance, woman has proved it.

The Woman Builder

I FOUND the woman builder surrounded by material evidences of her most unusual calling. She was engaged at the moment in consultation with her architect, then directing the erection of an apartment block, costing one-hundred-and-seventy-five-thousand-dollars.

The lady, whose head was just beginning to show tints of life's autumn, had a mind within that head as active as if the springtime of life were hers still. It was her fourth venture in block

building and she "liked the work" just as much as she did when she began "building blocks" at four years of age. In fact she enjoyed it much more.

The woman builder wouldn't give an "interview." The building was standing there—it should speak for itself; but she had no objection to tell how it was she had come to take up so unlikely a work. It was the case of necessity. The kind of "necessity" that knows no law, for there were children to feed, to school, to cover. Then there were people who didn't build houses but wanted to live in them. When people want anything, it's a safe guess they are willing to pay for it; then, why not give it to them?

Practical, matter-of-fact, even philosophical reasoning! You could see a lot of that same practical thought in the foundation of the fine building going on, just at hand, and showing up sound and strong. Somehow, the building and the builder seemed akin.

While we talked my journalistic eye was seeking signs of the woman within the builder—for you can always tell whether the woman is part of her work or not by certain signs. The "signs" were right there in front of me. The table of the artistically furnished room was strewn with magazines. No, not fashion magazines. Not "Silly Stories." "WESTERN HOME MONTHLY" was there, as well as thumbed magazines whose titles ran, "Roof Tiling," "Architecture as a Business," "Foundations," "Sewers and Drainage," etc. They were the tools of

trade, so to say, and provided excellent food for mental diet.

We didn't talk "Architecture" altogether. I myself should have fallen down on most of the subjects the woman builder knew, and knew well. We discussed various topics, especially flowers and gardening, for the woman builder's recreation is flower-and-bulb growing.

Every evidence of her love for flowers was around me. The vases in the room held brilliant colorings, the lawn was a mass of bloom; the low hedge was clipped and the grass well tended, yet all around me went on—the sound of the hammer and saw. The setting for a woman builder was perfect. Afterwards I found the name of the woman builder in the telephone directory. It is set down "M. E. Orris."

I Find a Lady Designer

MY NEXT interview carried me into realms of art of an entirely different kind, for I discovered (busy at her unusual occupation) a lady designer. When I looked upon the childish face and childish figure of Miss Adele Scott, in a local diamond house, I was inclined to run away again. Surely this very young girl was not the actual designer of the very beautiful things displayed in the big windows on Portage Avenue?

"Oh, yes indeed!" the manager said, "Miss Scott does the work and she'll tell you all about it I feel sure." In the first place Miss Scott is tremendously in earnest with her work. When I asked "Are you a Canadian, Miss Scott?" she

answered at once: "Yes, I am a Winnipeg girl!" The Winnipeg girl had her head bent above a pretty bauble as she talked: "I attended the city public schools, where I got my first lessons on drawing. Afterwards I took a three years' course in the School of Art here; coming out expert in Commercial art." She looked up as she added, "it was my display card work that got me my first job; but I was obliged to go to the United States for post-graduate work in the finer designing line."

The pretty insignia designs we see used by the various societies, the trophies, the glittering joys that go to add happiness to this western land are designed, made and turned out at home by home talent! This was pointed out to me as I passed down the aisles; the manager had rejoined me to say: "Miss Scott is a very fine artist. No, we're not afraid we'll lose her, for, you see she had turned down more than one big offer to go to the United States. She won't go, though; says she 'likes the old flag too well!'"

It is just such fine loyalty as that that has made the Flag what it is, the emblem of our pride! Miss Adele Scott is thus a Flag Bearer!

From jewel designing to sculpture was but a mere step, and although I found the work, I did not find the worker. Mrs. Hillyard Taylor, Sculptress, was away in London, supervising the work of formation of an order, and she would not be back for some time.

Continued on page 70



The Canadian Breakfast

Robin Hood Rapid Oats is the genuine "PAN-DRIED" rapid cooking flake. It comes in a NON-PREMIUM package; also in a package marked CHINAWARE which contains a piece of high grade beautifully decorated china.

Why is Robin Hood Rapid Oats "The Canadian Breakfast"?

BECAUSE—

1. Everybody likes it.
2. It is easily and quickly prepared.
3. Children eat it without being coaxed.
4. It is nature's perfect food for old and young.
5. It creates body warmth for the man who works in the cold.
6. It supplies mental energy for the man who works in an office.
7. It sends children off to school rightly nourished with minds alert.
8. It makes the day's work easier for mother by shortening the time required to get breakfast.

Is it any wonder that the family shown here REALLY ENJOY their breakfast, usually the most trying meal of the day?

Then, too, in the packages of Robin Hood Rapid Oats marked "CHINAWARE" there are pieces of attractive high grade china like those you see on this breakfast table.

Every Flake "PAN-DRIED"

Rapid Oats holds its popularity with discriminating housewives because of its inimitable flavor brought out by the "PAN-DRIED" process—a scientific method developed by the great Robin Hood Mills Limited. There can be no better flavor put into porridge oats than the rich nut-like taste you get in Robin Hood Rapid Oats.

Be sure the Robin Hood Archer is on the package you buy. Serve this cereal regularly. Give your family the best—and soon you can collect a valuable assortment of attractive china from the packages marked "CHINAWARE." From now on "Start the Day" with Robin Hood Rapid Oats.

ROBIN HOOD MILLS LIMITED ~ MOOSE JAW ~ CALGARY ~ MONTREAL



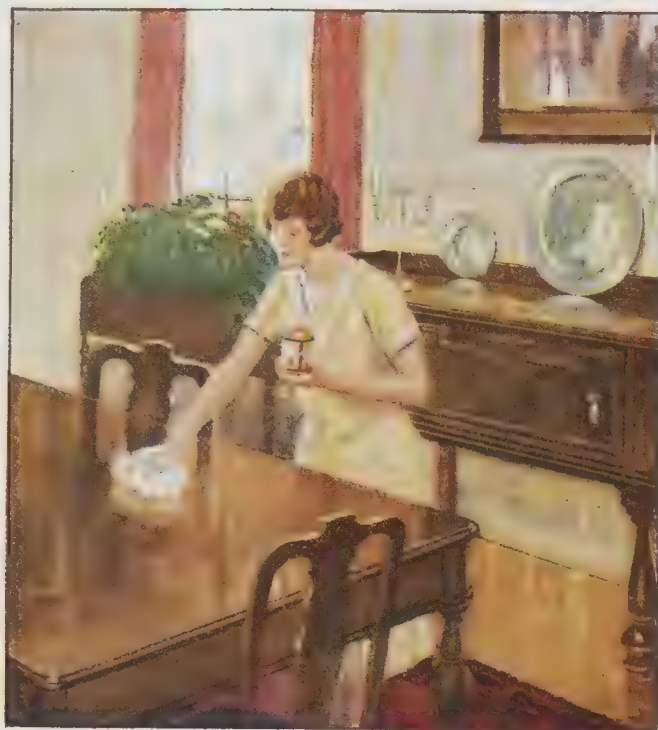
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Rapid Oats
 (PAN-DRIED)

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Eating to Grow Thin

LAST month we delved into the problem of how to grow slimmer without injury to health; and further to the facts then set forth we now give the following calorie values and recipes.

100 CALORIE PORTIONS

Buttermilk..... $1\frac{1}{8}$ c.
Chocolate..... $\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Cocoa..... $\frac{3}{5}$ c.
Lemonade..... $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Grape juice..... $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Orange juice..... $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Milk, whole..... $\frac{5}{8}$ c.
Milk, condensed, sweetened..... $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb.
Milk, condensed, unsweetened..... $3\frac{3}{4}$ tb.
Milk, skimmed..... $1\frac{1}{8}$ c.
Tea and coffee..... no calories
Fruit punches depend on the sugar used in them, with the fruit juices.

Baking powder biscuits..... 2 small 1.3 oz.
Boston brown bread..... Slice 3 in. in diam., $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick

Graham..... 3 slices $\frac{3}{8}$ x $2\frac{1}{2}$ x $3\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Corn bread (New England)..... piece $2\frac{1}{2}$ x 1 x 1 in. thick

White bread..... 2 slices 3 x $3\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Whole wheat..... 2 slices $2\frac{1}{2}$ x $3\frac{3}{4}$ x $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Corn cake..... Slice 2 x 2 x 1 in.

Crackers, Graham..... 3 crackers
Soda..... 4

Griddle cakes..... 1 cake $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diam. (Not including butter and syrup.)

Muffins, cornmeal..... $\frac{3}{4}$ muffin
Rolls, French..... 1 roll
French toast..... 1 slice 3 x 3 x 1 in.

Angel cake..... piece $1\frac{1}{4}$ x $2\frac{1}{2}$ x $2\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Apple-sauce cake..... piece $1\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$ x $3\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Chocolate loaf cake, piece $2\frac{1}{2}$ x $2\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{8}$ in.

Chocolate drop cookies, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cookies $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. in diam.
Doughnuts..... $\frac{1}{2}$

Fruit cake..... Piece $1\frac{1}{8}$ x $1\frac{1}{8}$ x $\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Ginger bread..... Piece 1 x 2 x 2 in.

Hermits..... $2\frac{1}{2}$ cookies 2 in. in diam.
Molasses cookies..... 3 cookies 2 in. in diam.

Oatmeal cookies..... $\frac{3}{4}$ cookie, 2 in. in diam.
One egg cake..... Piece $1\frac{3}{4}$ x $1\frac{3}{4}$ x $1\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Peanut cookies..... $1\frac{3}{4}$, 2 in. in diam.
Plain cookies..... 2, $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. in diam.

Chocolate fudge..... piece $1\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{3}{4}$, 2 x 1 in.
Milk chocolate..... piece $2\frac{1}{4}$ x 1 x $1\frac{1}{8}$ in.

Corn syrup..... $1\frac{3}{4}$ tb.
Honey..... 1 tb.

Preserves, jams, jellies..... 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb.
Maple syrup..... $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb.
Molasses..... $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb.

Maple sugar..... 4 t.
Granulated sugar..... 2 tb.
Brown sugar..... 2 tb.

White, powdered..... 2 tb.
Loaf, full sized lumps..... $3\frac{1}{2}$ lumps
Crystallized ginger..... 1 oz.

Cornflakes..... $1\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Cornmeal (Cooked)..... $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Farina (Cooked)..... $\frac{3}{4}$ c.

Grapenuts..... $\frac{3}{4}$ tb.
Macaroni (Cooked)..... 1 c.
Macaroni and cheese..... $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

100 CALORIE PORTION

Macaroni with tomato sauce..... 5 tb.
Oatmeal (Cooked)..... 1 c.
Puffed wheat..... $1\frac{2}{3}$ c.
Rice (Steamed)..... $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Rice with cheese and tomatoes..... $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Wheat flakes (Cooked)..... $\frac{2}{3}$ c.

Brazil nuts..... 2
Cocoanut..... $1\frac{1}{5}$ c.
Peanuts, single nuts..... 20 to 24
Peanut butter..... $2\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Walnuts..... 8 to 16
Plain pastry..... $\frac{1}{4}$ of a 9 in. single crust

100 CALORIE PORTION

Bananas, large..... 1
Cantaloupe..... 1, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diam.
Rhubarb, stewed..... $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Strawberries, fresh..... $1\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Watermelon, edible portion..... $11\frac{3}{4}$ ozs.
Beef, corned, most of fat removed—

slice $4\frac{1}{2}$ x $1\frac{1}{2}$ x $5\frac{1}{6}$ in.
Beef, lean rib roast..... slice 5 x $2\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Round steak, lean..... slice 4 x 3 x $1\frac{1}{8}$ in.
Sirloin..... 2 x $1\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Beef stew with vegetables..... $2\frac{1}{5}$ c.
Halibut steak, broiled..... 3 x $2\frac{1}{4}$ x 1 in.
Salmon, canned..... $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sardines, canned..... 3 to 6
Tuna, canned..... $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Frankfurters..... 1
Lamb, leg, roast..... $3\frac{1}{2}$ x $4\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{8}$ in.
Mutton, leg, roast..... 3 x $3\frac{3}{4}$ x $\frac{1}{8}$ in.
Bacon..... 4 to 5 small slices
Ham, boiled..... $4\frac{3}{4}$ x 4 x $\frac{1}{8}$ in.
Sausage..... $1\frac{2}{3}$ sausage
Sausage (after cooking)..... $3\frac{3}{4}$
Mayonnaise..... 1 tb.
Banana salad..... 1 small serving
Cheese and pineapple salad..... $\frac{1}{2}$ serving
Chicken salad..... 1 small serving
Cold slaw..... 1 c.
Egg salad..... $2\frac{1}{5}$ serving
Fruit salad..... $\frac{1}{4}$ c. fruit & $\frac{1}{2}$ tb. dressing
Potato salad..... $\frac{1}{2}$ serving
Sardine salad..... $\frac{1}{3}$ serving
Tomato and cucumber salad..... $\frac{3}{4}$ serving
Waldorf salad..... $2\frac{1}{5}$ serving
Brown sauce..... $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

White sauce..... $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Brown sugar sauce..... 5 cb.
Charlotte Russe filling..... 1, 6 c.
Cream filling..... $3\frac{1}{2}$ tb.
Hard sauce..... 1 tb.
Cream of Asparagus, Baked
Bean, Celery, Corn, Oyster
Stew, Potato, Spinach
Soups..... $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Bouillon..... 4 c.
Green pea soup..... $\frac{2}{3}$ c.
Peanut butter soup..... $\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Split pea soup..... $3\frac{1}{5}$ c.
Clear tomato soup..... 1 c.
Cream of tomato soup..... $\frac{3}{8}$ c.
Asparagus..... 20, 8 in. stalks
Baked beans, canned..... $\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Beans, fresh limas..... $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Beets..... $1\frac{1}{3}$ c., sliced
Cabbage, shredded..... 5 c.
Carrots..... 4 to 5, 3-4 in.
Cauliflower..... 1 small head
Celery..... 4 c. $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. pieces

Cucumbers..... $2\frac{1}{2}$, 7 in. long
Lettuce..... 2 large heads
Mushrooms..... 22, 1-in. in diam.
Onions, raw..... 3 to 4, medium
Parsnips, boiled..... 7 pieces, $3\frac{1}{2}$ x $1\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Peas, green, shelled..... $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Peas, canned..... $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Potatoes—

Sweet, baked..... $\frac{1}{2}$, medium
White, baked..... 1, medium
White, boiled..... 1, medium
White, chips..... 8 to 10 chips
White, creamed..... $2\frac{1}{5}$ c.
White, mashed..... $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
White, scalloped..... $\frac{5}{8}$ c.

Continued on page 66



Select fresh fruit salads for dessert if you would keep a slender silhouette



The much abused potato is not nearly so fattening as bread

Wheat, shredded..... 1 biscuit
Apple snow..... $4\frac{4}{5}$ c.
Date pudding..... slice $\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Bacon fat..... 1 tb.
Beef drippings..... 1 tboz.
Butter..... 1 t. b., $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Cheese, Cheddar..... $1\frac{1}{8}$ in. cube
Chicken, roast..... slice 4 x $2\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Chicken or turkey stuffing..... 1/6 c.
Clams..... 12
Lobster, canned..... $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Oysters..... $\frac{2}{3}$ c, solid
Shrimp..... $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Veal cutlets, breaded..... $\frac{2}{3}$ serving, 2 oz.
Veal, leg roast..... 2 x $2\frac{3}{4}$ x $\frac{1}{8}$ in.
Almonds..... 12 to 15

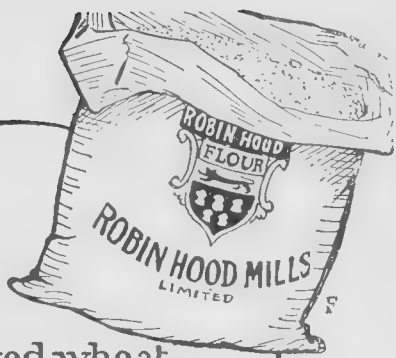
Boiled salad dressing..... $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
French dressing..... $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb.
Cheese, cottage..... $5\frac{1}{2}$ tb.
Full cream..... piece 2 x 1 x $\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Olive oil..... 1 tb.
Lard..... 1 tb.
Eggs, raw..... $1\frac{1}{3}$
Eggs, Scrambled..... $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Egg Whites..... 7
Egg Yolks..... 2
Cheese souffle..... $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Cheese straws..... $2\frac{2}{3}$ straws, 5 x $\frac{3}{8}$ x $\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Welsh rarebit..... $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb. on $\frac{1}{2}$ slice toast
Apple baked with 2 in. whipped cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ serving.
Apricots, dried..... 9 halves

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BECAUSE a little mustard adds tang and charm to almost any chafing-dish specialty, supper-party hostesses use it constantly. Next time you make a welsh rarebit or other late supper dish — remember the mustard!

WELSH RAREBIT

1 pound soft cheese, 2 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Keen's Mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful milk, 1 tablespoon Worcester Sauce. Cook the cheese in a chafing dish; melt the butter before adding; put in the other ingredients, the milk last. When smooth and creamy serve on hot crackers or toasted bread.

KEEN'S MUSTARD

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"The goodness of prime beef"

88



Continued from page 65

Radishes, red button, 3 doz.
Spinach, boiled, chopped, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Tomatoes, canned, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ c. $\frac{3}{8}$
Tomatoes, fresh, 2 to 3 medium
Turnips, 2 c. $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. cubes when raw
Malted milk, dry, 5 tb

Chocolate
Milk, 1 c. Sugar, 1 tb.
Chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ sq. Amount—1 c.

Cocoa
Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Cocoa, 2 t. Sugar, 2 t.
Amount—1 c.

Lemonade
Water, 1 c. Sugar, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tb.
Lemon juice, 2 tb. Amount—1 $\frac{1}{4}$ c.

Boston Brown Bread
Rye meal, 1 c. Corn meal, 1 c
Graham flour, 1 c. Soda, $\frac{3}{4}$ tb
Salt, 1 t. Molasses, $\frac{3}{4}$ c
Sour Milk, 2 c
Amount—4 loaves 3 in. in diameter
4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. high.

Griddle Cakes
Flour, 2 c. Melted butter, 1 tb.
Sour milk, 2 c. Sugar, 1 tb.
Egg, 1 Soda, 1 t
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t
Amount—14 cakes 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter.

New England Corn Bread
Corn meal, 2 c. Flour, 1 c
Suet, $\frac{2}{3}$ c. Molasses, $\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Amount—1 loaf 1 x 6 x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Corn Cake
Corn meal, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Flour, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Baking powder, 5 t.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Milk, 1 c.
Egg, 1 Butter, 2 tb.
Amount—1 loaf 6 x 10 x 1 in.

Twin Mountain Muffins
Butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Egg, 1 Milk, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Flour, 2 c. Baking powder, 4 t.
Amount—10 muffins.

Angel Cake
Sugar, 1 c. Flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Egg whites, 8 Vanilla, 1 t.
Cream of tartar, 1 t
Amount—Loaf 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Apple Sauce Cake
Sugar, 1 c. Butter, 2 tb.
Apple sauce, 1 c. Flour, 2 c.
Soda, 1 t. Raisins, $\frac{2}{3}$ c.
Spice
Amount—Loaf 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 8 x 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Chocolate Cake
Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Sugar, 1 c.
Eggs, 2 Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Chocolate, 2 sqs. Flour, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Baking powder, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Amount—Loaf 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Cream Puff Shells
Flour, 1 c. Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Eggs, 4 Water, 1 c.
Amount—20 Puffs.

Ginger Bread
Molasses, 1 c. Water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Flour, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Soda, 1 t.
Ginger, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Melted butter, 4 tb.
Amount—Loaf 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 9 x 1 in.

Hermits
Butter, $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Sugar, $\frac{2}{3}$ c.
Egg, 1 Milk, 2 tb.

Molasses Cookies
Molasses, 1 c. Lard, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Ginger, 1 tb.
Soda, 1 tb. Milk, 2 tb.
Flour, 2 c.
Amount—73 Cookies 2 in. in diam.

Oatmeal Cookies
Egg, 1 Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Skim milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Oatmeal, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Flour, 2 c. Crisco, 2 tb.
Raisins, 1 c. Peanuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Baking powder, 2 t. Salt, 1 t.
Amount—20 Cookies 3 in. in diam.

One Egg Cake
Butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Egg, 1 Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Flour, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c
Baking powder, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ t
Amount—Loaf 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Plain Cookies
Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Sugar, 1 c.
Egg, 1 Milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Baking powder, 2 t. Flour, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Amount—60 Cookies 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in diam.

Sponge Cake
Eggs, 6 Sugar, 1 c.
Flour, 1 c. Lemon juice, 1 tb.
Rind of lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Amount—Loaf 10 x 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Peanut Cookies
Butter, 2 tb. Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Egg, 1 Flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Milk, 2 tb. Salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ t.
Baking powder, 1 t. Lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Chopped peanuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ c
Amount—18 Cookies 2 in. in diam

Rice with Cheese and Tomatoes
Rice (uncooked), 1 c.
Cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb
Canned tomatoes, 1 pint
Amount—4 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups.

Apple Snow
Egg whites, 3 Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Steamed apple pulp, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Amount 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups.

Date Pudding
Dates, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Flour, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Drippings, $\frac{3}{8}$ c.
Cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Amount—Loaf 4 in. in diam., 6 in. high.

White Mountain Frosting
Sugar, 1 c. Egg white, 1
Water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c
Amount—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups.

Chocolate Fudge
Sugar, 2 c. Milk, $\frac{2}{3}$ c.
Butter, 1 tb. Chocolate, 2 sq.
Vanilla, 1 t.
Amount—Sheet 6 x 4 x 1 in.

Chocolate Nut Caramels
Cream, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Sugar, 2 c.
Corn syrup, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Chocolate, 2 sq.
Walnut meats, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Condensed milk, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Amount—Sheet 8 x 4 x 1 in.

Cocoanut Caramels
Cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Maple syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar, 2 c. Corn syrup, $\frac{2}{3}$ c.
Cocoanut, 1 c.
Condensed milk, 1 c.
Amount—Sheet 8 x 4 x 1 in

Penouche
Brown sugar, 1 c. Milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Walnuts, 6 Butter, 1 t.
Vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Amount—Sheet 3 x 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 1 in.

Prune Whip
Prunes, $\frac{1}{3}$ lb. Egg whites, 5
Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Amount—3 $\frac{1}{3}$ cups.

Raspberry Sherbet
Raspberries, 1 qt. Sugar, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Water, 1 c. Egg white, 1
Lemon juice, 2 tb.
Amount—3 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups.

Spanish Cream
Gelatin, 1 tb. Milk, 2 c.
Eggs, 2 Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Tapioca Cream
Milk, 2 c. Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Tapioca, 3 tb. Egg, 1
Vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Amount—3 cups.

Cheese Souffle
Butter, 2 tb. Flour, 3 tb.
Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Seasonings
Amount—3 cups.

Cheese Straws

Butter, 1 tb. Flour, $\frac{2}{3}$ c.
Bread crumbs, 1 c. Milk, 2 tb.
Grated cheese, 1 c. Seasonings
Amount—28 Straws 5 x $\frac{3}{8}$ x $\frac{3}{8}$ in.

Welsh Rarebit

Milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Grated cheese, 1 c.
Egg, 1 Butter, 2 t.
Slices of toast, 4 Seasonings
Amount—1 cup rarebit and toast.

Beef Loaf

Lean beef, 2 lbs. Egg, 1
Melted butter, 2 tb. Seasonings
Amount—Loaf $2\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 x 6 in.

Poultry Stuffing

Soft bread crumbs, 2 c.
Melted butter, 2 tb. Milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ c
Seasonings
Amount—1 cup.

Salmon Loaf

Salmon, 1 c. Egg, 1
Butter, 1 t. Seasonings
Bread crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Amount— $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups.

Nut Loaf

Butter, 1 tb. Lemon, 2 tb.
Grated cheese, 1 c. Salt and pepper
Chopped walnut meats, 1 c.

Dry bread crumbs, 1 c.
Chopped onion, 2 tb.
Amount—Loaf 3 x 4 x $1\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Plain Pastry

Flour, $1\frac{1}{4}$ c. Lard, 3 tb.
Butter, 3 tb. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Water
Amount—Three 9-in. Crusts.

Brown Sauce

Butter, 2 tb. Onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ slice
Flour, 3 tb. Brown stock, 1 c.
Seasonings
Amount— $1\frac{1}{6}$ cup.

White Sauce

Milk, 1 c. Flour, 2 tb.
Butter, 2 tb. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Amount—1 cup.

Cream Filling

Sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Eggs, 2 Milk, 2 c.
Vanilla, 1 t.
Amount— $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups.

Hard Sauce

Butter, $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Vanilla, $\frac{2}{3}$ t.
Powdered sugar, $\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Lemon extract, $\frac{1}{3}$ t.
Amount— $\frac{3}{4}$ cup.

Varying the Breakfast Menu

By Phoebe Cole

WE heard a woman confess one time that she had given her husband the identical breakfast every morning since she had started housekeeping nine years before. Some months later we heard that the husband had died. It was generally considered that he was a victim of the flu, but we always had a sneaking suspicion that he just gave up the ghost in sheer discouragement for those monotonous breakfasts.

Variety is indeed the spice of life, and is there any time in the whole long day when one needs a little spice more than in the morning, whether the morning is a snappy cold one, when it is hard to get up, a delightful spring one, when it is hard to think about work, or a sticky hot one, when it is hard to confront a day at all? So the good housewife who wants to send her family forth one hundred per cent efficient for the day's work or pleasure, will try to get as much variety as possible into her breakfast menu.

Variety is not expensive; it costs thought only. The table should look as attractive as possible when the family first gathers there because daintiness and appeal can do much more in the morning when many people feel so apathetic about food. Spotless runners or doilies, attractive china, a blossom or two in the center of the table, or perhaps a pot of ferns, and some appetizing fruit or fruit juice make an instant appeal. But do not have the same fruit every morning. Have orange juice one morning, grapefruit another, and then, instead of switching back to orange juice, serve sliced oranges for a change.

Also it is no more expensive to have five or six different kinds of cereals in the house at one time, and alternate them, than to have one kind only and use up the entire box before indulging in another variety.

Toast is generally used on the breakfast table, but even toast gets monotonous. Try having corn muffins once in a while, or waffles. If toast is preferred, vary the manner of preparing it; French Toast makes an excellent breakfast dish, cinnamon and powdered sugar sprinkled over the hot buttered toast is delicious, and toast strips of bread, piled log cabin fashion are pleasing to the eye beside making a slight change from the regular slices.

THE CHILD WHO ISN'T HUNGRY

Happy is the mother who has never struggled to interest that most difficult of all mortals to please, the child who isn't hungry. Lots of children who apparently are quite well and sound have a most indifferent appetite, especially at this time of year, when months of school-room confinement have sapped their vitality and left them tired and frequently irritable, peevishly declining food. Of course no child can thrive on insufficient nourishment, so the wise mother will

curb her impatience with the child's whims, and make every effort to cater especially to the youngster. Often just the psychological effect of some specially prepared dish will flatter the young person into partaking of it heartily.

Milk, fruit, fresh green vegetables, generous portions of cereal, butter, and several eggs per week are absolutely necessary to the child's growth; meat is optional, if eggs are used. Many healthy children never have meat at all, and if the diet is carefully balanced in other ways, they never need it. But the first named foods must be eaten daily, some of each for a balanced diet.

Don't let the child who is not hungry go to school without some breakfast, as he will undoubtedly get faint and feel ill by ten o'clock if he starts off with an empty stomach. Coax a bit, and think up something unusual.

Most children prefer fresh fruits to the wholesome stewed fruits that are so excellent for them. Of raw fruits, oranges are most easily digested and most valuable for their vitamine content and mineral salts. Just now the navel oranges are at their finest, and most youngsters can be tempted to break their night's fast if they are greeted on sitting down to the table with a plateful of firm golden orange sections freed from all white membrane. Of course it takes some time to peel an orange and separate it into sections, and the busy mother may have to save time and simply squeeze the juice of one or two oranges into a glass for the child to drink. A raw egg beaten and added to the juice is very nourishing and easily digested.

Of course a good cooked cereal should be the basis of the child's breakfast, but children get unmercifully tired of cereal and milk. Sometimes a little sugar and a few drops of vanilla added to the milk will be a welcome change. Sometimes a spoonful of hard sauce served with the dish of boiled rice or oatmeal or other cereal will glorify it. To make,

Hard Sauce

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup Butter
1 cup Powdered Sugar
1 tablespoon Orange Juice
1 teaspoon Lemon Juice

Work the butter until creamy, add sugar, cream thoroughly, add fruit juices slowly, drop by drop. A richer sauce may be made by creaming a well-beaten egg into the sugar and butter, before the flavoring is added. Since butter, sugar, eggs and fruit juices are all on the list of diet necessities, this sauce will be seen to be a real food, not a mere "trimming." Any normal child can digest a discreet portion of it, spread over the hot cereal. A glass of milk should be served with the food.

Bread and butter is always valuable in the child's diet, and sometimes a tepid

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THE TEAPOT BUDDHA

With the mysterious charm of the East, the exquisite flavour of "SALADA" Tea, Orange Pekoe Blend, creeps into the affections and completely delights the senses and the palate. Its rare excellence brings daily pleasure to millions. And this wonderful tea, "SALADA" Orange Pekoe Blend, may be purchased now at nearly every good store for 43c. per half-pound.



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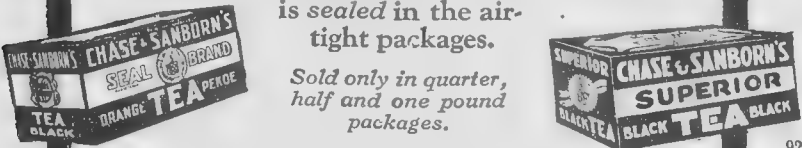
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Sold only in quarter, half and one pound packages.



92



Continued from page 66

appetite can be coaxed with French toast, cinnamon toast, or orange toast. To make:

Mix the juice of an orange with enough confectioners' sugar to form a paste. Spread this on hot buttered toast. The toast may be placed in oven or under broiler for a minute to brown after fruit paste is spread if desired. Children love this kind of toast, which may be served instead of cereal once in a while, as several slices will surely be eaten and

sufficient nourishment, with a glass of milk, thus taken for that meal.

Junket and gelatine are often as welcome at breakfast as at any other meal, and the former, especially is a good way of getting the child to take part of the daily milk ration.

Don't encourage the eating of candy, peanuts and chocolate bars but provide plenty of oranges and apples for the after-school snack.

Oriental in Canada

Continued from page 46

Chinese Exclusion Act was passed barring them effectually from admittance to the country excepting for student and other specified purposes. Following this drastic legislation the Province of British Columbia two years ago enacted a Minimum Wage Act which aimed at the immediate reduction in, and final exclusion from, the several classes of employment in which they came into most direct competition with white labor. The Exclusion Act has put a crimp into the influx, but the Minimum Wage Act still is in the experimental stages.

Chinese merchandising, originally inaugurated to supply the Orientals with foodstuffs and other importations from their own country, developed into something resembling competitive proportions for a time, but has fallen far behind in the race with Occidental methods. It had promised a decade ago of becoming important as an export business but the disturbed conditions in China have exploded that ambition, temporarily at least.

The case of the Japanese is one entirely different. No actual invasion of these extremely wily and wiry subjects of the Mikado began until 1905, but from its inception it was so strenuous and threatening that it had to be met and dealt with. As an Anglo-Japanese treaty was in force it was impossible for Canada to deal with the situation in the same manner as had been done in the case of Chinese. Consequently a commission was sent to Japan in 1898 and the British Columbia (Canadian) viewpoint impressed upon the Japanese government. The conference resulted in the negotiation of what has been called a "Gentleman's Agreement," under the terms of which Japan undertook to restrict emigration of her nationals to Canada to the number of 444 per annum. Since 1908 the full quota of Japanese has arrived in Canada each year, and sometimes more. The problem of how to prevent an excess immigration seemed incapable of solution while the Anglo-Japanese treaty continued in force; but since Canada has her immigration in her own hands the Japanese have been more careful.

Japanese are as different from Chinese in their adjustment to Canadian circumstances and conditions as it is possible to imagine. Though they take out citizenship papers they never become Canadian citizens. They remain Japanese nationals unequivocally to the end. Rarely does a Japanese accept employment from a white man. Certain strategic positions, yes! Such, for instance, as butler in a wealthy home, as elevator pilots in large hotels, as red-caps at railway depots and in other positions where they can keep an eye on things and peer into everything that is going on. Not many years ago I stepped into an elevator in a Vancouver hotel. The attendant, a Japanese, was absent for the moment. On his chair lay a small volume which I

found on examination to be an English-Japanese dictionary or book of translations. Sentences and phrases were printed first in English and then in Japanese. One of these exercises read:

"Do not despise these hard lessons as the time is coming when all knowledge acquired will prove useful."

What a wealth of suggestion in this, and other similar significant phraseology!

Japanese engage in industrial enterprises for themselves and on their own account. They own and operate shingle mills, sending their own loggers into the woods to take out raw timber. They operate fishery concerns, harvesting and pickling or canning their catches themselves, though they also contract to fish for White canneries. They acquire large tracts of land adapted to fruit culture, crowding their White neighbors as soon as they obtain an unmistakable foothold. They milk the land—just as they did in California—until it no longer is productive, when they move on to fresh and virgin soil. They co-operate with White shippers only so long as this is to their advantage. Just as soon as their production enables them to ship independently they do so, and in competition with their white neighbors.

CHINESE, on the other hand, are much more communicative. When they have sufficient acquaintance to regard one as trustworthy they become confidential without hesitation. Particularly is this the case with Canadian-born Chinese, and more especially those who have grown to adult years. Having nothing to hide, they talk freely and afford an interesting study in the reactions of our civilization upon their own and upon themselves.

Having no designs upon us other than the peaceful penetration which they have exercised for half a century, they accept philosophically—as they do everything else—the Exclusion Act and await patiently the turn of the fortune wheel of international affairs which they fondly hope will open again our doors to their working classes. Their interest, too, in the course of events in the modern development of China far exceeds that of any European, and their knowledge of what is transpiring in the Celestial Republic far transcends that of the best informed Whites.

Going directly to the root of the matter of the Chinese revolution one of the best informed of the local Chinese said to me recently: "Chinese people want to be more better. They learn about American big country. Much progress, much money, much work for everybody, much railways, ships, automobile, everything. Chinese want be like that. No like stop far behind." Probably this is put as tersely as any Occidental could put it insofar as these sentiments have permeated the native Chinese imagination.



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

LOCAL Chinese affirm that \$2,000,000 of Bolshevik money has been disbursed in China to stir up popular feeling against foreigners, especially the British. Bolshevik propaganda has overshadowed every other agency in the quality and intensity of anti-British feeling.

Chinese, however, are beginning to suspect the ostensibly disinterested purposes of these intriguers and only last week a reliable merchant in Victoria received a letter from home advising him that 70 Bolsheviks had been shot in his native town and 700 others similarly executed in an interior city not far away. These executions were not heralded to the world in the European press.

Politically, the Chinese in British Columbia are divided into two parties. Most numerous in their adherence are the members of the Chinese National Reform Association, fully sixty per cent of local Chinese having espoused the republican cause. The older organization—that of Chinese Free Masons—holds with the Imperialists and hopes for the failure of the revolution. Both organizations send home money to support their respective alliances, though, singularly enough, these opposing factions are no more at war with each other here than is common among white peoples resulting from their affiliation with any of the great political parties. There is striking resemblance between the Chinese rites in Free Masonry and those of Occidental Free Masons. A well advanced Occidental Mason can visit any Chinese Masonic Temple and from among the symbols displayed can pick up considerable that he understands. The slogan of the Nationalist Association is "Dare to Die," and certain of its degrees are based on the candidate's willingness to swear his readiness in any lethal cause he may be ordered to undertake. When, however, he is not prepared to take these obligations he can obtain minor degrees by the payment of fixed sums of money. Contrary to much popular belief no serious conflicts arise out of the opposing objects of these two societies and no social discrimination is enforced against members of either society by members of the other. Both are benevolent societies first and political organizations afterward.

Tong wars are quite another matter. These most nearly resemble the historic clan wars of European and American civilization. Canada knows little of them but they have a place in American-Chinese history. These blood feuds may have had their origin in China, but they are carried across the Pacific and retributive justice is as inexorable among them as in a Sicilian vendetta or the camorra of the Italians.

RELIGIOUSLY the Chinese in Canada have but three classifications; they are Confucians, Christians or Buddhists, numerically reckoned in the order named. In Victoria there are probably 3,500 Confucians, 500 Christians and 50 Buddhists. Chinese are careful to explain that Confucianism is not a religion; it is a philosophy, but, like all philosophies, claims its moral implications. Thus, evil will be punished both here and hereafter, while virtue is its own reward. Followers of Confucius worship, though not in assemblies or congregations. Their worship is individual and the function or practice of prayer or petition to deities does not obtain. All Chinese believe that every man makes his own god. That is to say, the conception of deity possessed by any man is limited or enlarged by his own capability for such conception and circumscribed only by his education or intelligence. Thus, no two conceive the same deity and consequently mass or congregational worship is impossible. No ritual obtains among Confucians though Buddhists

have elaborate ceremonials. Many adherents of the Christian faith continue their study of Buddhism as they regard some of its moral maxims much more practicable than the Christian code. The Christian dogma of atonement the Chinese do not profess to understand, and in this probably are as honest as many Occidental Christians.

Sectarianism, or the relative value of conflicting dogmas does not influence the Chinese mentality. In one Victoria Chinese family the wife and her mother are disciples of Confucius, the father and one child are Methodists, one daughter an Anglican and two sons Presbyterians. They never argue over these divergencies and appear to preserve the maximum of domestic felicity. I am informed that similar conditions obtain among the families of many other Chinese throughout the province.

Traditional distinctions between the aristocracy and the "common" people have gone down before American iconoclasm. It was explained to me that the only aristocracy now obtaining among the Chinese in this country is the aristocracy of wealth. One may be a plutocrat today with all the adulation and obsequiousness that money commands, and tomorrow he may be a pauper with all the contempt and contumely which his reversed condition inspires. Such social distinctions as obtain are determined altogether by the amount of fortune at one's command. How quickly have these innocuous aliens caught the spirit of American democracy!

Most of all, one is astonished to learn that Chinese born in Canada are treated by their fellow-countrymen in China as aliens. Canadian citizen Chinese who visit China are regarded as foreigners even by their relatives, and are excluded from strictly Chinese festivities. Thus obstinately do national distinctions override racial ties in the minds of Chinese. Few Canadian-born Chinese have any longing, partly, perhaps on this account, to remove to China with a view to permanent residence in that country.

The naïvete of these curious people can be illustrated as well by a placard in a Chinese store window in Victoria, as by any other kind of illustration. Halloween is approaching. The placard reads:

HELLO WIND! Biff! Biff! Bang! Boom! Fire Clacker Make Heap Good Fun. Sell um Here. Sellum him Father—Maybe Mother. No Sellum Kid. Come In—Buy!

Man and Nature

(From the London Observer)

The chatter of the people on one side
And, on the other, laughter of the loon.

Small acrimonies, bridge and politics
Fronting the silver silence of the moon.

Novels for feeble-minded to discuss
(And find a message in!); and there,
Outside, these little dolphins of the wind

The swallows, weaving freedom through
the air.

The tolerant trees; the heedless, rocky
crests;

Aurora flaming in the northern sky;
She said that he said and I said to
her—

And then they die.

—Frederick Niven.

Maple Apples

Apples baked in maple syrup with a piece of butter in the center will be a rich, satisfying dessert for dinner.

Straight Shoe Tongues

To keep the tongues in children's shoes from sliding to one side, cut two little slits near the top of each tongue, then just before tying slip one string through the slits.



The Way to Health through OGILVIE OATS

Keep the health of your boys and girls well and have the safety margin. Give them wholesome Ogilvie Oats every morning. This delicious breakfast food supplies growing bodies with abundant energy to ward off ailments. Order Ogilvie Oats from your dealer today.

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BEST FOR CHILDREN

Mothers know that milk is one of the best foods for children. But not every mother realizes that an important reason for its supremacy as food—is the fact that it is Nature's perfect emulsion.

Nature certainly made no mistake in providing milk. And likewise no mistake has been made in providing emulsified cod-liver oil in the form of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

It enables the weakened, malnourished child to absorb and utilize cod-liver oil, with its wealth of vitamins, as easily as it can assimilate milk.

Scott's Emulsion is so pleasantly flavored and so easily assimilated that children soon acquire a fondness for it.

Give it three times daily as an added ration to your child's diet.



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27-42



Blonde Hair Must Have Special Care to Keep it Golden Always

HOW quickly blonde hair turns dull and muddy looking, unless given special care! That's why wise blondes everywhere now use Blondex—the exclusive new light hair shampoo. Prevents darkening. Quickly brings back true, original color and golden gleam to even the duldest and most faded hair. No dyes. No harsh chemicals. Benefits scalp. Over a million users. At all good drug and department stores.



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Also a free trial of Rheum-Alterative. Drafts are worn on the feet but are used for the pain of rheumatism in muscles and joints by their counter-irritant influence through the great foot pores. Thousands have written us about their recovery. Send name today and give the Drafts a trial. If satisfied with the benefit send us one dollar. If not, keep your money. You decide. A splendid new booklet on Rheumatism, illustrated with plates, comes with the Drafts. Write today. Send no money. Frederick Dyer Co., Suite 692 Dyer Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

When writing advertisers please mention
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Winnipeg Women Whose Work Shows Outstanding Features

Continued from page 62

However, the lady—who is a Parisian by birth, but Canadian by the adoption of a Canadian soldier husband—had left behind her tangible proofs of her citizenship. She had seen erected in Old Kildonan her fine "Peguis," the historic Indian Chief who stood by the white settlers in rebellion times. She had also placed the very fine and telling figure you see pedestalled on the corner of Broadway and Osborne streets of this city. That extraordinary life-like form, breathing action, life, makes one ask: "Did the designer see that soldier in actuality?" Surely so. It breathes, it lives!

A Lady Coal-Company Manager

THE sign on the door wears a masculine line air, but the trailing abbreviation "Ltd." acts as a sort of shock-absorber, for you find behind the sign, a quite young girl seated at a desk, surrounded by a fortification of files, coal samples, etc., while directing the distribution—in wholesale lots of that most necessary commodity—coal.

The "shock" comes when you find that Miss Eva Powley fills the quadruple office of secretary, treasurer, director and shareholder of the company she represents. "High grade coal, steam variety, dug from western coal-fields," the lady informs you in a perfectly fascinating, confidential way. She is prepared to be questioned about prices of coal; but when it comes down to questions concerning her personal interests in the business the young lady becomes the questioner. She is very busy. You can see that. She is opening a stack of letters—she is answering telephone calls—she is making notes as she talks—she is ignoring the scribe: "Yes, Blank Coal Company speaking. What's that? (she is making notes as she talks) "Yes, yes. Car number 946704—car number 2036789—car number so-and-so?" Handling cars of coal with a dexterity and speed that makes one gasp. The lady wasn't apologetic about interruptions.

There wasn't a little of femininity in her attitude towards the caller, or the Coal Company's work which went on the while. The telephone was more insistent than the caller—than the telegraph boy, just arrived, and (incidentally his cap stuck tight to his skull) while Miss Powley undertook the interview, the transfer of coal cars, signing a stack of letters handed by a secretary, with the same poise, the same calm, the same delightful manner the lady might direct an afternoon tea!

Here was a "bit of a girl" actually dealing with great railway corporations—supplying thousands of tons of coal, with the *savoir faire* she might preside over the tea-table aforesaid, only the question, "Two lumps?" would refer to lumps of coal-black-coal!

Here indeed was the modern woman. Suddenly my grandmother popped into mind. What would she say to see "a woman so out of her place?" She who so demurely consulted "Cornelius, my dear, shall I card the wool of yesterday's shearing? or set the ash-bar'l for soap-making, today?" I think it must have been the three frilled cap, or the seven quilted petticoats she wore, that kept my grandmother in subservience away back in the early forties!

A Commercial and Agricultural Editor
PREFIX the above with the word "woman" and you meet (so far as is known) the first woman to occupy this dual position on any Newspaper in Canada or the United States! Miss E. Cora Hind, of this city, occupies this unusual post in an unusual way: How did she reach the heights in ink circles? By the only road that leads to success, namely, the hard-work highway. Miss Hind began reporting farm conventions away back in 1890, and she found the subject a fascinating one, seeing in farm work and farm life the great drama of the west.

Miss Hind gave to farming in western Canada its first dignity as a home calling: she developed a farm-market page in her paper. This farm-page was

accepted by the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, and its editor made reporter. In 1904, when, for the first time in its history, the prairie west wheat crop was attacked by stem-rust, Miss Hind was sent out to examine the fields, and make an estimate, so as to (if possible) offset the gloomy predictions of loss. The "predictions were made by grain experts of the South. Miss Hind's estimate, twenty million bushels higher than that made by the experts, proved to be within half a million bushels of the actual crop figures. Since then she has made (with two single exceptions) the estimate of the western wheat crop.

Where did Miss Hind obtain her "degrees" as expert. In the best possible school: on an Ontario farm, where diversified farming in stock and grains is keen. Miss Hind was for years secretary of the Manitoba Dairy Association. The estimates of the western grain crop each season have proved accurate enough for the Canadian Press and Cable companies to keep Great Britain and Washington informed. The information being gained by a personal inspection by train, motor, and the old reliable horse "Dobbin"; thousands of miles being covered in all kinds of weather, and the gathering of facts (samples) at first hand. The day I interviewed Miss Hind she had completed four thousand and two hundred miles to secure information concerning the crop of 1927. In recognition of her agricultural work, Miss Hind holds an honorary diploma, granted by the Agricultural College of Manitoba; and last June she was made a member (honorary) of the "Canadian Society of Technical Agriculturists."

Mother of the Soldier Sons

SO MIGHT we call Mrs. S. E. Gee, whose official position is "Home Branch Supervisor, Land Settlement Board (Branch) Dept. of Immigration, Dominion Government in Province of Manitoba."

This means that this one woman jaunts throughout the province in her little mud-bespattered car, to visit three thousand five hundred Soldier Settlement farms in Manitoba! Do you wonder that I never found Mrs. Gee at home in any of my numerous calls?

Mrs. Gee's work is to give counsel, advice, and the cheering word to the women "holding down" claims infringing settlements in Manitoba. This wonderful woman has taken the post-graduate course in the school of experience in farm life. She was a farmer on her own behalf and she had proved her ability well to undertake this tremendous responsibility, which presents many problems indeed.

Mrs. Gee is also president of the woman's section of the Canadian Council of Agriculture, as she is also president of "The United Farm Women of Manitoba." Her work calls for her in advisory capacity to both men and women. It may be butter-making one day—the next something relating to children and the home. Anon it is the care of live stock; it may be some other phase of farm-study; but whatever it is she is the "Lady of the Lamp," for wherever she goes, darkness dissolves and she throws light upon the darkest hour!

Social Welfare Commission

IT IS a woman heads this organization for the amelioration of the human hurts that beset a cities down-and-outs. We wonder why, in a new land there should be stricken spots where, at times, are shown human despair that no pen can portray?

To Miss Gertrude Childs has been entrusted this high office of discriminating between the just and the unjust cause. A half hour's talk with Miss Childs shows the intuitive, the philosophical and indeed sympathetic mind, able to gauge alike human weakness and human wickedness, for there are depths to sound by this well balanced mind.

"You mustn't ask any questions!" Miss Childs said. "Our work is confidential."

Continued on page 71

The BABY



No mother in this enlightened age would give her baby something she did not know was perfectly harmless, especially when a few drops of plain Castoria will right a baby's stomach and end almost any little ill. Fretfulness and fever, too; it seems no time until everything is serene.

That's the beauty of Castoria; its gentle influence seems just what is needed. It does all that castor oil might accomplish, without shock to the system. Without the evil taste. It's delicious! Being purely vegetable, you can give it as often as there's a sign of colic; constipation; diarrhea; or need to aid sound, natural sleep.

Just one warning: it is genuine Fletcher's Castoria that physicians recommend. Other preparations may be just as free from all doubtful drugs, but no child of this writer's is going to test them! Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold.

Children Cry for



TRY MAGNESIA FOR STOMACH TROUBLE

To Neutralize Acidity and Fermentation. Prevents Indigestion, Sour Gassy Stomach

People who suffer from indigestion usually have tried pepsin, charcoal, drugs and various digestive aids and got little more than slight temporary relief—sometimes not even that.

But before giving up to chronic dyspepsia, just try the effect of a little Bisurated Magnesia—not the ordinary commercial carbonate, citrate or milk, but pure Bisurated Magnesia which you can obtain from practically any druggist in either powder or tablet form.

Take a teaspoonful of the powder or four compressed tablets with a little water after your next meal, and see what a difference this makes. It will instantly neutralize the dangerous, harmful acid in the stomach which now causes your food to ferment and sour, making gas, wind, flatulence, heartburn and the bloated or heavy, lumpy feeling that seems to follow most everything you eat. You can enjoy your meals without a fear of indigestion.

PILE REMEDY Guarantee

Every 75c tube with pile pipe and every 60c box of FAZO OINTMENT is sold by all Druggists with the understanding that money will be refunded if it fails to stop any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Why not try it.



Unconditionally Guaranteed

KEYSTONE HUTAX TOOTH BRUSHES are so scientifically designed that organized Canadian Dentists officially endorse them—so well made that the manufacturers unconditionally guarantee them. The bristle surface exactly fits the curve of the teeth. The stiff pointed tufts penetrate the crevices between the teeth. Bristles can't come out; they are everlastingly locked in the brush-back. 50c. at all Drug Stores.

Stevens-Hepner Co., Limited, Port Elgin, Ontario. Manufacturers of Keystone Toiletware.



The tooth brush officially endorsed by Organized Canadian Dentists.



He knows how to kill pain

"No rheumatism for us" said 260 FISHERMEN WE ASKED

WE asked several hundred Atlantic Coast fishermen what they use for exposure aches—and for the strains, sprains and bruises which are bound to happen in an adventurous life like theirs. Two hundred and sixty answered, "We use Sloan's."

Hard workers everywhere swear by Sloan's Liniment. Get a bottle today. You can never tell when it may save you hours of agony—days of lost time. All druggists'—35 cents.

SLOAN'S

MADE IN CANADA

Endorsed universally by those who do the world's hard work

Winnipeg Women Whose Work Shows Outstanding Features

Continued from page 70

"I want you to tell me what you consider the causes of poverty? the kind of poverty that goes on and on and on." "Yes," Miss Childs answered, "I can tell you why there is that irreclaimable poverty we see and hear about. The bulk of our troubles in that line come from broken homes. Broken homes come from many causes, chiefly hasty marriage. The husband and wife do not agree, he deserts his wife and children; or alas! the woman deserts husband, home, and sometimes, child. Another cause is the lack of home and parental training. It also arises from a lack of knowledge of the facts of life. Also from lack of thrift; but most of all broken homes come from the lack of a religious background."

Food for reflection in all this.

In Musical Circles

IN THIS intensely musical city the difficulty of picking a representative musician, amongst so many representative musical women, was difficult. Left to the several accepted "leaders," it was generously conceded that Mrs. A. Balfour Clark should be handed the palm. Why?

Mrs. Clark is allowed to be the fairy god-mother of all the musical organizations claiming the proud title "Pioneer." She attended the baptism (so to say) of the first musical society of the 'Peg, the Philharmonic Society, started some forty years ago. She lent aid to the Oratorio Society following after, and her name is linked with the old Apollo Club, the St. John's Choral Club and the James Tees Choir.

Chiefly was Mrs. Clark interested in the expansion of The Women's Musical Club," originally six in number, and today some eight hundred strong. Mrs. Clark is loud in praise of what the Woman's Musical Club is accomplishing along lines of helpfulness in the encouragement of amateur talent. She spoke of the loyalty of the lady members whose determined effort to keep Canadian talent to the fore has done so much to encourage home talent. Serving in the capacity of secretary to the last named organization she sees her work bearing blossom and fruit. She has occupied the presidential chair, and now, as always, acts in an advisory capacity, and in the Annual Report you will find the name of Mrs. A. Balfour Clark in the list of its honorary presidents.

Still active—still filled with her youthful energy of mind, still engaged in furthering the art of arts, she is willing to talk about everybody's part but her own in making Winnipeg what it most undoubtedly is, a truly advanced musical centre.

A Woman Painter

MRS. MARY RITER HAMILTON, who carries the much to be desired "Palme Academique" of France, is best known by her work done on "Flander's Fields." That sad pilgrimage was made by this woman artist in 1918, in order to record the scenes poignant of Canada's great sorrow. Her battle scenes are vital with the horror and desolation of that dreary time: "Trench on Vimy Ridge," alone tears the heartstrings asunder by a realism that is the gift of M.R.H. the little corner signature you find there.

A full set of Mrs. Hamilton's war pictures (some two-hundred and seventy odd) repose today in the archives of Canada, down in Ottawa.

"Ah, then the government of Canada purchased them?" I said.

"My war pictures were never offered for sale," the lady said quietly. She added slowly, "Those scenes I looked upon I hoped would prove a true record of things Canada would wish—to remember."

Her voice failed. Her eyes were filled with tears. My eye caught sight of a little purple ribbon, just a tuft of which peeped from her jacket. It was "La Palme Academique," the gift of France through M. Berard, Minister of Public Education, of Paris, who made this truly

Canadian patriot, "My Lady of the Decoration."

In that little studio pupils gather daily, and its walls are filled with sketches of celebrities, the result of ten years study abroad before the devastating war in which Mary Riter Hamilton found her personality—and lost her health—almost.

In Educational Circles

AWAY back in 1884, standing in one of the pioneer schoolhouses of this city, the equipment scanty of space but plenty of inconveniences, there stood a young girl face to face with conditions that called for courage of mind. That she possessed the courage is proved by the fact that for more than forty years she "stayed with the job."

A pioneer in the educational movement of this city, Miss Rebecca Rogers more than fulfilled her duties to the School Board of Winnipeg. For almost half a century she guided the mental forces of thousands of boys and girls who, today, remember her as a counsellor and friend in early youth. They have reached the heights in many cases, and owe a debt of gratitude to the teacher who, in the elementary school days, undertook the task of shaping the destinies of their lives. First in a tiny room, then a larger sized room, then as principal of grouped schoolrooms—the scope ever enlarging, widening—and then as teacher of English in the High School of this city.

It was as Supervisor of the Primary schools, Miss Rogers made her mark as an educationist of high standing: she voiced a plea for special departmental aid in the matter of those children whose mental equipment lagged a bit behind the more brilliant scholars. Her work was uphill in this direction, because as yet the sub-normal child had never been considered as other than "lazy." Miss Rogers put her finger on the causes of "laziness," and with such energy as to bring about special privileges (in the method of training) and with extraordinary results.

Between 1884 and 1926 Miss Rebecca Rogers proved a powerful factor in public school life. She retired in 1926 from active work, and the thousands of boys and girls—that rivulet of Youth—passing before her into manhood and womanhood must seem like a beautiful tapestry unrolling before her memory, today.

Looking for the outstanding woman who might represent education in my living gallery of the immortals, every teacher, every official of the department of Education, chorused the name of "Miss Rebecca Rogers." This tribute I lay at the feet of one who has truly "done her bit." In the words of a co-worker: "Miss Rogers? ah! her place can never be filled. She was of giant intellect, and as sweet and simple as a child, with children." Mighty work, mighty praise indeed.

Valance Patriarche, Censor

IT IS the shapely, if halting, hand of Mrs. Valance Patriarche that is laid upon each and every moving picture that is unreeled in Winnipeg. Mrs. Patriarche is the censor of all productions in film-land being shown throughout Manitoba, which is "some job" you may be sure.

Notwithstanding the necessity for a woman of brains occupying this particular, and outstanding, work it seems a pity that all the latent wit and humor of such a mind, should be submerged in the dull and debilitating routine of "seeing shows," even if it is to pick the fit from the unfit; and makes one think of a fine organist set at the work of organ-grinding. Personally, I feel that in such an environment, Valance Patriarche, who wrote a very clever book, is like a bird with clipped wings. Mrs. Patriarche has strong literary gifts—no doubt helpful in this work of censoring pictures—but I am bound to say her proper place is in the Field-of-Letters.

Continued on page 72

GRAY HAIR

VANISHES



THERE is a marvelous way to bring back color to gray hair—to restore faded streaks to youthful color—to regain gleaming brilliance.

It's clean and colorless as water. You simply comb it through the hair. It will not wash nor rub off. It's called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.

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Mary T. Goldman, 166-B Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. Send Free Outfit. Black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....auburn.....light brown.....light red.....blonde..... Name..... Street..... City..... Please print your name and address

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ASTHMA

If Asthma is getting the best of you and is slowly tearing down your health, I want you to try a treatment that saved me from a life of torture and agony, after everything else, even Doctors, failed to help me. I could not get life insurance because I was considered hopeless. But this treatment performed a miracle in my case. Within 24 hours I could lie down and sleep in comfort all night long. All choking and wheezing stopped almost instantly. It is really astonishing how quickly I got well and I have not had an attack since. My recovery was so complete I had no trouble in getting my life insured for Ten Thousand Dollars. The Doctor could not find even a trace of Asthma. I will prove this by a sworn affidavit from the Doctor who examined me. Now I want to help every one suffering from the torture and agony of Asthma attacks. I will gladly send a generous free trial treatment to every sufferer who will write for it. If anything you have tried has given you only temporary relief, write me today for a free trial of my treatment and proof that I got rid of Asthma after suffering six years. Remember the trial treatment is free. Write today. O. W. Dean, 1624 Dean Bldg., Benton Harbor, Mich.

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Winnipeg Women Whose Work Shows Outstanding Features

Continued from page 71

In Mr. Pepys words: "Tis a fine supper, but the venison pasty is, very palpable—beef!"

A Lady Dentist

DR. OLIVE COLE is the very first woman to enter the field of dentistry in all Manitoba. Her custom is, largely, women and children, specializing in Orthodontia.

"I am a Manitoba University grad," she said, but I taught school for a time, as so many women do. The letters L.D.S. on a door in the residential section of the city, hints that women entering professional life, hold to the homing instinct as well. It is an innovation, certainly, to find your dentist "at home."

A Lady Doctor

DR. MARY CRAWFORD, who is Hygiene Head of Winnipeg Public Schools, took her degrees in Trinity College, Toronto. Specializing in the diseases of women and children, she received the "call" of the city School Board without hesitation.

It is quite understandable that, where children of all lands, races and colors co-mingle on the school grounds, the work of daily inspection is of paramount importance. Salvaging child health.

Represents a Great Railway Company

THE title "Assistant Press Representative" follows the name "Miss Bessie James" when you enter advertising circles "out west." The Canadian Pacific Railway is thoroughly imbued with the belief that the spoken word is especially a woman's privilege; for wherever you go, between Halifax and Victoria, you find Miss Bessie James providing railway news to that outer world known as the public.

I found Miss James at a desk that resembled Vesuvius in eruption, the lava being correspondence, photographs, newspaper clippings, telegraphic calls, and the proofs of the Educational Bulletin issued monthly, by the C.P.R. Miss James edits this bulletin, which is a melange of happenings along the Line, being notes headed "Meritorious Service" of those duties faithfully performed by employees, and statistics showing the movement of grain, passenger service, construction, letters of thanks from patrons of the Road, as well as personal and social movements of the greatest railway in America.

Miss James interviews personages arriving and leaving the country. This appears in print; but she does things that never appear in print: one thing is her tour of the station to pick out the bewildered immigrant, struggling with a language and a land new to him; her kindly smile and outstretched hand to the woman who is weeping tears of homesick loneliness in the New World.

The Law and the Lady

THE lady lawyer has ceased to be a novelty in business life, but when you come across a young girl who has digested Bourinot to an extent that the Dominion government entrusts to her legal knowledge and undoubted talent for debate the presentment of a case in which her opponent is an "Attorney General of the province"—who has behind him the best talent wearing a court wig—why then you get the anomaly.

Miss Mildred McMurray—"Home-made" as regards her Canadianism—Manitoba made as regards her legal training—conducted such a case not long ago, and WON OUT against five legal lights. I talked with Miss McMurray for a while and found out that she was the author of a little brochure, the male members of the profession are not above taking up when a question of "Some Manitoba Laws affecting women and children" is to be argued. This booklet issued under the stamp of "The Government of Manitoba," was prepared by this girl-lawyer, and it is endorsed by the premier of the province.

Miss McMurray is extremely feminine in all things. You'd never think of alluding to her as a "Pretty Portia," (as

is the usual facetious way of dealing with a lady lawyer). No, indeed! When Mildred McMurray goes into Court she goes under no dramatic pretences; she goes in with her case, and she comes out with flags flying. She admits that domestic disturbances are her *bete noir*; she considers that domestic differences are best settled out of court, and I fancy it is the triviality of these cases causes her to say: "The Law is a study that is good for both men and women because as a study, the law is comprehensive." Quite unconsciously she voiced Mary Wollstonecraft's plea for co-education. I left that office, feeling that the Law and the Lady were congenial to each other.

The Worker Without a Name

EVERY battle-field honors its "Unknown Soldier." So I found in the battle for bread my "Unknown Soldier," very much alive in mind and body, but "buried" in scientific work.

You didn't know we had a woman scientist in Winnipeg? Well, we have! I discovered her (no matter how) and took her by surprise; the surprise might be spoken of as mutual, for here was a woman who positively refused to talk. The lady was not only a scientist, but she was a scientific anomaly. She wouldn't talk.

The scientific lady was busy at her scientific calling, which she would speak about—but "not for publication." The work she was engaged in was only "just beginning—merely two years experimental work—"

Would she tell me how she happened to get into scientific circles?

"Why yes," it was "quite by chance" the opportunity offered: you see "it was during the war our researches started. There was a scarcity of men—of men scientists. I was called in to do a little work assisting, quite ordinary, clerical work, and somehow (her eye brightened) when the war was over, I stayed right on!"

"It just happened" you see; but when the scientists returned from the great war, the lady stayed on. It was so evident that all credit for "staying right on" was by chance, mere chance.

Well, I wouldn't mention any names . . . I wouldn't even tell what the scientific work was . . . but, might I say scientific research work worth millions to little Manitoba was going on? and that a woman scientist had a finger in the scientific pie. Might I just say that?"

Well, the chief had to be consulted. A chat with the chief made one want to be a scientist. He was full of his subject—and his subject was the work under hand. The work had been "going on for some years—it would take several more years to prove" (I think it is a theorem (whatever that is) is to be proved; but the theorem is now under test—whether it is a live theorem or a dead theorem only the woman scientist knows, and she won't tell. Above all, "no mention was to be made of names—especially lady scientist's names"; because, you see, "nothing is proved scientifically yet."

Appeal to the lady scientist brought this answer: "You see, talking about one's life work isn't doing the work." I took the crack standing. I was standing up, because the lady scientist had said (quite like royalty dismissing a bore) "I'm sorry you have to go." So I went.

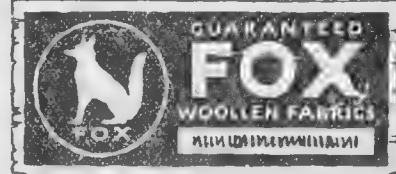
Worse, I went without any "copy," which is the unpardonable sin in newspaper circles; but I will tell this—what woman won't "tell" even under oath of silence?—that we have a woman scientist in Winnipeg, banner city of the west. That the newspapers haven't unearthed her—or her work, which is worth millions to the province, IF that theorem does, or doesn't do something which the lady scientist is going to find out "in a few more years."

Fifty years in journalism, and then turned down by a woman scientist.



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

North African Glimpses

Continued from page 7

carried to the vicinity of the females and the pollen thoroughly distributed. This is a very solemn occasion among the Arabs. The men who officiate are of high standing, and the work is carried out to the accompaniment of a series of religious chants. One male tree is sufficient to fertilize a hundred females. The harvest takes place in August, each tree growing from 30 to 100 pounds. The trees require six years to mature, and bear best for the next twenty-five, though continuing to give fruit up to the age of one hundred years. One tree, at least, in the oasis of Biskra is said to be 500 years old.

TO RETURN to the oasis of Laghouat: There has been a town here since 1737. Today it has a population of about 26,000, twenty thousand of which are natives: Arabs, Berbers, negroes and Mozabites. Contrary to the general conception of oases held by people in the outside world, and one I firmly believed until I came to know Northern Africa at first hand, oases are not healthy places to live in. This is partly due, of course, to the appalling lack of ordinary sanitation, the sedentary habits of the bulk of the people, but, above all, to the appalling variations in the temperature in the course of twenty-four hours. In summer at noon the thermometer stands for weeks at 120 degrees fahrenheit; at midnight the glass marks freezing point. Europeans do not stand the desert climate well over an extended period of time.

One of the things a sincere travel writer should do is to upset any belief well established in the outside world which lacks foundation in fact. Always having believed oases to be regular health resorts. Always, also, I had believed the camel to be a beast that could travel for countless days largely on wind and the water taken aboard several weeks previously, and to be a marvellous carrier of burdens. Now, after much conversation, I am disillusioned. The camel as a carrier does not equal the horse or the mule. It is only his abilities as a prohibition animal which makes him invaluable for the desert. Also for a short time he can stand irregular meals better than a busy country doctor. But to make up for a time of scanty meals camels must have long holidays in regions where verdure is plentiful. Then they feed from morning to night building up for the desert testing. One thing about the camel: no other animal in the world can die with such perfect dignity. As a witty friend of mine said: "the camel stops abruptly like a motor out of gas. He settles down calmly, and passes with an air of thinking of something else."

WALLS, walls, walls! This is the chief impression most of the oasis towns give the visitor, particularly a person from a new land where a board fence is the greatest barrier which separates one home from another. Laghouat is no exception. High ramparts made of adobe hide the homes and gardens. One walks along narrow passages between them, by courtesy called a street, zig-zagging here and there, climbing and descending, moving as in a tunnel, for over the walls the palm trees form a dark canopy. Doors suggesting rat-holes open at times, giving brief glimpses of splashes of light of the gardens within, and to the ear comes the murmur of running water. In the lowest native quarters where the houses are most closely pressed together there reaches the nostrils of the passerby an unquiet smell of closed-in

humanity, heavy, depressing, reminding of the time you visited the small circus in your home town and passed along before the caged animals.

Some of the principal streets are wider and bear the modernizing touch of the French conquerors. One of these, Marguerite Avenue, is lined with shops where are sold rugs ancient and modern, the skins of the spotted hyena, palm and sand lizards and horned vipers, copper mortars and trays and sandals, objects typical of the country.

This street with its arcaded buildings under the hot autumn sun, this street on the edge of the desert, different beyond words as it is from the main street of the little Canadian town where I lived in my youth, a town duplicated by hundreds of others across the breadth of North America—this African street, despite all its vast difference, still reminded me of a town in my native land. As I walked along it I saw little groups of men gathered under the arcades discussing gravely the events of the day. Here and there men sat on the edge of the sidewalk talking and smoking. Before their shop doors stood the drapers, the grocers, and clothing merchants. Children played in the dust of the street. Arabs called to one another across the way, raising their hands in greeting with traditional priestly gestures. Veiled women, their ankles loaded with gold and silver rings, passed slowly with musical clinking. Even so did the population of the little towns in my own land pass to and fro. Truly, the more one travels the more one realizes the truth of the French proverb: "*plus c'a change, plus c'est la meme chose.*"

"The more the change, the more the same thing."

The big day in the week in Laghouat is Friday, when the largest market is held. Here you see the real desert types: tall men with fiery black eyes, in ragged gandourahs (Arab shirts) and faded burnouses. Over their shoulders are slung long-barreled rifles, from their belts hang long knives, some in silver sheaths, some in leather. The knives they carry have a razor-like sharpness. My French friend, who had purchased one of these to demonstrate the keenness of the edge, dropped it from the height of his shoulder upon two woollen cushions at his feet. Even falling from this slight height it pierced both.

One curious sight I noticed at the market was a native cobbler who had collected a number of discarded automobile tires. With strips from these he was soling sandals and shoes, because the hard rubber, which had cost him a trifle, so well and so cheaply replaced leather, resisting even better than leather the cutting pebbles of some parts of the region.

Beyond the market the open door of an Arab inn yard reveals a score of resting camels and grey asses, relieved of the loads which are now offered for sale in the market: grain, sheep and goat skins and firewood.

With the coming of night the visitor turns his steps toward the native quarter. Passing down one of the hill streets leads him to the Ouled Nail quarter, the region of revelry, of dancers, where night life naked, unashamed, brazenly pagan, of a nature which no words can here tell goes on until the pale desert dawn chases the last star to bed.

The quarter of Ouled Nail derives its name from that tribe out of the ranks of which are drawn the girls whose lives are devoted to dancing and entertainment. These girls are not confined to this particular oasis, but are

Continued on page 74

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A special jar of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly ought to be in the kitchen of every home for these common troubles

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Squeaky Hinges—"Vaseline" Jelly relieves the squeak in a jiffy.

Lubrication—Use in the grease cups of washing machines, electric sweepers, etc.

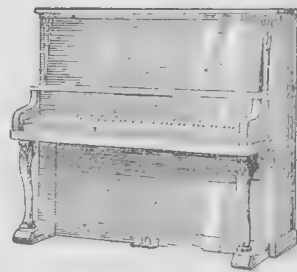
Shoe Cleaning—"Vaseline" Jelly is the best dressing for patent leather shoes. For leather shoes, rub well with "Vaseline" Jelly. Takes off that scuffed look all children's shoes get so easily. Also restores the softness of leather when shoes have been soaked.

And remember, when you buy, that the trade mark "Vaseline" on the package gives you the assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd, 5520 Chabot Ave., Montreal, Canada.

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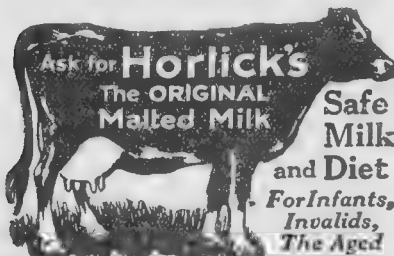
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Your feet may be so swollen and inflamed that you think you can't go another step. Your shoes may feel as if they are cutting right into the flesh. You feel sick all over with the pain and torture and pray for quick relief. What's to be done?

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And as for Soft Corns and Callouses a few applications each night at bed time and they just seem to shrivel right

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No matter how discouraged you have been with powders, footbaths or other applications, if you have not tried Emerald Oil then you have something to learn.

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Every good druggist guarantees the very first bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil to end your foot troubles or your money back.

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North African Glimpses

Continued from page 73

found in all; they are the chief attraction, and have this to commend them: that they are genuine, not merely placed here for the benefit of the tourist. They are beautiful women of medium height, well formed, and muscular and lithe of body. The amount of excess baggage they carry in the form of strings of gold and silver coins and bangles around their necks, arms and ankles is amazing. They plaster their hair with grease until it is a solid mold. Their faces are darkened with khol and henna. Their dances are little more than furious contortions of the body, the feet moving very little.

Some writers have tried to throw a halo of romance about these girls who come from the heart of the desert to entertain the inhabitants of the oasis. But, in all truth, their lives are tawdry, more sad than romantic; that is looked at from the white man's point of view.

I walked slowly out of Pelissier street away from the sound of singing and throbbing drums, and pass on toward the Hotel Saharien, that is of another world, the world of the tourists. But the night is still young, too young to have to listen to the motoring tales of the latest arrived group of English and Americans. So I go on and out through the Algiers Gate to the edge of the

town where the palm trees give upon the Sahara.

Seating myself, I gaze away over the moonlit monotonous reaches, so soundless, so infinitely lonely and changeless as time, and a queer feeling of familiarity with the scene comes over me, for the desert is like the sea. On the shores of the far-away Pacific, how many a night and often I have sat and gazed on the moon-path and the faintly-heaving water. There is something kindred in Nature wherever you go. Only man is different. All about me are the varied races of North Africa, in particular the Arab. To the Arab, at least, I and all my kind are objects of contempt. The white man has conquered them; the white man with his ridiculous love of life and disease - preventing sanitation; the white man so energetic; the white man who allows his women such unseemly liberty. Between these Mussulmen and I lies a gulf that can never be bridged. North Africa is a delightful land to visit, but not a place for a white man to permanently dwell. It is a worthy land to journey through, for here not only is a vivid living present, but the still vigorous remains of a magnificent ancient civilization, about which I shall tell in a later issue.

Lopsided Hockey

Continued from page 30

Many fans can recall the old-time rover, too, who usually lived up to his name, wandering all over the ice to make a general nuisance of himself. It took some stamina to play that position, even if the games were divided into quarters instead of thirds!

Only the most obstinate die-hards will not admit that the game has advanced by leaps and strokes since those days. And yet there are "whispers of death" in the hockey world, or at least in the present inflated thing called the hockey world. Lester Patrick, manager of the New York Rangers, seems to think that the professional game has reached its peak in high salaries and big gates. He goes on to say in the Vancouver Sun: "The situation in hockey is analogous to that in baseball today. Scouts are rushing up and down the land for the major leagues, seeking eagerly and, incidentally, in vain, for another Ruth, another Gehrig, or another Walter Johnson. There are plenty of average ball players and there are plenty of fair-to-middling hockey players, but the stars of hockey are no more easily plucked than the super-star in baseball.

"Check back yourself in either hockey or baseball and tell me how many super-stars have come up in the past few

years. I venture you can count them all on the fingers of one hand and have a digit or two not working.

"Yet it is the super-star that packs them into the arenas and the stadiums. One like Cyclone Taylor on either New York hockey team, for instance, when the Listowel star was at his best, would make a six-figure difference in the season's receipts. Show me one today and I'll beat all the speed records getting to him."

Although we readily admit Lester should know his pucks and sticks, some of us would like to insert a large question mark here. May not the dazzling brilliance of such stars as Cyclone Taylor have been due to the scarcity of rival constellations? Another thing, are we not inclined to magnify the glories of those days when we were younger and more enthusiastic, at the expense of the things of today?

That's a queer kink in human nature: put the name of Howie Morenz, Bill Cook, Nelson Stewart, or Dick Irvin in the place of that of the Cyclonic Mr. Taylor in Patrick's account, put into print twenty years from now, and it should pass as the verdict of a typical critic of that day, perhaps of the writer of this article—I dunno.

The Northern Lights

By Percy H. Wright

Over the vast and silent plains, the Night Grows sharp and chill, the newly stiffened ground

Resounds beneath the feet, and overhead The stars, like hoar-frost crystals thickly strewn

Blink coldly. In the very air is sensed Impending change, the nighness of a Spirit

Who spreads his icy wings abroad, and breathes A polar influence.

Far to the North His crown appears; ascending, it becomes

A luminous arch that bridges East and West,

Which like the van of some invading host,

Moves slowly on, and followed stealthily By rank on rank, awakes the nightly deep.

Needles of light, which crackle as they form,

With points intense of purple, red and gold,

Pierce space like spears, and with impulsive motion,

Flow, halt, and flow, along their paths of mist.

The first ranks pass, and wasted, wholly spent,

Grow hazy in the south, and now the third

Gleams richly high above. Then as we watch,

The heaven, renewed with sudden energy,

Bursts into sheets of flame. Pulses of light

Like circled waves in some inverted pool,

Beat, palpitating upward to the zenith—

Making the sky a living thing. But now The spasm ceases; all the light-mass

fades, And faded, drifts away toward the south, Leaving the northward spaces darkly clear,

And dead, and cold.

Mr. Pennington Becomes Assimilated

Continued from page 9

Pennington stayed at the door and watched the countryside bathed in the afterglow of the beautiful northern twilight. It was a wild but beautiful country, wooded mostly with poplar but interspersed with spruce. Here and there in the more open spaces were nestled the small farmhouses of the Ruthenian settlers, whitewashed on the outside, and their roofs thatched with hay. They were different from anything Mr. Pennington had seen and he thought he might almost imagine himself in Eastern Europe, so foreign was their appearance, and at the villages where he exchanged mail this impression was strengthened.

When at length they arrived at the Junction he interrupted these slumbers and aroused Mr. Sands by dint of much shaking. When he finally came to, that gentleman rolled out of his bunk, yawned, and reached for a cigarette. "Get along all right?" he asked as he lit it. "Yes," replied Mr. Pennington. "I took care of the locals and all the rest is here in these pigeon-holes." "Right then," said Mr. Sands, "you hit the hay and I'll call you for breakfast. Use my blankets." Mr. Pennington did not need a second invitation to lie down and he soon crawled into the bunk and stretched out his long form, but try as he would he could not compose himself to sleep.

He was more tired than he had ever been in his life before, and ached in every bone, but the roll and pitch of the car, coupled with the uncanny feeling that he was about to be catapulted out of his bunk, kept slumber from him. It was long after daylight when at length he dozed off, the track having become a bit smoother and it seemed as though he had barely closed his eyes when he was awakened by a shake and he heard Mr. Sands saying: "Roll out—it's all ready."

The car was filled with the pleasant aroma of bacon and coffee and Mr. Pennington was glad there was something pleasant and that he was hungry enough to enjoy it, for he was so sore he could hardly move and his hands were so stiff from handling the heavy bags that he could scarcely close them.

"By the way," said Mr. Sands, "what d'you say your front handle was again? I've forgot." "Percy," said Mr. Pennington.

"I was a bit peeved when I came down yesterday morning and saw how things was balled up but soon as I see you was doin' all you could, I was sorry I jumped on you, but Percy, now, you're too big and husky for a name like that, and besides, your hair ain't curly. What d'you say if I call you 'Bun'? That's a good sportin' name an' easy for me to remember."

"That's a go," said Mr. Pennington, "Bun it is, if you like it."

When Mr. Pennington got up to the Post Office and looked in the Detail of Travel Book, he saw he was marked up on the Yorkton Local for the coming week, and on this run he was destined to remain for many months.

After he had made a trip or two on this run he was very glad he had it, for it was a relatively short one; moreover, there was a good roadbed. So he settled down to study his distribution and he began to get somewhat acquainted with the men in the division. He had gone over to live with Mr. Sands, having rented part of his house and that gentleman, having managed to ascertain that Mr. Pennington had still some ready money, had promptly sold him a couple of vacant lots at Weyburn, Saskatchewan. These lots, he explained, were "A sure-fire proposition," and he predicted that Mr. Pennington would double his money on

them inside of a year at the longest. "I'd hold 'em myself," said he, "but I need some 'jack' for another deal where I can make some real money quickly so I'll sacrifice 'em to you as a cash proposition."

Mr. Pennington guilelessly paid over the cash and Mr. Sands took him down town and got him the title for the property. "And now," said he when they had returned, "there's another thing we might make a deal on. Y'see this here woodpile. I bought it way back early last spring an' had it sawed up and intended to split it up right away, but I've been so busy I ain't got around to it yet and I can't seem to get the time what with dickerin' in real estate an' used cars an' one thing an' another. Don't want a good car, do you?"

"No," said Mr. Pennington, "I can't afford one yet." "Well, about this here wood," continued Mr. Sands, "I'll give you half of it if you'll split it up. Now that's a bargain! An' I've got a good axe here for you too! Ever use an axe much?" he inquired as he brought it out of the shed. "No," said Mr. Pennington, "I've neva had occasion to use one. We always burned gas ovah home, you know. I was born with one in my hand, you might say," an' there's nothing I like better than splittin' wood, if I have the time. It's great exercise." At the same time he selected and split a couple of blocks demonstrating to Mr. Pennington the ease with which it could be done and then handed him over the axe.

Now this wood was mostly jack pine and it had been in the sun so long and had become so dry that each stick had to be literally hewn to pieces. It had already withstood the assaults of two huskies whom Mr. Sands had previously hired to reduce it to stove size, and forced them to give it up as a bad job.

But of this phase of the situation Mr. Pennington, of course, knew nothing, so he grasped his axe and started in at his task most eagerly as a young man going to battle. He made such wide and vicious swings with his weapon at the start, however, that Mr. Sands halted him almost at the second stroke. "It's easy to see you ain't used to an axe," he said, "an' if it ever glanced the way you're hittin' you might cut your foot clean off. Here! Get into this washtub an' then if you do miss, you can't do no harm more'n maybe break the handle." Mr. Pennington obediently placed his two very generous feet in the washtub and resumed hostilities with the woodpile and Mr. Sands then left him to go to see a man about a car or a dog or something.

All afternoon in the boiling sun Mr. Pennington stood in his tub and fought to reduce the stubborn jackpine. On several occasions his axe had flown from his hands and assailed the sides of his tub and he marvelled at the toughness of its handle for the strain to which he had put it had been transmitted to his wrists and arms with numbing effect.

As the evening approached the extreme toughness of the proposition before him began to make itself apparent to Mr. Pennington and he began to turn over in his mind the possibilities that a man who would let a friend, or at least an acquaintance, in for a deal like this might be a poor man to buy vacant lots from in a town as far away as Weyburn, Saskatchewan.

As he pondered these things his doubts grew in direct proportion to his physical weariness and when at length he stopped and surveyed the exceedingly small proportion of the

Continued on page 76

It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson from a Teacher!

WE always thought of her as an onlooker—a sort of social wall-flower. Certainly she had never been popular, never the centre of attraction in any gathering.

That night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Grieg"—we thought she was *joking*. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed. I was sorry for her. But suddenly the room was hushed.

She played *Anitra's Dance*—played it with such soul fire that everyone swayed forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, we were astonished—and contrite. We surged forward to congratulate her. "How did you do it?" "We can't believe you never had a teacher." An onlooker no longer—she was popular!

She Told Me About It Later

We were life-long friends, and I felt I could ask her about it. "You played superbly!" I said. "And I know you never had a teacher. Come—what's the secret?"

"Well," she laughed. "I just got tired of being left out of things, and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have the time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U.S. School of Music course in my spare time."

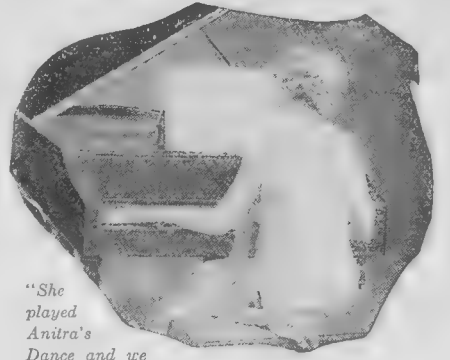
"Yes—and it's been such fun! Why, it's as easy as A-B-C. I began playing almost from the start, and right from music. Now I can play any piece—classical or jazz."

"You're wonderful!" I breathed. "Think of playing like that and learning all by yourself."

"I'm not wonderful," she replied. "Anyone could do it. A child can understand those simplified lessons. It's like playing a game!"

"You always wanted to play the violin—here's your chance to learn quickly and inexpensively. Why don't you surprise everyone the way I did?"

I took her advice—a little doubtfully at first—and now I play not only the violin but the banjo!



"She played *Anitra's Dance* and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp fire."

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fill out those deep hollows in neck, cheeks, and chest? Why go on through life with sunken cheeks and narrow chest when you can take advantage of this straight forward offer.

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Western Home Monthly
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A Stamped Table Runner
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runner, a bureau or buffet scarf, and you will find it a very charming adjunct indeed to any room. You may care to add a border of inexpensive lace which, as will be observed from the photograph, makes the runner particularly striking.

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Name.....

Address.....

Mr. Pennington Becomes Assimilated

Continued from page 75

pile which he had split, he stepped out of his tub and threw down his axe with disgust. "I've been 'ad," he muttered fiercely to himself. "Rooked, bilked, cozened by an uncouth Canadian at that! The dirty cheek of him! Wiate! Just wiate! till I've made sure of things and he shall hear more of this."

The next night he saw Mr. Sands. "How's it coming, Bun"? inquired that gentleman jovially. "I siay," said Mr. Pennington, waving aside all preliminary greetings, "I've been making some investigations about those—ah—so-called lots which you sold me yesterday and I find them to be quite worthless. What do you propose to do about it"? "Me"? said Mr. Sands. "Why, I don't propose to do anything about it. They're not my lots now, you know; they're yours. Besides, who says they're worthless"?

"You knew they were worthless," hotly rejoined Mr. Pennington, "yet you deliberately took advantage of our acquaintance to cheat me. I took you to be a gentleman, not a cheap swindler." "S-a-a-y," said Mr. Sands. "Can that sob-stuff, will ya? You're a man grown, as you look to be; you bought them lots as a gamble, to hold, and then sell them for bigger money. You weren't buyin' no homestead nor nothin' like that an' if you don't like 'em, why go sell 'em! That's what I did."

"Well," replied Mr. Pennington, look at it how you may, it's not playin' the game and of course I shall simply pocket my loss and say no more, but from now on I've got no damned use for you and I want you to know it." "That's good here," replied the unperturbed Mr. Sands. "It's music to the gambler's ear to hear the sucker squeal." So they parted, Mr. Pennington quitting the house at the end of the month.

MR. PENNINGTON'S next experience in the process of assimilation was even more painful than the one just related, though of a totally different character, and it probably looms larger and stands more sharply outlined in his memory than any other one event that went to change his outlook to the Canadian point of view. In fact, it may be said that this next incident marked the point where his whole attitude toward life in this country began to change.

The summer had given way to autumn and the autumn, in turn, to winter and Mr. Pennington still remained in placid contentment on the Yorkton local. The only thing that had disturbed his peaceful existence in any way was the rush of Christmas mail, which was now well over, and an occasional recollection of his financial dealings with the wily Mr. Sands.

Then came March and with it the blizzards, and his train got stalled just about at Neepawa on the way in. When they finally got loose they backed into Neepawa to let the plow go ahead of them. Mr. Pennington had just finished a good dinner and was congratulating himself that he had an extra tin of pork and beans with him in case they were laid out long, when he heard someone knock at the car door. He opened the door and saw a fairly well dressed man standing on the platform who explained that he had just poked a couple of letters for Winnipeg in the letter box in the side of the car and asked if he might have them back again as he had decided to go into Winnipeg on the Canadian Northern which was about due then, and wished to take them with him.

"But I can't give you back the letters," said Mr. Pennington, "you've posted them and they will now have to

be delivered to the addressee in the regular way." "But I'm going into Winnipeg now on the C.N.," expostulated the stranger, "and I need those letters to take in with me. Here's my card and you'll need to make it snappy for the train's about due." "Sorry," said Mr. Pennington, "but that lettah, once it's posted, is in His Majesty's custody until delivered to the addressee. It's contrary to regulations to deliver it to anyone while it is en route and I cannot let you have it." "Regulations be damned!" exploded the exasperated traveller. "No one but a ——— locoed broncho bonehead like you would be worrying about your darned regulations. Come out of that car and I'll bust your jaw for you."

Mr. Pennington became exceedingly angry but he remained polite as he replied: "You may think you're acting clevah, me man, but you cawn't talk to me like that and I'm goin' to put you in your place right now," and suiting his actions to his words he climbed out of the car and made for his abusive and belligerent caller.

Now the platform was very icy as the wind had blown the fresh snow all away and Mr. Pennington's shoes were doubly slippery, being warm from standing in the steam-heated car, hence he found before he had gone far that he had very precarious footing indeed. On the other hand, his opponent had on rubbers, and, though not so big or long of arm as Mr. Pennington, was exceedingly quick and active.

Mr. Pennington swung on him a couple of times but somehow failed to quite connect and as he was trying to regain his balance after his second miss suddenly felt his feet being kicked from under him and as he came down, a couple of vicious kicks dealt him in his ribs. He just missed another aimed at his chin when somehow he managed to scramble to his feet again.

"Stand up and fight like a man, Marquis of Queensberry rules," belted Mr. Pennington, now purple with rage. "I make my own rules," retorted his antagonist. "I said I'd bust your jaw and I will"; and then he seemed to gather himself up into a ball and when he had straightened out both his feet had landed into the pit of Mr. Pennington's stomach. Poor Mr. Pennington came down with a crash and he went out like a tin lamp, and when he came to himself again he found he was back in the mail car with both the brakemen standing over him while they examined his head for possible fractured bones.

Mr. Pennington struggled to get up. "Where is he"? he gasped. "Let me get hold of him for just one moment. The dirty blackguard! Fouled me, he did!"

"You lie still," said one of the brakemen. "That bozo's gone, and a damn good thing for you that he is, too. If we hadn't dragged you from under him you'd-a been hurt good and plenty. As it is you're just plain lucky an' you must have a cast iron jaw for the way that bird was rompin' round on your face when we got to you, it should have been caved clean in. Nothin' seems to be broke about you though, so I guess you'll be all right in a day or so"; and with these few encouraging remarks they left him to himself, pulling the door of the car shut after them as they withdrew.

Mr. Pennington got slowly to his feet and resumed his duties. He found he wasn't hurt very much physically, but inwardly he was a seething cauldron of resentment and rage. He loathed and despised all things Canadian, especially Canadian ethics in fighting, and in particular, he disliked the two brakemen who had saved him

from further beating at the hands, or rather the feet of his late opponent. That they should have deliberately permitted the rotter to escape while he, Mr. Pennington, was lying helpless and so denying him the chance of "once gettin' hold of him," seemed simply unpardonable; and now as their coarse, nasal voices penetrated into the car from the station platform outside, they seemed the very acme of vulgarity and ill-breeding.

Before long the train pulled out and Mr. Pennington was busy enough with his work from there in to town to keep his mind off his grievance. After he had bathed and patched himself up a bit and had a night's sleep, he felt a great deal better but he could not forget his disastrous pugilistic encounter and for many a day he kept very much to himself. He was coldly civil to his running mates, rebuffing all advances towards cordiality or friendliness that they made and his dislike for things Canadian was so intense that he was seriously thinking of sending over to the Old Country for his new clothes. His present wardrobe was becoming depleted and the very styles which they wore over here irritated him to behold, much less wear—especially the shirts—he preferred the kind which went on over one's head instead of unbuttoning all the way down as these did. Also the kind we had over here were much too short in the tail. He liked shirts which reached nearly to the knee so that one could wrap them comfortably about one's legs and then draw on his trousers.

Had Mr. Pennington persisted in continuing in this gloomy state of mind I scarcely know what would have become of him. Perhaps he might have "gone back," or on to Australia, or joined the Mounted Police as was his original intention. Certainly he would never have become assimilated and we should have lost a good citizen. However, fortunately, about this time he was put with an older man who seemed to react on him more or less as a tonic. For one thing, this man knew his business and his quiet but firm insistence that Mr. Pennington do everything exactly right appealed to his precise nature. He began to take a real and comprehensive interest in his work and so to shape up for the main line, and incidentally, we were spared seeing him clad in a second batch of English wearing-apparel.

WHEN Mr. Pennington at length came on the main line he was put to running west to Moose Jaw and he had blossomed out and become so chirpy one would hardly have recognized him as the same disgruntled gentleman of a year or so ago. Now he was almost impervious to kidding of all kinds and he had even been heard lately using Canadian profanity. In fact he was slipping fast. On his run, he found conditions different from those in the branch lines where he had heretofore performed his duties.

Mr. Pennington had, at considerable expense, more or less mastered some of the rules of stud, and he had just begun to break even or to at least keep his average losses within about the same bounds as the other participants; but he could not yet stand prosperity and if he was anything up he must participate in every pot until he was again reduced to his natural state of zero or minus.

About this time there was a change in the personnel of the swing crew and Mr. Pennington found the next time he came up, there were two new men running opposite him. One of them, a chap from across the water named O'Mally—needless to say not from England—and the other none other than the redoubtable Mr. Sands. Mr. Pennington did not like the looks of the change, for he could see

at once they were experienced poker players, but what worried him most was their insistence in playing "dealer's choice," for while he did not know much about stud he knew infinitely less about "Bolshevik" with deuces wild, or whatever like game might suit the dealer's whim; consequently, with his inveterate desire to be in every pot and to stay in to the finish, he soon became so befuddled he scarcely knew when his turn came to bet and his losses were correspondingly high. As his losses mounted, his voice also rose in protest for he, as he expressed it, "Was now Canadian enough to hollah when gettin' the worst of the deal." "Theah you go again," he complained, "chiangin' the bloomin' game faster than I can learn 'em. Why don't you stick to stud? That's bad enough, I should say."

"You're a nickel short in the pot," said Mr. O'Mally, who was dealing. "I'm not short anything," said Mr. Pennington. "You're a nickel down," reiterated Mr. O'Mally. "Pahdon me," said Mr. Pennington, "I put in thirty cents and took twenty." "Ya put in fifty and pulled back two bits and two dimes, that's what ya did," said Mr. O'Mally. Don't it beat hell the time these here foreigners have with our money," said Mr. Sands. "Why don't youse two go to night school and learn sumptin." "Heah's the nickel," said Mr. Pennington somewhat wearily. "I'll pay. I find I can always get off by payin'." "Why don't you boost 'em, Fitz?" said old Jack Young, his clerk-in-charge. "Make the beggars back up a bit once in a while." "Boost them!" snorted Mr. Pennington; "any time I boost they're off me like I was the smallpox." They play 'em so close they all wear chest protectors."

When at length the game broke up Mr. Pennington was, as he expressed it, "picked clean as a hound's tooth." He pushed back from the table and lamented: "Oh dear! My wife she siays to me, 'Percy, why don't you get bright like these Canadians, and I tell her I try and try but theah always chiangin' the rules fastah than I can learn them, and she says to me, 'Well, I'd brighten up a bit if I weah you else I wouldn't play theah beastly games. Oh deah! Oh my!'"

WHEN Mr. Pennington went down to take his train that night he was in no very amiable state of mind. He had borrowed four bits before leaving the rooms, in order to eat, and as he shoved his hand into his empty pocket after paying for his meal, and started down toward the station, his outlook on life was somewhat distorted. Moreover, when he climbed into the car he found an unusually heavy load awaiting his attention, for in addition to the weekly local squibs from every little town in the West, there was bag after bag of circulars about some townsites in the Peace River District. As Mr. Pennington sorted these he remarked: "It's a great country all right and a wonderful climate; cold in the wintah, of course, but it's dry and you don't mind it."

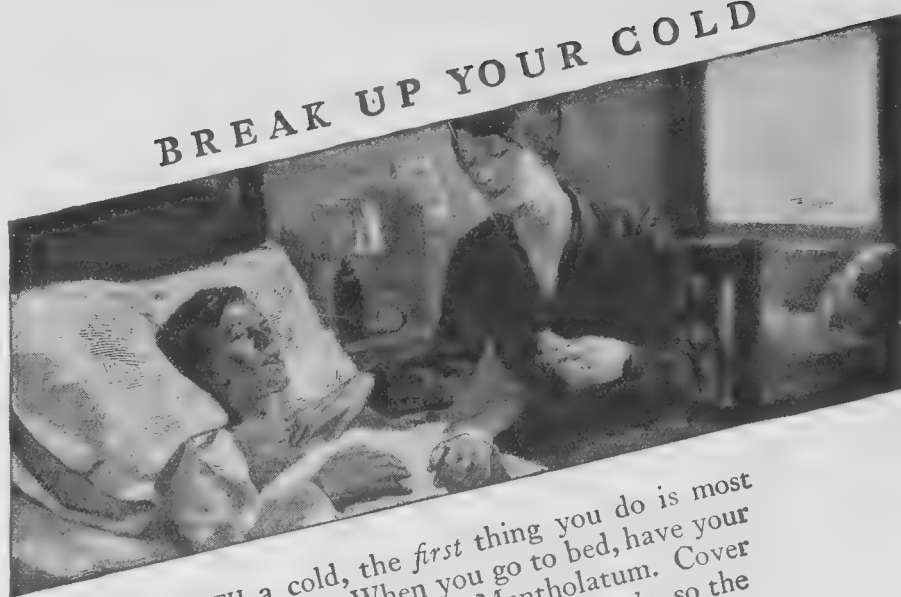
Almost before he knew it they had slipped over the forty-odd intervening miles and were in Regina. Here again they were delayed with mail for they made close connection with lines running to Saskatoon and out of there to the whole of the north-west.

They were pulling out of the station and on their way east almost before the last bag came through the car door, and Mr. Pennington had barely strafed the last of it into its allotted place and was ready to resume sortation when they stopped at Pilot Butte.

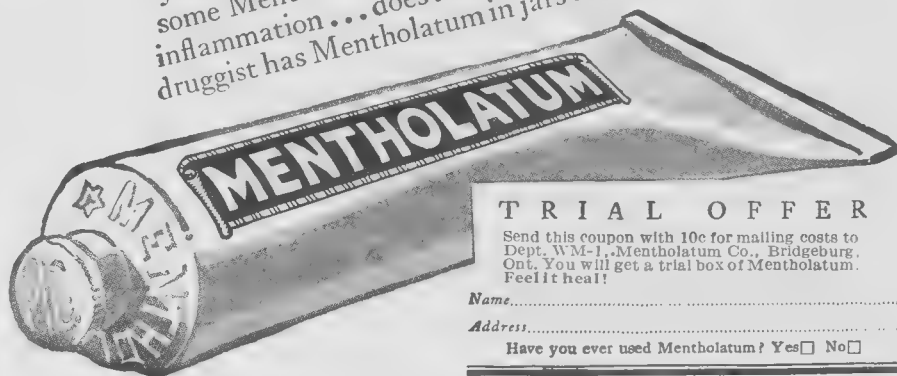
Pilot Butte was the first station east of Regina and received no mail from the evening train, so when Mr. Pennington heard a gentle, almost timid

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Following its long-pursued policy of improvement month by month, The Western Home Monthly will give its readers the very best literature in the magazine field during the coming months. Writers of national and international fame will be regular contributors to the columns of the magazine. Articles and stories by eminent Canadians will be featured. These will have a particular bearing on Western Canadian matters. In other words, the Westerner cannot render a better service to himself and his family than to see that not a copy of the magazine fails to reach his home.

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WANT TO HEAR from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Box 99, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. 2-28

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WE SELL AND TRADE property anywhere in Canada. Sterling Exchange Co., Box 94, Galt, Ont. 2-28

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Commencing with the January, 1928, issue of The Western Home Monthly a slight increase in the classified advertising rate has gone into effect. This has been made necessary through an increase of some 12,000 subscribers in the past year. The growing popularity of Western Canada's only magazine means that although you are paying out slightly more for an advertisement you are reaching more homes for your advertising dollar than ever before. The new rate is now 10 cents a word, minimum insertion \$1.50, and still the cut rate on orders of six insertions for the price of five.

FOR SALE

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YARNS—MACHINE AND HAND KNITTING—"Old Tyme" "All Wool"—"Silk and Wool" 85c a pound up delivered. Samples free. Stocking & Yarn Shops, Department W, Orillia, Ont. 2-28

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IMMORTALITY CERTAIN is shown in Swedenborg's great work on "Heaven and Hell," the life after death, and a real world beyond. Over 400 pages. Only 25c postpaid. A. W. Law, 486 Euclid Ave., Toronto. 2-28

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SEEDS

SEED—New "COLOSSEA" Verbena, Odorless Onion, Cocardeau Aster. Catalogue Free. Producers Seed Co., Ottawa, Ont. 4-28

MUSIC

SONGWRITERS WANTED—You write the words, we'll compose the music. Frank Peters, Box 3733, Winnipeg, Man. 5-28

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SOREMA REMEDIES GET RESULTS Dec. 12/24 "Sorema Remedies are doing everything you claim. I had eczema 35 years and it is disappearing as fast as can be expected." Oct. 14/26 "Two years ago your remedy cured me of eczema. I have had no sign of it since." These letters from Thos. Barrington, Elnora, Alta., tell the story of thousands. Treatment \$1.75. Sorema Limited, A113, Winnipeg. 2-28

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EASY SELF HOME TREATMENT for the healing of Varicose Ulcers, Running sores, Eczema, etc., while working. Many testimonials. Write to Nurse Dencker, 610½ Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. Mrs. Lydia Martin, Enchant, Alberta, writes: "Am well pleased with your Self Home Treatment, it healed the ulcers in three weeks after I suffered with them for three years. The ulcers were as big as silver dollar," etc. 4-28

WRITERS

FREE. "Ways for Writers"; valuable dollar book. Particulars 2c stamp. Preston Mail Service, 14 Simpson Ave., Toronto, Canada. 2-28

Mr. Pennington Becomes Assimilated

Continued from page 77

knock at the car door, he roared out: "Poke 'em in the box," thinking it was someone wishing to post a drop-letter. However, when the knock was repeated a trifle louder and more insistent in tone, Mr. Pennington went to the door and yanking it back started to remark, "Why the devil don't you put 'em in the box," but he had scarcely more than opened his mouth before an agile form had reached up for the catch-arm and swung itself into the car beside him. At about the same time he realized that an ugly-looking, snub-nosed automatic was pressing right into the pit of his stomach and a low, determined voice was telling him to "stick 'em up."

Mr. Pennington's arms went up almost automatically and at the same time his jaw dropped. He was pushed back from the door by his captor and a second ugly-looking individual, also armed with an automatic, came through it and elbowing by them, walked up the car and covered the rest of the crew who had been totally unaware of any unusual occurrence at the door, so quietly was the entry made. Greatly surprised, they were forced by the second desperado, into the lavatory. He then shut the door on them, at the same time warning them not to make so much as a whisper or he'd empty his gat at them through the closed door. Now it may be remarked in passing that this door was a very light and flimsy one and that once the warning was issued, the stillness behind it was so complete as to be almost impressive.

By this time the train was moving again and Pennington's escort forced him to move backward down the car toward the lavatory where the others were imprisoned, and he was then backed up to the lavatory door. His captor then said to the other thug: "Open the door, Mike, and we'll push him in there with the others."

"We can't get that big brute in there," said the second. "Look at the size of him. I had hard work to shut the door on what's in there now. Put him in the clothes-closet," he added, "and I can watch both doors."

Now the clothes-closet was very narrow, and also very low for a tall man to stand in and when the bandit opened the door and motioned for Mr. Pennington to get inside, he started to protest.

"I cawn't get in theah, theah isn't room," he said. "Oh, you cawn't, cawn't you," mimicked the other. "Well, we'll see whether you cawn't or not." At the same time he viciously drove the muzzle of his gun into Mr. Pennington's stomach.

"In you go," he snarled, "and damn lively too, if you want to live."

That poke in the stomach seemed to have an almost magical effect on Mr. Pennington and snapped him into action with all the suddenness of a machine-gun. His arms came down like lightning, his left striking the gunman's right at the wrist and sending his automatic spinning out of his hand. Almost at the same instant his right drove into the yegg's face with a terrific force and sent him crashing into his companion guarding the lavatory door. With a speed incredible in one of his proportions, Mr. Pennington then sprang upon his erstwhile captors, at the same time emitting a bellow of rage which sounded like the roar of a caged beast when it is near feeding-time in the zoo.

The second yegg fired at Mr. Pennington as he came towards him but his aim was faulty and he missed, for he had not yet regained his feet. Mr. Pennington was upon him before he could fire again and with his right boot

— size eleven — caught him squarely under the jaw as he was getting to his feet and he crumpled down again like a deflated tire.

Mr. Pennington now turned his attention to the first man and saw that he was just reaching for his gun which had been knocked underneath the letter-case. With a bound he had landed on him feet first and then kicked him viciously about the head and face until he, too, collapsed.

By this time the other members of the crew had burst out of their narrow confinement and were looking on with some amazement at the vicious manner in which Mr. Pennington was administering these sleeping treatments to his last fallen enemy. When he was quite sure this last yegg was harmless he dragged him out to the centre of the floor between the cases and turning to the crew he said: "Fetch that othah one ovah heah and one of you cut down a bit of signal cord and we'll tie these blightahs up." Without question or even comment, two of them dragged over the other yegg, while old Joe Young cut down some of the bell cord.

As they were tying him up, the first thug began to groan and try feebly to turn himself over. Mr. Pennington threw a little water on his battered face and loosened his neckband and presently he became conscious.

"What's your name, mi lad"? asked Mr. Pennington. The thug looked at Mr. Pennington out of his one sound eye, for the other had been closed in the fight, and he expressed all the sullen malevolence of which he was capable by look, but he said nothing. "Come! Come!" said Mr. Pennington, at the same time reaching for the hammer-like steel date-stamp which lay on the case. "Out with it and quick about it too, before we really hurt you." "Yogli," growled the thug. "Fine," said Mr. Pennington, "I thought you'd speak. Now, your partner's"? "Her-rin," came the reply. "Fine!" exclaimed Mr. Pennington again. "Good Canadian names both of 'em. After the McPhersons and Goldbaums are taken into consideration I should say you might belong to some of our best people. How did you come to get into this line of endeavah? Couldn't you find anyone to sell real estate to"?

His prisoners looked at him sullenly but said nothing and Mr. Pennington continued: "Next time you attempt a job like this, if you evah do, be warned by me and don't try to back anyone into a cubbyhole by pokin' 'em in the stomach! I didn't mind bein' held up, though I admit you did give me a nawsty staht when you came in the dooh, an' you could have had everything but the bally wheels for all of me, but pokin' a man in the stomach, you know, with a beastly gun, is goin' a bit too fahr, an' where I was brought up it isn't done."

"We're a long-sufferin' race an' we put up with a lot, but there is a limit to our endurance. You cawn't twist the lion's tail all the time an' expect to get away with it. Anothah thing, I don't like to kick a man in the face when he's down, but awfiah my lawst experience mixin' it with you Canadians I swore then that if evah I got into anothah jam, feet, teeth, nails, bitin' off eahs an' gougin' out eyes would go with me, and believe me, it goes still."

While Mr. Pennington had been delivering himself of these observations to his prisoners and the world at large, Jack Young had written telegrams to be sent to headquarters and when they came to the next town he sent Anderson back to give them to the operator and also call the conductor.

Continued on page 79

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Including Bench



The "BEETHOVEN"

illustrated above, is a handsome upright piano in art finished walnut, satin finish mahogany or fumed oak case. Has full iron frame, best Canadian action, and lovely tone. A piano of dependable construction, embodying features usually found only in high-priced pianos, fully guaranteed by our ten-year guarantee. One that will give you years of service, and that you will be proud to own. A special House of McLean value. Write today for catalogue and full particulars.

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What About This Year?



This boy of 15, living at Jackfish, Ont., completed the whole of his Junior Matriculation (12 papers) in two years, working solely under our direction. If you desire Junior or Senior Matriculation or a First-Class Certificate and will write at least one paper at the June examination, cut out this advertisement and write us at once. We have a special reduced tuition fee to offer you.

LT.-COL. A. C. PRATT
President.

The Canadian Correspondence College
Room 32, 78 King St. East,
Toronto 2.

Mr. Pennington Becomes Assimilated

Continued from page 78

Presently the conductor came bustling up the platform in Anderson's wake. "What has been going on in here anyway?" he asked as he clambered through the door. "Got two train bandits here," said Jack Young, "and we want you to take 'em back to the baggage car till Indian Head when we can turn 'em over to the Mountie there. That'll give us a better chance to get out our mail."

"How'd you get 'em anyway, asked the conductor. "They knocked on the door back at Pilot Butte," said Young, "an' Fitz here thought it was someone wanting to post a letter and when he threw her open why they busted in on him and had us covered before we knew what was going on. Then they herded us into the lavatory there and started to put Fitz into that clothes closet when he caught 'em off guard an' cleaned up on both of 'em an' we came out and helped to tie 'em up."

"Poked me in the stomick, he did, with his bloomin' gat," interrupted Mr. Pennington nodding toward the prisoner, "and I knocked it out of his hand and tapped him one on the nose that sent him sprawlin' into his pal and they both went down together and I got the second one under the chin with the toe of me boot just as he was comin' up an' then I finished 'em both off in turn."

The conductor looked at him, a mixture of admiration and disgust written across his face. "Nobody but a locoed 'broncho' would have started an argument with two automatics an' have the luck to live and tell about it afterward," he remarked, and then asked: "Whatever did you let 'em in for in the first place?"

"Theah you go again," said poor Mr. Pennington. "I'm wrong anyway! I knew I should be! Oh deah! I come ovah heah an' catch your beastly bandits for you and then you are not satisfied! Oh, my! But I don't think

I should have interfeh'd," he continued, "had they confined their attentions to your beastly company. Broke up me boxes, you did, when I was comin' ovah heah and when I awsked you to play the damage you simply laughed at me. They could have carried off the whole train an' I shouldn't have minded if they hadn't got so nawsty about it."

When the train got into Winnipeg the next morning the whole crew were called up onto the carpet and questioned very carefully and Mr. Pennington was made to rehearse in minutest detail exactly what had taken place. Then they were permitted to go. The incident had more or less died down, for the bandits' trial had been put over to the next assizes, when one morning, as Mr. Pennington came in off his trip, he was called to the superintendent's office and presented with a very handsome cheque from the Department, together with a letter expressing appreciation of his conduct during the hold-up and the part he had played in apprehending the criminals.

Later, when the criminals were identified, it developed that there was a reward out for them for crimes which they had committed in the East and Mr. Pennington was awarded this money also. He was remarkably quiet and seemed almost abashed by this turn of events, and when little Davy Anderson met him next, he said: "Well, Percy, now that you've collected I suppose you'll likely be quittin' the old job and goin' ovah 'ome, where the King lives, eh?"

Mr. Pennington looked at him seriously for a moment. "I did think of doin' that at first," he confessed, "but, aw hell! I couldn't live back theah amongst those people now. I've been out heah too long an' it's too crowded ovah theah already. I guess I'll buy me a lot heah and build a bungalow on it when it comes Spring."

The Quest of a Home

Continued from page 24

we have been apt to lose sight of the old charms, and overstress shining white porcelain and metallic efficiency.

A certain amount of color is always established in the kitchen. The white of the tiles or enamel . . . the black of the heavier pots and stove . . . the glitter of the aluminum and the occasional strong gleam of copper, and the most successful colors to add to these are the fresh ones, making the kitchen radiant. Under foot, of course, comes the linoleum so easy to stand on, and its gamut of colors is endless.

In the entry to the kitchen is a refrigerator, an electric one if possible, which will make its own temperature, maintaining a constant even dry temperature at all times with very little attention. Every housewife realizes that the purity and healthfulness of all perishable food which appears on her table

depends upon the service given by the refrigerator.

The plumbing and heating should be of the best. The systems of heating are many, while the plumbing not only depends on the utility and white beauty of its fixtures but upon the hidden pipes. These are matters beyond the scope of the present article. Hardware should be carefully chosen. The best is the cheapest. We all want what is called "atmosphere" in the home and the delight of expressing one's own individuality may be gained by a spot of color here and a unique touch there, rather than by indiscriminate assembly of accessories.

The reading of an article descriptive of a home may not give you a desire to imitate that home. Our purpose is to direct the mind towards ideas which eventually will fit into a generally satisfactory arrangement for a little house lovable.

The Quest is Mine

By Louis L. Kramer

*Out on the open road where life is sweet
Wind swept hills kissed by the sun
At the end of the day and night comes
down—*

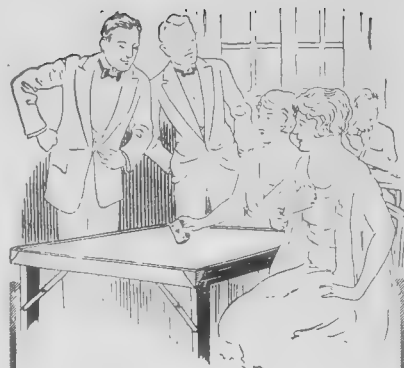
Finds me at one with the soul of night.

*The quest is mine there is no gate,
For the road is long and the highway
wide;*

*Thru the gates of the world I enter
But no one place will I abide.*

*Summer finds me at winter's gate—
Springs blossoms where the winter
rose blooms.*

*Maryland's orchards under a desert
moon,
And the city streets where no flowers
bloom.*



A Few in for Bridge

NATURALLY you want to play on the best bridge tables—tables that don't wobble—that look attractive—that can be folded up and tucked away in small space when your guests leave.

A complete set of new Elite folding tables is a necessity nowadays. They're strong, good looking and cost only a few dollars. Tops in green felt, leatherette or green linoleum. Thirty inches square. Sold by all leading furniture dealers.

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NEW ELITE FOLDING TABLE



Warm the liniment and bathe the throat and chest. For cold in the head inhale Minard's.

Minard's gives quick relief.
Always keep it handy. 47

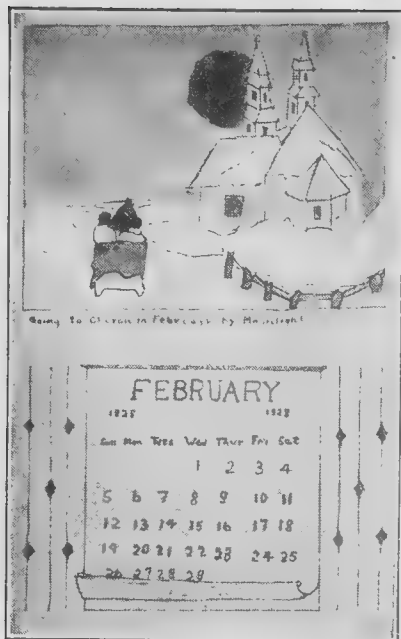


MAPS

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First prize winning Calendar by Phyllis Ryan, Calgary

SOMETHING TO LEARN

Winter Trees

Across the sky, across the snow,
The sober rocks are winging slow,
Gray roses in the rush-fringed pool,
And Winter trees are beautiful.

The West is now a garden-close,
Pink roses and a golden rose,
With amber and with tender green,
To let the throbbing stars between.

Against the world of roses stand—
These are the woods of Fairyland—
Poplar and oak and elm to make
A gold brake and a rosy brake.

The red sun hangs his lantern red
Between the black boughs overhead,
The evening clothes them with his mist
Half sapphire and half amethyst.

Down the long road's perspective go
The dark trees in a double row,
Spangled with lamplight, gold and cool;
And Winter Trees are beautiful.

—Katherine Tynan

Have you ever looked at the winter trees against a sunset? If not do so now and see what you can see. There are strange words in this lovely poem, do you know what a "garden-close" is, or what a "brake" is, what are "rooks"? Will you find out? And more than all, will you look out and see that "Winter trees are beautiful?"

A Little Chat with Bobby Burke

Dear Boys and Girls
of the Cosy Corner,

Such a sadness, a great many lovely Christmas cards came in too late for the competition, and now I suppose many calendars will do the same thing. Farther down the page you will find the names of those whose cards deserve special mention and even some gold buttons have been awarded because probably it was the huge mail that Santa Claus brought that delayed your cards. There were some very nice cards too just wishing Bobby Burke very good wishes, and for these I want to thank the Cosy Cornerites very much indeed, the cards and the good wishes were both very much appreciated.

Well here we are in February, the funny little short month, and this is leap year isn't it? Do you know that there is a great deal of talk now about reforming the calendar so that all the months will be the same length and instead of twelve months there will be thirteen in the year? This is a very interesting question. I think the idea is to insert the new month between June and July, and then it will be so easy to calculate things for if the 15th of the month is on Thursday one month it will be on Thursday in all the months, so there will be no figuring of weeks ahead, you will just say, "Yes I will do so and so on Thursday, 15th of June, next year." I wonder what the people who were born on February the 29th will do about their birthdays? I hope they won't lose them altogether! I want you boys and girls whenever you see anything about the new calendar in

(Continued on column 4)

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

In Mother Time's Rose Garden

By Molly Winston Pearson

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, Jack Frost peeped over the wall of Mother Time's rose-garden, and saw little Summer there, making roses. Then home he ran in haste to Mother Nature, and nothing would do but she must teach him how to make flowers as Summer did.

Now, Mother Nature is a very busy old lady, with a large family of children to take care of; and she had no time to spend in teaching Jack Frost how to make flowers.

"Fie upon you for a naughty boy!" she said, when he kept on teasing her. "Making flowers isn't your business at all. See to it that you do your own work right, and that's all I'll ask of you."

But Jack Frost teased and teased until Mother Nature had half a mind to send him away to the dark closet at the North Pole for punishment. First, however, she thought she would go across the way, and talk with Mother Time about it. So she put on her best evening apron, embroidered with golden stars, and took her knitting-work for a nice long chat.

"Now, Autumn, my other little girl, is very fond of Jack Frost," said Mother Time, when she was told about Jack's tantrums. "They're both fond of painting, you know; and they often get out their colors and paint beautiful landscapes together. I don't see how they do it myself. And then, too, Winter and Jack Frost are great chums. But my little Summer is a shy child. She will not play with every one, and she has never liked Jack Frost much. I'll speak to Father Time about it, though. The children always mind him."

So naughty, spoiled Jack Frost had his way, after all. For one day, as he sat moping at his mother's window, a beautiful little humming-bird flew up to him, and laid on the sill a dainty note written on a rose-leaf. It was an invitation to Jack Frost to come to a tete-a-tete flower party with Miss Summer in Mother Time's rose-garden. Think of it! Wouldn't you like to go to a flower party with Summer in her mother's garden?—and rose-leaf invitations, too! But, oh, my stars! when the lessons began, what queer flowers Jack Frost did make! Little Summer was sorely puzzled. Why, oh, why, would not Jack Frost's flowers

look like her own, when she tried so hard to teach him to do just as she did? Why, oh, why did his flowers turn out all white, with silver sparkles, which needed the sunshine to brighten them up, but always faded rapidly away in its warmth? Little Summer did not understand it at all; but she was a sweet-tempered little lass, and never got out of patience with Jack.

She taught him to make lilies first. "For," she said, "they are white, you see; and you do not seem to understand how to weave in color yet."

And, in time, Jack Frost learned to make charming lilies, though they all had that curious sparkle and were so exceedingly thin that the sunshine always melted them as fast as he made them.

"It must be some trouble at the roots," thought dear little Summer. "We'll try ferns next. They're easy to grow. And then we may pass on to palm-trees. He seems to have a very dainty touch with foliage."

But one day Summer brought out her little pots of rose-coloring and all her fairy fixings for weaving the loveliest flower in the world. She set to work to teach Jack Frost how to make roses. But, oh, what an awkward butter-fingers he was that day! He daubed himself with the precious rose-coloring and broke the fairy webs; but not a single rose-leaf could he spin.

At last, tired out, in a fit of peevish spite, he jumped up, kicked over all the little pots of rose-coloring, and, worst of all, slapped little Summer hard in the face, and pinched her ears. Then he ran out of the garden gate, crying: "I hate your ugly old roses! So there!"

But, when Jack Frost sat down at home, and thought how unkind and impolite he had been to little Summer, he was very much ashamed of himself. So, without waiting for Mother Nature's punishment, he crept away of his own accord, and hid himself in the dark closet at the North Pole.

And the great big world outside of Mother Time's rose-garden said: "The roses are very scarce this year. That snap of frosty weather we had blighted them sadly." But we know that it was because naughty Jack Frost knocked over

Continued on page 81



What is Wrong With This Picture?

There are from fifteen to twenty mistakes in this picture and a gold button will be awarded to the first two who find the greatest number of errors

the paper or in magazines to read it up and ask questions about it, so that when the change comes in your older years, you will understand about it, and not just talk against it, as many stupid people will do without knowing anything about it. The way to be wise in this world, is to know what is going on, and to know it first.

I think you are going to love the new puzzles, "What is Wrong with This Picture?" Look for it.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

A NICE little letter from a far-away correspondent, Alfred Ash of Barnet, Herts., England. Alfred wishes the Cosy Corner a Merry Christmas, and encloses his picture taken on the swing in his garden. He says they have not had any snow there but lots of fog, and his pet marmoset monkey does not like the cold. (Since this letter was written England has had the greatest snow storm in years, so heavy that many villages could not be reached by the roads but were supplied with food by aeroplane. I wonder if Alfred had this experience?)

Some pretty verses from Gladys Hudson of the Ontario School for the Blind. I wonder if Gladys wrote these herself, she doesn't say, but we shall print them, they are called "That's My Little Sister."

Teeth like pearls, and eyes of blue,
Curling hair of golden hue,
Smiling all the whole day through,
That's my little sister!

Tiny hands like lilies white,
Tiny feet that step so light,
Always happy, day or night,
That's my little sister!

A nice letter from Billy Lain of Calgary. Billy sends some riddles which we will perhaps be able to print later.

A story from Violet Stenberg of Valbrand, Sask. Thank you Violet, perhaps later on we may be able to print this.

Burton Horn of Kamloops, B.C., wishes to join the Cosy Corner. You're a member now Burton. Try one of the competitions under "Something to Do" and win a gold button, they are worth winning.

Frances Dayman of Carmangay, Sask., writes a charming little friendly letter in which she tells us about her school, her skating, and sliding and the other good times they have in her home. Frances gets 25 cents a week for helping her mother and she has saved \$5.00 since September, which I think is splendid. She intended to spend some of it for Christmas.



Alfred Ash of Barnet, Herts., England

OUR COMPETITIONS

FIRST of all, mention of those nice Christmas cards that reached us too late for last month's Journal.

SPECIAL MENTION AND A GOLD BUTTON to Austin Baker and Wanda May Baker of Box 188, Carnduff, Sask.; Katherine Nancekiwell of Athabasca, Alta.; Arnest Rempel, Borden, Sask.

HONORABLE MENTION to Pearly Robertson of Medicine Hat, Alta.; Eileen

M. Kerr of Carlyle, Sask.; Margaret Shappert, McNutt, Sask.; and to Fay and Thelma Tepe of Englefeldt, Sask.; Margaret Lockwood of Wallenstein, Ont.; and Frances Dayman of Carmangay, Sask.

For March

What is wrong with this Picture? Now if your eyes are sharp and your minds quick you will find many things. Bobby Burke didn't find nearly all of them the first time, see if you can. There will be a prize of a gold button for the first two who find the greatest number of mistakes in this picture. All answers should be sent to Bobby Burke, c/o The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, before March 1st, and the prize names will appear in April. There will be several of these pictures to come, so be prepared.

The Calendar Prizes

FIRST prize (a calendar) goes to Phyllis Ryan of 809-1st Ave. W., Calgary, and second prize (a gold button) to Wilbert Booth of East Bay, Man.; another gold button goes to Hugh W. Moore of Meath Park, Sask., and a third to Olga Brenner of Churchbridge Sask. for a calendar that was not particularly well done or clear, but it showed imagination, for the figures were put on the bars of a gate opening on a road between hills, and with the sun in the distance. Honorable Mention goes to Woldy Brenner of the same address.

In Mother Time's Rose Garden

Continued from page 80

all little Summer's pots of rose-color and broke her fairy rose-webs.

One day, a long time after all this happened, little Winter was out snow-balling in his mother's back yard, when a pale, sad little face peered through the fence. It was Jack Frost, who had come back from the North Pole. Winter was glad to see him, for he and Autumn had both missed their merry playmate. But Jack Frost only said: "Where's Summer? I want to see her."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Winter. "I don't believe she wants to see you, Master Jack. She's away on a visit. Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's Day, and the birds have invited her to a party."

"Do you suppose I could find her?" faltered Jack Frost.

"No, I don't," Winter replied. "You'd better come in here, and play a game or two with me."

But Jack Frost would not stop. He made up his mind he would search and search till he found little Summer. He wanted so to tell her how sorry he was for his naughty behavior. But he couldn't bear to ask anybody else where she was, so he set out to look for her himself. All day long he wandered from place to place, but nowhere could he find Summer. At last night came, and poor Jack was tired out. He was creeping wearily along when he chanced to peep into a certain window; and then his heart gave a great thump. For in the room there was a big lamp, with a silk and lace petticoat on it; and sitting right by this lamp was a wee maiden with sunshiny

hair. And she seemed to be weaving roses!

Jack Frost could not see her face, but he was sure it was Summer. So he stood and tried to beckon her to the window. But the little maid never once looked up from her work; and poor Jack did not dare to rap on the pane, for there were others in the room and he was too ashamed to beg Summer's pardon before so many.

"Never mind," said Jack to himself. 'I'll leave her a valentine here on the window. She'll get it the first thing in the morning, and know I've been here to say I'm sorry.'

So Jack Frost put on his invisible cap and fell to work. He wove and fastened on the window-pane the daintiest valentine, all edged with lace and covered with silver sparkles. Tenderly he put into the valentine all the beautiful things that Summer had taught him to make, but which poor Jack could only make in his own peculiar fashion.

Like the wind flew Jack Frost's fingers, making a valentine,—not for Summer at all, but for my little Elizabeth. For she it was who sat in that room by that big lamp, with the silk and lace petticoat on it. And she was not making rose-leaves, but knitting dolly's socks out of rose-colored yarn. Don't you think that was a queer mistake for Jack Frost to make?

But the next morning I took little Elizabeth to the window, and showed her the exquisite lilies done in frosted silver, the fairy ferns, and the graceful palm-trees of Jack Frost's loveliest of valentines. Then I told her the true story of that valentine which I have just told you.

And little Elizabeth says she is very sorry for poor, naughty Jack Frost, and that, when the bees and butterflies come back again, she will tell them all about Summer's beautiful valentine which Jack Frost left on her window by mistake. Then who knows but the bees and butterflies will carry the story to Mother Time's rose-garden?

Puzzle Paul's Tree Poem

Though our ancestors lived in Naples,
We're all happy 'neath the—
Off to the picnic, follow the leader,
Through the spicy woods of—
Now for the hunt, the fox is loose,
Chase him through the woods of—
We watched the rower's manly strokes,
From the banks of shady—
We had a grand view on our perch,
In a tree of grand old—
Now for a fortune, off to the mines,
Just beyond the shady—

Sunday evening, hear the chimes,
Floating through the branching—
They walked to church with books and
alms,
Underneath the shady—
Yuletide's coming: through the snow,
Shines the silver—
Xmas is here, joyous and jolly,
Brightened by the cheery—

Refreshing to Invalids

When fanning an invalid, if a few drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia are sprinkled on the fan it will be found very refreshing.

Interior Pictures

Now easy to make with the Modern Kodak



THESE PICTURES WERE MADE BY AMATEURS WITH THE MODERN KODAK

ARE you making pictures the same way you did ten years ago? Do you still believe that good pictures can only be made out-of-doors in direct sunlight under ideal weather conditions? That's a false impression entirely. For important developments in the art of photography have revolutionized picture-making.

If your subject's indoors—go right ahead and make the picture. You'll be surprised and delighted with the results you get. If the weather's dark or cloudy—it doesn't make any difference—no need to wait for sunny days, summer suns or "right hours."

What Happened

New developments in the manufacture of lenses are responsible. Today, due to Kodak enterprise and the tremendous Kodak manufacturing resources, you can get extra-rapid, extra-efficient lenses on cameras of moderate price. For example—on the 1A Pocket Kodak is now supplied a lens that in 1925 was not available on any camera selling for less than \$40.

The modern Kodak is simplicity itself. On many Kodaks you'll find a simple "Exposure Guide"—a wonderful feature created by Kodak Scientists which instantly shows you the correct speed and lens opening to suit any light condition. It helps avoid mistakes—eliminates guesswork—takes the difficulty out of making pictures.

Use Kodak Film

And—Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has wide latitude. Which means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. *It gets the picture!*

The month of February is an ideal time to get pictures for your album. Stop in at the nearest Kodak dealer's today, or mail the coupon for our Modern Kodak booklet.

Any Questions? If you'd like advice on any photographic matter, write to the Service Department, Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto. Practical picture-makers will handle your inquiries with interest and without charge.

KODAK



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Please send me, FREE and without obligation,
the booklet telling me about the Modern Kodaks.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



Hat Roach's "Our Gang" snapped during the making of "Harvard vs. Yale"



People

PEOPLE are pretty much the same everywhere. In any village of a few hundred people there are most of the varieties of human character, with its interests and its elements of joy and sorrow, ambition and tragedy. The world is sometimes pictured as full of selfish, greedy, ill-natured people. But is it not more probably true that as many as nine out of ten can fairly be described as men and women of goodwill? It would seem that the trouble in the world is due not so much to the inhabitants as individuals as to something faulty in the composition of the societies or nations in which they are organized. Does not history show that there has been ill-will at times even between churches? And yet differences of race or creed are not bars against good understanding and friendship between individuals. Why should an organization have less good will than the individuals of which it is composed? It is easy to ask such a question. To improve conditions so that no such question will present itself is the supreme problem and task of civilization.

One Arguer's Bright Idea

WHY is it that of all possible questions to argue about, questions connected with intoxicating beverages seem to be the most productive of endless arguing? In listening recently to some of this arguing, The Philosopher was struck by an assertion by one of the arguers: "Abstinence is a form of fear—and fear is the cause of failure. We should cast out fear." A profound thought that, But why confine it to the matter of refraining from the absorption of alcohol? You don't smoke? Then, of course, you are a coward. You abstain from profanity? Be a hero—or, at any rate, swear "moderately." Why are some people failures in life? Because they avoid intoxicating beverages. Could anything be simpler!

About Appreciation

TOO often we say "Thank you," in acknowledgment of a kindness done to us, when we should express more appreciatively than that just how much the kindness means to us. It is easy to take kindness for granted, when, if we only realized it, we often receive kindnesses which we do not really deserve. The value of appreciation of kindly service done is far from being measured correctly by the majority of persons. Particularly is this true in the treatment of elder people. We are all eager to scale the heights, and some of us seem to imagine we are the first to make that ambitious attempt. Some of us do not pause to give much thought to the work done by our elders, which makes our ambitious endeavors possible.

Foolish Prophesying

M. PAUL POIRET, of Paris, one of the world's most celebrated designers of women's costumes, predicts that in thirty years skirts will have disappeared. A leading woman writer points out that trousers were originally a garment of women and that as late as 1914 there were more trouser-wearing than skirt-wearing women in the

world, and more skirt-wearing than trousers-wearing men. But not in Europe and the New World. The Philosopher does not believe that trousers can be made comfortable, convenient and beautiful enough to bring about the fulfilment of M. Poiret's prediction. Women will continue to garb themselves sensibly, healthfully and becomingly, as they have begun to do in the past decade and a half, and as men have not yet begun to do. It is worthy of note, by the way, that although women are now wearing about one-fifth of the clothes they were wearing twenty years ago, hooks in clothes closets are just as scarce for husbands as ever.

Our Inner Selves

TO A discerning eye, nearly everybody reveals unconsciously his aspirations and ambitions. It is true of us all that so long as our ideals are ahead of us, beyond us, rather than cast aside and forgotten, we are inadequate representations of what we want to be. Without realizing it, as we go about our daily business, we disclose our characters. We unknowingly invite those about us who have discerning eyes to "unhook our ribs and look into our hearts." But people with discerning eyes are neither very numerous nor are their discerning eyes easily recognized; and they, too, of course, have their unfulfilled dreams for other people with discerning eyes to catch glimpses of. None of us need be ashamed of the aspirations we cherish. If we were without desire to be better than we are, then, indeed, we should have reason to be ashamed.

Religion

THERE is a lot of nonsense talked and written about religion being played out. We men and women cannot get away from the feeling that another world exists alongside the world of matter. We cannot escape the consciousness of kinship with a kindred life in which all men and women are united to fulfil their destiny. It was that consciousness which made Voltaire, who regarded skepticism as the highest of virtues, wrote: "If I could put one question to the Sphinx, with the assurance that it would be answered, I would ask whether the power back of the universe is friendly to us or not." Was not that a confession of the need of religion? And does not the Christian religion give the most profound and true and satisfying answers to the question which Voltaire would have asked the Sphinx?

Silent Sympathy

THE sincere sympathy that can sometimes fail in tact, as The Philosopher had occasion more than once to feel, on being present when a friend who had suffered bereavement was listening to remarks meant to be consoling by a well-intentioned but wordy visitor. How differently the three friends of Job behaved who came to give him comfort in his affliction and "sat down upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none of them spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was great." They were rare old gentlemen, and they did not add to Job's grief by words.

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The Western Home Monthly

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The BIGGER AND BETTER CHEVROLET

THE crowning triumph of 13 years continuous progress . . . the "Bigger and Better" Chevrolet is here.

Built on a 107-inch wheelbase . . . 4 inches longer than before . . . the "Bigger and Better" Chevrolet is impressively large, low and racy. Rich new harmonies of Duco colors add to the striking appearance of the new Fisher bodies with their deep plush upholsteries and handsome appointments.

The newly improved Chevrolet valve-in-head engine . . . the result of years of study in the General Motors Research Laboratories and millions of miles of testing on the General Motors Proving Grounds . . . gives the

"Bigger and Better" Chevrolet a new, spectacular performance which will thrill and delight you. Countless new refinements have been made throughout. Every modern quality feature has been incorporated.

The New Chevrolet provides new, delightful smoothness over the entire speed range . . . a wide margin of power for hills . . . flashing acceleration . . . more speed than you can use . . . the safety of four-wheel brakes plus extra emergency brakes . . . driving and steering ease . . . and comfort over all roads at all speeds, due to extra-long, dual-action, shock-absorber springs.

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What the World is Saying

One Might Almost Think So

It seems to be only a question of time until some aviator hops off this little globe entirely.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

If It's a Shining Example, No

Could there be a better example of old-fashioned simplicity than an unpowdered feminine nose?—Saskatoon Star.

A Nightmare

"China has not waked up yet," writes a professor of history. What a dream China must be having.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Family Cars, Of Course

When better autos are built, the rear seat driver will be enclosed in a sound-proof case.—Brantford Expositor.

Determined Not To Look Her Age

Many a woman who 25 years ago was fair, fat and 40, is now sleek, slim and 60.—Kitchener Record.

How Many to a Quilt

One flapper has found a use for her discarded bathing suits. She is working them into a crazy quilt.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

A Perplexing Question

Not knowing what styles will be 25 years hence, it is a little hard to say where the child ought to be vaccinated.—Halifax Mail.

Much Fiction Nowadays Isn't

It seems to be pretty well established that the story of Mary and her little lamb is pure fiction.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Not Much More Than a Decade Ago

Does anyone recall the time when little girls used to play at being grown up by wearing long dresses?—Ottawa Journal.

Ye Editor's Freakish Wit

The other day a Massachusetts woman was struck by lightning while washing dishes. We have always believed that washing dishes was dangerous, and here is the proof.—Prince Albert Herald.

What Management Will Do

You can get a lot out of a backyard garden if it is handled properly. We know a man who says that last year he got three batches of green onions and three of the neighbor's chickens out of his.—Brandon Sun.

A Land Abounding in Whiskers

The Soviet has now forbidden the importation of safety-razor blades into Russia. We hear that an enterprising British firm has sent a shipload of garden shears instead.—London Opinion.

Social Item

In one of the South African tribes the husband has a finger taken off at the first joint when he loses a wife through death or divorce. If that custom prevailed in this country some of our swellest citizens would be unable to button their shirts.—Los Angeles Times.

Scottish, English, Welsh, Irish?

Havelock Ellis says that the Scotch are the best endowed mentally, then the English, Welsh, and Irish in the order named. But if the Irish are the best endowed pugnaciously, the Welsh vocally, and the English socially, what good does their superior mental endowment do the Scotch? Yet we suppose that under pressure the Scotch will admit that Mr. Ellis is correct.—Regina Leader.

All Four Names Would Fit Widely

The goat raisers in British Columbia have an official organ they call The Bleat. This is a good idea. For instance, the hog raisers might call their paper The Squeal and the cattlemen name theirs The Moo. Then there are the sheep raisers—ah, the sheep raisers, they might call their paper The Blah. And it would do for a lot of other citizens who do not raise sheep.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Strength in Resistance

The person who can withstand the high-pressure salesman shows the power of mind over patter.—Kansas City Star.

A Question

Some day there may be one car for every person. But will there ever be one for every filling station?—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Preparedness

A drug store advocates preparedness with this sign above its soda fountain: "Take a brick home. You may have company."—Buffalo Express.

A Libel on the Jurors

An eastern jury of women brought in a verdict in 20 minutes. The despatch doesn't say where the sale was held that day.—Vancouver Sun.

Millionaire Pugilism

Why shouldn't the Dempsey-Tunney fight be made an annual event? Both boys are really quite young still.—London Free Press.

A Statistical Demonstration

There is one motor car for every eleven persons in Canada. And the other night we saw the eleven of them riding in it.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

While It Lasts—

Ignorance is bliss. The happiest travellers are those who haven't enough mechanical knowledge to know the fix their car is in.—Regina Post.

So Do the Many Motor Turnovers

The question of the annual turnover of the motor business presents many aspects of serious importance.—Journal of Commerce.

Now You Ask One

Statisticians at Ottawa have worked out Canada's national wealth at \$2,525 per person of population. We should like to ask "When and where can we collect our share?"—Woodstock Sentinel Review

Doubtless

A \$300,000 reproduction of the Roman Coliseum is being built by a California motion picture studio. When it is completed, Christians will be imported at a similarly great expense.—Lethbridge Herald.

An Exhibit the Show Lacked

There was something missing at the recent Household Show. No husband was shown with holes in his socks. No home is complete without one.—Winnipeg Free Press.

When Lady Astor Forgot Herself

The other day Lady Astor told a Labor member in the British House of Commons to "shut up." Where does she think she is—in Winnipeg City Council?—Selkirk Record.

A Fascist Tendency in Small Boys

Mussolini has decreed that even Italian small boys must wear black shirts, to show that they, too, are Fascists. In this part of the world the average small boy does not take long to attend to that for himself.—Red Deer Advocate.

The Desire to Look Youthful

Woman look younger today, according to a careful observer, because they wear fewer clothes than in the old days. Some of them, we think, are trying to look like mere children.—London Advertiser.

Beyond Possibility of Question

Mr. J. Middleton Murray, in a recent London "Spectator," writes a cute little article on "The Future of Marriage." That is one thing that absolutely has a future, and a big one.—Toronto Globe.

Another Slam at the Fair Sex

Scientists say now that woman's brain is fully equal to man's.—Weyburn Herald.

Cosmetic Item

Face powder may attract the man, but baking powder has its points.—North Battleford News.

On the Fence

A photographer says that politicians are good sitters.—Newmarket Era.

Due to Fondness for the Same Bunk?

It sometimes happens that politics makes strange bedfellows.—Buffalo Courier.

And, too, the Railway to the Bay

Many honest citizens opposed the trans-continental railway, the opening up of the West, the steam engine, organs in churches, and much else. But all these things, in due course, came along.—Humboldt Journal.

With a View to the Hereafter

Our idea of a long-headed man is the one who takes harp lessons.—Peterboro Examiner.

Is There Much of Any Other Kind?

There is an article in The Dry Goods Journal on the visible silk supply.—Wall Street Journal.

Too Few Ballots—Then Bullets

Wise ones in Mexico who run for the Presidency and lose will keep right on running.—Washington Herald.

One Reason Why She is Still Living

A woman has been found in Tennessee who is eighty-eight years old and has never seen an automobile.—Omaha Bee.

Quite So

A market report says that calves are higher. We didn't suppose they were higher, but just more visible.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

A Way Out for the Transgressor

Under the laws of this country a man is innocent until he is proved guilty. Then he is usually insane.—Portland Oregonian.

Another Explanation

Grandmother says that one reason why girls are naughty is that they get the shingle in the wrong place.—Kemptville Advance.

Most of Us Must Plead "Guilty"

In the trials of life most of us are found guilty of being complainers.—Saltcoats Herald.

What We Owe to Photographers

Photographers might be worse. They might photograph persons as they really looked.—Watson Witness.

One Might Well Ask

A beauty parlor is advertising a permanent wave at a reduced price for a short time only. What kind of permanency is this?—Carleton Place Central Canadian.

They Are Exceptional Men

The members of the dental profession are the only men who can tell a woman to open or close her mouth, and get away with it.—Nanaimo Herald.

He Doesn't Think So

According to a bee expert, a bee has from 4,900 to 13,800 eyes. Then why does it so often sit down in the wrong place?—Swift Current Sun.

Anything But Static for Them

Between the radio programmes and the call of the movies the supper dishes lead a wild life.—Keewatin Enterprise.

Stalling on High

And now we hear of a new aeroplane, which is so stabilized that "it cannot fall." Wouldn't it be terrible to get stuck up there?—Hamilton Herald.

What End Should Education Aim At?

There's no question but that children received better marks in school when the switch was used.—Estevan Progress.

Lopsidedness Should Be Avoided

Every woman should strive to keep "that school-girl complexion," but be sure that it isn't higher on one cheek than the other.—Cobalt Northern Miner.

"Goodness" is Priceless Material

The worst part of married life is when the wife, out of the goodness of her heart, tries to make her hubby a shirt.—Melfort Moon.

High Visibility

About the greatest discovery made by this modern generation is that knees are where they were always thought to be.—Moncton Transcript.

And So It Will Not Matter

A gasoline shortage is predicted for the year 2000, but by that time the cars will be so thick they won't be able to move anyhow.—Wolseley News.

A Compensation

We are informed by a weekly paper that the skin of the hippopotamus is two inches thick but then he wants it with a face like that.—Glasgow Herald.

One Cause of Worry Eliminated

Modern girls may have a lot of things to worry about, but you don't see any of 'em worrying about their petticoats showing.—Halifax Chronicle.

He Must Be a Hairpin Maker

The man who, according to a news item, has prophesied that in five years no women with bobbed hair will be seen has another guess coming, in our opinion.—Oshawa Reformer.

How Times Have Changed!

In the old days it took the wool of two sheep to clothe a woman. Nowadays it can be done from the wool of one sheep with enough left over to make a couple of other citizens who do not raise sheep.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Keep the Spirit Young

When a man ceases to find some keen interest in his work, he is getting old for his job. When a woman's heart is not thrilled by the possession of a new hat or a pretty dress, she may as well take a bonnet and shawl.—Guelph Mercury.

Back-seat Driver at Sea

"For heaven's sake, be careful, Captain—you nearly ran over a whale that time. . . . This ship has a queer, throbbing motion. Are you sure our engine is hitting on all cylinders? . . . Look! There's another boat. Blow your whistle, Captain, I'm sure the water's much too shallow here. . . . Don't go so fast. Fifteen knots an hour is enough speed for any reasonable person. . . . I certainly hope you see that iceberg over there off the port bow. . . . I'll bet you forgot to bring the foghorn. . . . Oh! Be careful, Captain. Remember that fishing smack has the right of way. . . . Why did you come this way, Captain? It's a much nicer trip across the Indian Ocean. . . . My goodness, Captain, you'll be arrested for trying to make a left turn into the English Channel!"—Life.

Evidently Bloomers

A contest was held to determine classification, botanical and common names of the flowers, with Mrs. William Darrow winning the highest score. A copy of "Milady's House Pants," by F. E. Palmer, was awarded as the prize.—Dayton Evening Herald.



Making children want to eat cereals—how much wiser it is than coaxing, lecturing, threatening! And it's done so easily. Hundreds of mothers and grandmothers have written me about it. Just serve the cereals with raisins, they say. Won't you try it?

When you cook your cereal simply cook the raisins in with it. Serving a ready-cooked kind put the raisins on top, either "plumped" first by five minutes of boiling or just as they come from the bag.

You'll have second helpings called for, and fortunately too, since raisins are as rich in vital health elements as cereal itself. In fact, they are nearly *all* energy sugar in a most digestible form.

If there are other foods your youngsters balk at, salads maybe, or puddings, write me, care of Sunland Sales Association of Canada, Ltd., 137 McGill St., Montreal, Quebec. I've some easy ways to make lots of dishes irresistible to youngsters and fathers alike.

Mary Dean

Little rebels can't hold out when cereals carry raisins from these "Special" bags!

Different from any seedless raisins you have ever known are Sun-Maid Nectars, in the red carton. Fresh, they hold the flavor and even the fragrance of full ripened grapes. Try them.

For the seeded kind that isn't sticky, ask for Sun-Maid Puffed, in the blue carton. There is more of the fine old muscat flavor in Sun-Maid Puffed—a doubly great improvement!



Not cereals alone, but a hundred things are made more tempting with the plump, rich-flavored raisins in Sun-Maid's "Market Day Special" bags.

You get so many for your money—such quality—only because our association grows most of the raisins in America, has special equipment for processing and packing the finer raisins in the crop, and has found, as no one else has, how profitably to dispose of raisins not suited to your use.

Be sure, then, that you do get "Market Day Special" raisins—the blue 2-lb. and 4-lb. bags with the Sun-Maid girl on them. The whole family will praise *this* purchase.



SUNLAND SALES ASSOCIATION OF CANADA, LTD.

Sales Agents for
SUN-MAID Raisin Growers of California

Old Dutch safeguards your family with

Healthful Cleanliness

and protects porcelain and enamel

In the bathroom and throughout the house Old Dutch Cleanser leaves the stamp of *Healthful Cleanliness* wherever it is used.

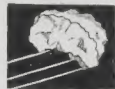
There is nothing else like Old Dutch for efficiency, quality and economy. These distinctive characteristics are due to the fact that its fine particles are flaky and flat shaped. They erase all visible dirt, and, by a process similar to "adsorption," remove the dangerous impurities as well—assuring spick and span *Healthful Cleanliness*.

There is no harsh grit in Old Dutch. That's why it doesn't scratch. This is an important protection to the beauty and life of porcelain and enamel. Avoid cleaners containing scratchy grit. Grit makes scratches that mar the beauty of surfaces and

collect impurities which are often dangerous. A scratched surface is more difficult to keep clean.



This drawing of a highly magnified particle of Old Dutch shows how it works. These particles make a clean sweep without scratching. Like thousands of tiny erasers they remove all uncleanliness.



This drawing of an enlarged gritty particle shows how grit mars surfaces and makes scratches which are catchalls for dirt and impurities.



Use Old Dutch—Chases Dirt—Protects the Home

Sanitary



Cleaned with Old Dutch